The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 25.

THE
Stirling News-Argus
Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by
JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.
For ordinary business advertisements:
Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

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These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

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JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - - Stirling
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.
6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD. 6

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve., March 25, '86
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON,** is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The most direct and best equipped route be- Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.08 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	10.39 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.07 "	
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.45 p.m.	2.50 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM FOR SALE IN SIDNEY.

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE IN STIRLING

Timber and Lumber for Sale

Sixty acres land in the 8th Con. Sidney. Good House and Barn. Well fenced, and in good state of cultivation. Possession immediately, if required.

Brick House and Lot on Front Street, Stirling.

Grout House and about 2 acres Land on Marmora Road, Stirling.

A Lot of Timber and Lumber of an old Frame House and Barn for sale.
For Terms see

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,

AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

THE ARCADE!

Marmora Cash Store.

I would announce to the Public that I have commenced Business in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

AND

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Which I am determined to sell at as close prices as any house in the County.

THE BALANCE OF THE

BANKRUPT STOCK,

Of James Strutt, of Tyrone, to be cleared out at

SEVENTY FIVE CENTS on the Dollar.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE
Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.
JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons 100 years old will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years of age at the present time.

VICTORY

Over the pains and sufferings of **Rheumatism** is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Two years ago I was prostrated with Rheumatism. I used a number of remedies, and received no benefit until I commenced taking

CERTAIN.

Swift and sure are the benefits to be derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "One of our children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous sores on its face and neck. Physicians earnestly recommend us to administer Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla, four bottles of which effected a permanent cure."—Charles Foster, 231 Prince st., Boston, Mass.

A few doses produced a marked change, and its continued use, a perfect cure."—B. T. Johnson, Hutto, Texas.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Railway Accident.

On Monday morning last a serious accident occurred on the Grand Junction Railway. The accident happened to the regular passenger train leaving Peterborough at 7.30 a. m.. The following particulars are from the *Review*:—

The train had moved along smoothly until Peterborough was left about sixteen miles behind. Here, as the train was crossing a short bridge about six feet high and three hundred feet long, a coach and baggage and smoking car, containing about twenty passengers, were thrown from the track, together with three freight cars and a box car.

The coach and smoking car windows were all smashed and otherwise injured. The fragments were strewn over the ground.

Nearly all who were in the cars at the time were injured to some extent. Mrs. Campbell, widow of the late James Campbell of this town, was severely hurt, being bruised about the head. She complains of internal injuries. Mrs. Clancy, wife of Mr. J. Clancy, proprietor of the City Hotel, was bruised, but not seriously. Mr. Flemming, a commercial traveller was hurt about the head. Mr. Waller, of Campbellford, and Mrs. Trotter, of Hastings, were each injured, but not seriously. Conductor Morris was also hurt.

On being apprised of the accident Mr. Riddell, Superintendent, and Mr. Machlin, Mechanical Engineer, left by special train for the scene of the accident. They arrived in Peterborough at about one o'clock bringback Mrs. Clancy and child, and Mr. Flemming. Another special train left to bring back the injured.

The accident was caused by a loose wheel on the box car. The box car was attached to the tender, and as soon as it struck the bridge the wheel flew off. The cars immediately left the track, falling six feet to the ice below.

From the Hastings *Star* we learn the following additional particulars:—

The accident occurred at the river Ouse, about seven miles west of Hastings. Mrs. James Campbell, of Peterboro', seriously injured internally, and cut about the face and head. D. A. Fleming, of Montreal, a traveller for Gault Bros., had scalp wound and injured internally. Fred. Russel, brakesman, badly shaken up. Mrs. Wm. Clancy and baby, of Peterboro', slightly hurt. Frank Lawson, of London, slightly hurt about the head. John Smith and George Hunter, of Peterboro', escaped unhurt. H. G. Levetus, of Toronto, traveller for the Montreal Optical and Jewellry Co'y., Montreal, slightly hurt. Mrs. Robert Waller, Campbellford, escaped with a burn on the face. This lady worked like a hero in rescuing others, but is now completely prostrated with nervous hysteria.

Conductor Morris had a close call, being pinioned down by the stove. He is cut about the face, and had his coat and ticket book partly burned. The passengers speak in grateful terms of Morris' efforts to minister to their comfort.

Brakeman McVelly, who escaped unhurt, worked like a hero, and to him is due the credit of saving the cars from being destroyed by fire.

Had the accident occurred a month later, the passengers would undoubtedly been drowned in the river, or smothered in the mud.

Cheese Prospects.

A New York paper in discussing the cheese prospects for the coming season says: —At the present there seems to be an abundant supply of cheese and prices are low for the season. If our cheese factories open early the result of crowding still lower the market for both old and new cheese is inevitable. And what is still worse, the surplus stock will continue late into, if not entirely through, the coming season, and the unmistakable result will be a slow dragging market and low prices. Examples of this fact may be found by reference to one year ago and the spring of 1879.

If the cheese factories usually commencing operations in March would defer this year until the middle of April, and those usually opening April 1st to 15th would defer for two weeks, the effect would be healthful in many particulars. The Utica *Herald* says: Latest advices from New York are to the effect that the cheese market is decidedly dull; that although the choicest stock is held up to its former quotations, there is very little trading in it; that exporters have given their attention to such cheese as could be bought under 8c.; and that light skims at 6½c.@7½c. have met with considerable favor. In other words, the dullness of the market encourages traders to look for bargains, and they buy such goods as they think there is most money in. At the same time the holders of the best stock refuse to part with it at anything under the top quotations, knowing that the amount is limited and that home trade will absorb it all without aid from abroad. We have received a letter from I. N. Sheldon, well known to the dairymen of western New York, in which he says: "I have letters from the proprietors of Marshfield, Cloverfield, Sandusky, Johnsonburg, Rock Spring, Ross and Franklinville combinations of cheese factories, strongly endorsing the suggestion in regard to the late opening of factories this spring. In fact I believe the western part of this state and Western Pennsylvania are as good as committed to this policy, provided other sections will make the same effort."

The indignation which has been warming in the United States toward Sunday newspapers has at last boiled over. The ban of the Methodist Church in East Pennsylvania has been unanimously laid upon them and also on daily papers with Sunday editions. That church does not, like the departed Bishop of Montreal, undertake to shut heaven to the readers of the Sunday papers, but does, as we understand, undertake to shut them out of its own communion. They have some reason for this vigorous action. The Sunday press is necessarily carried on by irreligious people and its management is such as to have drawn down upon it from the assembled clergy the epithets of "poison in the family," "viliners of God's law" and "devil's papers." No more powerful antidote to church-going could be devised. The overworked man—and most men in North America suffer from over-taxed nerves—lies late on Sunday morning. He gets up in not much more time than time to get to church. At his only leisure breakfast in the week, instead of conversing with his family, he drinks his coffee over sixteen or twenty pages of gossip, some of it frivolous, some of it scandalous, and the children, having no chance to make their father's acquaintance or to learn wisdom from his lips, soon learn what pages of the paper contain what most interests them and if they can they will possess themselves of their share before church time. They are taken aback by being told that it is too late for church and so the sofa and the paper complete the morning, and so on through the day. The most interesting sermon or lecture reported is always that about which there is doctrinal dispute, or scandal, or which wanders on the borders of morality. Though sandwiched in between pieces of sentimental and hypocritical piety, the news published follows the same rules and the whole tone is insidiously bad.

The amount paid by the Dominion Government to the Hudson Bay Company for supplies, transports, commissions, etc., during the Northwest rebellion, aggregates $2,000,000, exclusive of claims by the company for losses.

Woman Suffrage.

It is much to be regretted that the ladies of Canada, loyal as they are to the cause of virtue and progress, are not more active in effort to secure for themselves the suffrage power that would enable them at once to accomplish the desire of their hearts. They have been so long accustomed to plead with others for the reforms that they desire, so long accustomed to feel that they could work on lines of moral influence alone, that they do not realize the importance and potency of the position that now invites them, and that some of them actually shrink from attempting to secure.

Add to the fact of this mental habit the other fact of the "orthodox" assumption of patronizing guardianship and unchivalrous intellectual superiority that was so long paraded by men who belittled the wit of women and magnified the intellectual power needed to comprehend what they called "politics;" recall in the same connection the frequent ungentlemanly sneer and open contempt for "strong-minded women" so frequently indulged in, and not yet altogether obsolete; and no surprise will be felt at a sensitive reluctance to face even the relics of such selfishness and injustice.

The duty nevertheless exists. There are crying evils in society that have never yet been met by any opposing force so effective as would be the moral political power that enfranchised women would bring into the management of public affairs. Every true temperance reformer, who has carefully studied all the bearings of the greatest social problem of the age, longs for the day when against the drink traffic will be arrayed the tremendous power of untrammeled woman suffrage, incorruptible and irresistible. The contest will be brief and the victory complete. Why should they be delayed? When the women of our country fearlessly demand their rights they will get them, and if they do not make such demand they must bear the responsibity of the terrible wrongs whose continuation is insured by their inaction. We have faith in our women, but they must have faith in themselves. Courage is often a greater virtue than patience; modesty and timidity are not the same. Let our sisters speak out in loving womanly fearlessness, and ask for the rights that no legislature dare deny them. Thus will they strike the most effective blow "For God and Home and Country."—*Canada Citizen.*

Employers' Liability Bill.

The employers' liability bill, introduced into the provincial legislature by Hon. Mr. Fraser, is a much needed measure. Cases are frequent in which workingmen are killed or maimed owing to the fault of their employer, or from some defect in the mechanism or want of proper safe-guard, but owing to the defect in the law, no compensation can be recovered. The immunity thus extended to employers has a tendency to make them careless about the safety of their workmen. Especially in connection with railroads many fatal accidents to train men have occurred which a little caution would have averted. Had it been to the pecuniary interest of the corporations to see after the safety of their employees, they would have done so, and the measure now before the house will have a tendency in this direction. In dealing with railroad injuries, the bill specifies certain dangers to life and limb, such as unpacked frogs, low bridges and insufficient running boards on the tops of freight cars, and provides that death or injury from these causes shall give the right to bring action. The compensation which can be given is fixed at three years' estimated earnings. The amount might well have been left to the discretion of the jury.

A specially excellent feature of the measure is that employers are not at liberty to contract themselves out of the operation of this act, excepting in certain cases, the judge being awarded large discretionary power to say whether such agreements were reasonable or not.

The measure on the whole is as comprehensive and liberal a bill as could fairly be expected. It certainly ought to pass without difficulty.

Experience.

It has been said that "the best thing for young folks to set out on the road of life with, is the experience of old folks who have come to its end." This sounds very sensible; at first sight one says, "certainly;" but after considering the matter, I doubt if it is true.

People should make their own experience, and they will make it. No man can give another his experience; he can only fill him with doubts and fears—make him distrustful or apprehensive; he can scarcely help him.

So much depends, too, on our plane of life. The man in the splendid coach, with fine horses and driver, who stops when he will for refreshment, can scarcely make his experience of any value to the boy with the lumbering old wagon and wretched, worn-out horse. Nor can the man in the light-going gig direct the man with the little cart and donkey as to his style of driving and his pace.

Some stick in the road; some are run away; some go by steam; others on foot; and every one ought, at least, to start with Hope for a companion.

Experience is a good thing, but each man must have his own. The ready-made experience offered to young people is generally discouraging. Usually the word means something disagreeable. Men who have been cheated advise trusting youth to doubt everybody, and are spoken of as most experienced. Women who have quarreled with their husbands or had bad ones, speak of their "great experience," and trouble the heads of loving brides and blissful young matrons with warnings and prophecies of evil. In fact, as a general thing, the more roguery, false friendship, swindling, misery and disappointment a person can tell of, the greater his credit for experience; while people, who have been lucky enough to be happy, are supposed to have had none at all.

Certainly, if life is a journey, the first part of the road is worth as much as the last. Are not the promptings of a young and hopeful heart as good a guide as can be needed for any life-journey? And should the carks and cares, disappointments and losses, false friends and tricky knaves, and the long line of graves with which the road is marked, loom dark upon the horizon of life before the hill is climbed? I think not.

The C. P. R. station at Winnipeg was totally destroyed by fire on Monday morning last. It was a handsome structure, costing about $200,000. There was an insurance of $40,000.

Last Friday night a caravan passed up Princess street. The sleigh was covered with canvass, sides and roof, and from the top projected a stove pipe. People wondered what the vehicle was. It turns out to be the home of a Wolfe Islander and family *en route* to Kansas. He proposes to drive the distance, about 2,000 miles, and he thinks it will take him about two months. He carries grain and hay with him and a wagon in case the sleighing should not be good. Mr. Hickley lived in that state for seven years and returned to Canada last spring, driving the entire distance. He is about thirty five years of age. He married a young woman in Kansas, and is now taking her and the children back to their prairie home. He enjoys the novelty of the drive.—*Kingston Whig.* A caravan answering to the above description passed through town on Tuesday afternoon. Figuring at the rate of 25 miles in four days, how long will he be in reaching Kansas?—*Napanee Express.*

"Bohemian Oats."

Farmers in several parts of the country inquire as to the so-called "Bohemian Oats," and the "Co." engaged in selling them. The old 'Skinless' oat, was some years ago sold under the name of "Bohemian," and we are informed that the grain now sold is similar. The Skinless oat is a very old variety, that is valued in Europe, but has not met with marked success in this country. The present interest in these Bohemian oats is not so much in their intrinsic value as a farm crop, as in the manner in which they are sold. The agents who go about the country selling these oats at ten dollars a bushel, induce farmers to purchase by a promise to sell for them, from their (the farmer's) crop, twice as many bushels as they purchased, at the same price—ten dollars. The farmer is induced to buy ten bushels of the oats for one hundred dollars, by the hope of selling twenty bushels for two hundred dollars and he thinks that this is guaranteed to him by a "bond," given him by the seller. This bond in spite of its abundance of green and red inks, its very broad seal (intended to look like gold but is only Dutch metal), and the bold signature of a secretary, this "bond," so-called has no more binding effect than a mere memorandum.—American Agriculturist for March.

Port Perry was visited by another large fire on Sunday last and a large amount of property destroyed. Some of those who suffered in the great fire in the summer of 1884, were again burned out and are heavy losers.

The Dominion Government refuses to cooperate with the English Cabinet in a scheme to place the surplus paupers of the East end of London on farms in the Canadian Northwest. The decision was reached at the last Cabinet council, and has been communicated to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The Dominion Government has decided to send through the Northwest a flying column, composed of A and B batteries and detachments from the cavalry and infantry schools. Gen. Middleton will take command, and will, as far as possible, visit the reservations where disaffection has been shown.

A man named John Ellis has been arrested in Niagara, Ont., for the murder of the old couple named Bates, at Allanburg, a few weeks ago. The arrest was made by a farmer named Patrick Hennigan, acting under instructions from Detective Wynn, of St. Catharines. The prisoner denies any knowledge of the affair.

The property of Mr. H. Bowerman, at Stockdale, leased to Mr. George Sandburn, was reduced to ashes lately. Mr. Sandburn used the premises for carding and fulling, and making cider. He went in the morning and put on a fire to dry some cloth, and in his absence the building became a prey to the flames. He lost his books and a considerable quantity of cloth belonging to customers was burned. There was no insurance on the building, but some on the carding machines. His loss is heavy.

Prof. Lewis Boss, of the Dudley Observatory, states that the comet seen at Paris on Dec. 1st is slowly increasing in brightness. The increase will continue slow until April 1st, when it will begin to be much more rapid, and by the middle of the month will become visible to the naked eye. Two weeks later it will reach its maximum of brightness, when its appearance will be much like that of 1882, and be visible all night. It will also, as that of 1881, be seen in the western sky. When nearest the earth it will only be 12,000,000 miles distant. It will retain its brightness until May 15th, when it will gradually fade from the vision to appear later to the people south of the equator.

Dr. Beddoes, an English physician of great enthusiasm, had imbibed the notion that palsy could be cured by inhaling nitrous oxide gas. He requested the celebrated Sir Humphrey Davy to administer the gas to one of his patients, and sent him for that purpose. Sir Humphrey put the bulb of the thermometer under the tongue of the paralytic to ascertain the temperature of the body, so that he might see whether it would be at all affected by the inhalation of the gas. The sick man, filled with faith, from the assurances of the ardent Dr. Beddoes, and supposing that the thermometer was the remedy, declared at once that he felt better. Davy, desirous of seeing how much imagination would do in such a case, then told him that enough had been done for that time, and directed him to come next day. The application of the thermometer was made from day to day in the same way, and in a fortnight the man was cured.

The steamship lines running into San Francisco are putting forth every effort to get control of the Pacific trade, so that there will be nothing left for the line which the Canada Pacific railway intend to put on between Vancouver, Asia and Australia. The strongest line on the Pacific is the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. It is owned in New York and San Francisco, but a large share of its earnings is in the shape of subsidies from the British. Spreckles, the Sandwich Islands sugar monopolist owns another line plying into the South Pacific, their steamers being very fast. With these and other lines the San Franciscans hope to hold the trade of the port against the competition of the Canada Pacific line. It is reasonable to suppose that as soon as the latter is in operation the subsidies of the Pacific Mail company will cease, and that all British mail matter, now sent by way of San Francisco to Japan and China, New Zealand and the Australian colonies, will be sent by the all-British route, now reaching from Liverpool almost around the world. The Canadian line will also attract a large share of the passenger traffic, because the route to Great Britain is shorter and more direct. The fact that the mercantile community in San Francisco is bestirring itself and resorting to every scheme to advertise its shipping lines is proof that the competition has already begun, although the Canadian steamers have not yet been put on, and it behooves the company to get its ships under way as soon as possible.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Age. Divinely Handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seen and Allowed. London: Printed by Bernard Alsop for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his Shop over against Staple Inne, 1620. Now re-printed in a neat volume, Long Primer type, bound in fine cloth, gilt top, beveled boards. Price 50 cents.

The quaint poem, of the title page of which the above is a transcript, appeared half a century earlier than *Paradise Lost*, and it is intrinsically probable that it would have fallen under the eye of Milton; in any case there are striking points of resemblance between the two poems and many have supposed Milton's immortal poem to have been inspired by the former. Only two copies of the work are known to be in existence previous to the issue of the present edition, one being in the British Museum, the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The copy in the British Museum was purchased at a noted sale of old books in 1819, by Baron Bolland, who notes upon a blank leaf that it cost him 21*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, (about $110). Some years ago a gentleman of Virginia, Mr. J. L. Peyton, sprung from the old English family of that name, made an accurate transcript of the copy in the British Museum, preserving even the quaint spelling, punctuation, capitalizing and italicizing of the original. This present edition is printed without alteration. Apart from its presumed connection with *Paradise Lost*, the poem has very considerable merits of its own, and is in every way a literary curiosity. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

A Favorite of Fortune.

Lord Rosebery, British minister of foreign affairs, received from his parents three gifts—a historic name, a robust constitution, and a finished education. These he resolved from his childhood to supplement by three others—to carry off the Derby, to marry a rich heiress and to become prime minister of England. He began by bearing off the Epsom blue ribbon and followed up his luck by winning the hand of Miss Henrietta Rothschild. These two preliminaries to political advancement he deemed necessary in a country where horses and money lead to all kinds of success. He regards his present position as the first step towards the final object of his ambition—the prime ministership.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—MONTREAL STAR, Nov. 17, 1882.

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose.

Not one of the 60,000 Hebrews in New York city is the keeper of a liquor saloon.

Is your hair turning gray and falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and luxuriant growth. It cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

The Pyne family, of Chicago, comprises seventeen brothers, the lightest of whom weighs one-eighth of a ton.

NATIONAL PILLS purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

The average attendance at the Trenton High School is now about seventy.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching, Piles, Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

It is expected that Mrs. Grant's profits on the publication of General Grant's Memoirs year from the publication.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

The prohibition editors of Michigan hope to increase the prohibition vote in that State from 20,000 to 40,000 in the next campaign.

"What is good for a cold?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. We can answer to the satisfaction of all, if they follow our advice and try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

The hissing of the toast of "The Queen" at the dinner to the workingmen members of Parliament is one of the most notable topics of discussion in London.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER.

About 175 Indians of the Tyendinaga Reserve have been placed on the voter's list, under the Franchise Act.

HANDY TO HAVE.
Every household should keep some ready remedy at hand for painful diseases, sudden attacks of inflammation and accidental injuries. Such remedy is best found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil for internal and external use. It cures rheumatism, sore throat, croup, neuralgia, lame back, sprains, bruises and burns.

A young farmer was robbed of over $400 on the road near New Hamburg on Saturday night.

A GREAT AWAKENING.
There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid liver to action, regulates the bowels and the kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.

A petition was circulated in Picton, asking the Town Council to increase hotel licenses to $500.

IN GOOD REPUTE.
James McMurdoch, writing from Kinsale, says—"B. B. B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

The Earl of Shaftesbury made the remark, the other day, that "If London did not have its 400 city missionaries, it would require 40,000 more police."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

FOSTER vs. FOSTER.

PURSUANT TO THE JUDGMENT OR partition order made herein, and dated the 17th day of February, 1886, and the directions of the local Master of this Court at Belleville, there will be sold, with the approbation of John Parker Thomas, Esq., local Master aforesaid, the following lands and premises, consisting of 4 parcels of land, and the same will be so offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the office of said local Master, in the Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 27th day of March, '86

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon. The lands are as follows:—

PARCEL NO. 1.—Being city lot No. 73, on the north side of Dundas Street, adjoining the Foster store upon the west side.

PARCEL NO. 2.—City lot No. 98, on the east side of Foster Avenue.

PARCEL NO. 3.—City Lot No. 80, on the west side of Foster Avenue, which lots are shown on a plan duly registered, made by John Emerson, P. L. S., of part of the City of Belleville, for Mr. Shubael Foster.

PARCEL NO. 4.—That very valuable farm, known as "the Foster Homestead," being the north half of lot 11, in the 2nd concession of the Township of Huntingdon, 100 acres more or less, reserving and excepting thereout about 1 acre, used for the Town Hall site, and cheese factory at Moira. This farm is about 15 miles from Belleville, 9 from Stirling and 4 from Roslin or Thomasburg, with fine roads to those places, 2 orchards upon the place, with about 175 apple trees bearing. 2 story brick dwelling, fine out buildings, consisting of 3 barns, respectively 60x30, 45x30, 80x30, 16 foot posts. Spring Water runs into the buildings on the premises. The Moira Post Office, store, churches and cheese factory are close by or on this property. The properties above named will be sold free from encumbrances.

The several parcels will be sold subject to a reserve bid on each parcel, to be fixed by the Master.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The purchaser will pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money at the time of sale to plaintiff's solicitor, and the balance in a month thereafter, or sooner if buyer chooses. Possession of parcel 4 given when $1,000 of the purchase money is paid. Parcels 1, 2, 3, one quarter the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, remainder in a month. All other conditions to be the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, except as varied by aforesaid conditions.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Belleville, and to the plaintiff's solicitor.

J. PARKER THOMAS,
Local Master,
Belleville.
GEO. A. SKINNER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor,
McAnanny's Block.
Dated Belleville, Feb. 19, 1886.

THE FARM.

Notes and Suggestions.

What the Canadian farmers' wives really need is a little more help and less drudgery in the house; less fear of sunlight, and more light work out doors.

There are several kinds of roots favorable for milk producers. The English use turnips almost exclusively, while the Hollanders raise beets and carrots. A judicious admixture would contribute to healthfulness.

A dull eye, a staring coat, an unnatural position in standing or lying, a sluggish appearance, a loss of appetite, or an appetite for unnatural substances—any of these are usually symptoms of something wrong with stock.

Before putting new pork into the barrel, the latter should be thoroughly scalded to remove the impurities and to destroy any germs that would surely affect the pork if not removed. A barrel that has once been used to pack beef should never after be used as a pork barrel. It will be found next to impossible to keep pork sweet in it. But this is a rule that does not work both ways. An old pork barrel is one of the very best for keeping beef.

Perhaps it is not generally known that barley, (like the pine tree) grows all over the world. It is grown alike in Arabia and Norway, and it will vegetate and grow at a lower temperature than any other small grain. It never blights nor rusts, and will make something on almost any kind of land and under any circumstances, though good, rich, dry soil suits it best. It is fine feed for horses and mules, and when cut before it is fully ripe the straw is equal to the best Northern hay.

The first herd of cattle known on the continent of America were brought by Columbus on his second voyage. From these, and from other small herds brought by later Spanish navigators, the wild cattle of South America descended. In 1553, the Portuguese took cattle and hogs to Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The Canadian cattle were introduced in 1608. In 1620 Virginia had 500 head of cattle. The most stringent laws were passed prohibiting the killing of any domestic animal. In New England, cattle were introduced in 1624. It is said that for a time price was regulated by color, a red calf being cheaper than a black one because it was more likely to be mistaken by the wolves for a deer and killed.

The flavor of mutton can be greatly improved by fattening upon the best of food and removing the viscera with all possible despatch after the animal is bled, using care not to cut or rupture the entrails, so as to bring the contents in contact with the carcass.

Many farmers in places where their land is swept by fierce winds find it profitable to plant apple trees in masses large enough to to make a wind-break on the side of the arm most exposed. The apple tree branches low down, and if bordered by a fence four or five feet high on the windward side the ground will be covered with snow almost as perfectly as it was in the original forests.

The use of dried Lima beans as food is increasing, and would be greater if the demand for seed did not always make the price so high in winter and toward spring. They are very rich and much superior to common beans. It is a surprise that the Lima bean is not more extensively grown for market. It needs rich land and a long, warm season, but under favorable conditions will yield twenty to thirty bushels per acre. One of the difficulties in growing Lima beans on a large scale is in harvesting and threshing them. They have to be hand-shelled, but at even lower than the average prices this will pay.

Care of Swine.

As every effect has its producing cause, it is well to ascertain if possible the causes of certain prevalent diseases among hogs. It is now a well established fact that all zymotic or contagious diseases among human beings have their origin in unsanitary conditions and surroundings. The large majority of the aforesaid diseases are rightly denominated "filth diseases!" Doubtless this term is as true in relation to hogs as to men. Pure air, water and food are essential to the health of brutes as well as their masters. Take hogs, for instance, that are kept under a barn where it is constantly dark, damp and filthy; this is a sufficient cause during hot days of summer to develop "hog cholera." No wonder that some hogs, however proof naturally against disease, succumb to such infernal environments! For weeks and months lying in a semi-putrid puddle of filth, constantly breathing the poisoned air, with little or no exercise, the marvel is that any of them can survive till released from their bastile imprisonment by the merciful knife of the butcher! What wonder that some hogs in such pens should occasionally develop a "cholera plantation" from which the cholera microbes go forth on their mission of death through the whole country, attacking in their flight even hogs which are kept in clean pens and have wholesome surroundings.

Would it not be well to have a health commission for animals, and thus compel ignorant and careless men to do their duty in this regard? Hogs should not only have clean pens, but they should have yards, or, better still, lots, in which to exercise their muscles, especially when young. Trichina I am convinced has its origin in an inflamed, gouty, and bactera-hatching condition of the muscular system, induced by a want of exercise in pure air. Suppose a hog does fatten a little faster when deprived of exercise and kept in a dark place? What gain is that if we must eat diseased pork as the result at the risk of our lives? The best pork the writer of this ever put in a barrel was raised and fattened on sanitary principles, even if he did not get quite so many pounds of lard he had pork that was free from the smell or taste of filth and the taint of disease.

A Very Remarkable Story.

A gentleman tells one of those stories that few people will believe "without seeing it." He says that he was out fox hunting, and when the chase was at the height of its excitement his horse ran into an old well thirty feet deep. The horse was instantly killed by the fall, but the rider was unhurt. The walls of the well had caved in at the bottom a distance of three or four feet, and the gentleman says this prevented getting out by digging footholds. Realizing his situation, he began to call for help at the top of his voice, but no assistance came. He was compelled to remain in the well all night, and the next morning the stench arising from the dead carcass of the horse was anything but pleasant, and he noticed that buzzards were soaring over the spot. Finally the buzzards began to alight in the well, and it was then that a bright idea struck him. He decided to catch the buzzards by the leg as they came down until he got a sufficient number to carry him out. That he did, and when he caught as many as his hands would hold, he "shewed" at them and they flew out, carrying him out of the well.

But still the fox hunter was in a dilemma. The buzzards flew up so rapidly that he could not turn loose when he reached the top without falling back in the well. Upward the buzzards flew with their human freight, and the fox hunter began to despair of his life after all. When about 100 yards above the ground the fox hunter was just about to let go and fall when he was struck by another bright idea. He decided to loose one buzzard at a time until his weight would pull them downward. Acting upon this plan, he was soon landed safely upon the ground.

Why is it that men never get the "hang of" their crimes until it is too late to evade the sad noose?

In Portugal the ballot-box is placed between two saints, and a man who knows how to work the saints gets himself elected.

"OLD MAN LUCAS."

Something about the Oldest Man in the World.

When old "Dad" Freeman was buried in Windsor a few days ago, it was believed that the oldest man in the world had been laid to rest. "Dad" was

122 YEARS OLD,

as conclusively proved before his death, and left 138 descendents. Since Freeman was buried some relic hunters have brought forward a man whose authentic record fixes his age at the remarkable figure of 127 years. The proof furnished leaves no room for any sort of doubt. The name of this man is Andrew Lucas. He is the father of P. A. Lucas, who for nine years past has kept a barber shop at 81 Larned street West, Detroit. Mr. Lucas was born

A SLAVE UNDER THE FATHER OF GENERAL JACKSON,

him of "eternal" fame, and was a grown man when the General succeeded to the paternal estate. He remembers the revolutionary war distinctly, and recalls many very interesting incidents of the second war between this country and Great Britain. He declares that it is as distinct to him as yesterday,

WHEN GENERAL JACKSON WENT TO NEW ORLEANS

during that very memorable struggle, when he accompanied the General as his body servant. He describes the cotton bales piled up as a temporary fortification.

Soon after this, at a time when the General was away, Lucas was whipped for some reason and ran away. He remembers very well why he was whipped but does not give the reason. He worked his way slowly north and crossed into Canada at Black Rock on the Niagara River. Andrew Kirby, then Customs Collector at Fort Erie, sheltered him and helped him to cross into the King's domain. Lucas

FOUND EMPLOYMENT IN THE FAMILY OF GENERAL BROCK,

who was killed in the war of 1812 at Queenston Heights. Next he ran on the Niagara River under Captain John Clinch, for whom he worked nine years, and was then discharged by his employer because the latter considered him too old to be useful. Lucas was then 62 years old.

FOUND EMPLOYMENT AT KINGSTON.

Lucas soon found employment again, this time at Kingston, Ont., where he married his second wife. His slave wife had borne him seven children. His second and free wife bore him seventeen. One daughter by this union is still living at East Saginaw, Mich. Her name is Mrs. Williams, and she is 71 years old. Fifty years ago Lucas

REMOVED TO BRANTFORD

Ontario. There he got work from the father of Judge Stevenson, of Cayuga. The judge, though now an old man himself, remembers Lucas as a man about 70 years old when he as a boy was going to school.

For 29 years Lucas was a

DRIVER FOR THE EXPRESS COMPANY AT BRANTFORD,

and resigned the place ten years ago for the reason that he was getting along in years and felt the need of rest. He has the frame of a once powerful man, and stands six feet three inches in his stockings. A year ago this month he sawed and split 25 cords of wood for William E. Walling, of Brantford. Up to three years ago he never wore spectacles, and during the summer of 1883, when visiting his son in Detroit, Mr. Lucas read the City Hall clock from in front of the Kirkwood House across the Campus Martius. He then walked without the assistance of a cane, being 124 years old!

This is a most remarkable case of longevity. Lucas is certainly as old as stated and from his appearance to-day promises to hang on for some time to come. This man is probably the oldest person living. He has witnessed the development of the most wonderful era in the world's history, and has personal recollection of all the many great events in the career of this nation.

ALL FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A Houston Sporting Man and a Galveston Gambler Kill Each other.

A Galveston, Texas, dispatch says: The killing of J. Hanlon, a noted gambler of this city, has caused a great sensation, both being prominent and wellknown characters in this section of the State. Alderman Schifer of Houston, an eye-witness of the affair, makes the following statement: "I saw a hack, drive up in front of Miss De Launey's house. A heavy-set man without a hat jumped out and went into the house. A few minutes after he came out again and went to the driver apparently talked to him. While he was talking Crowley stepped up. The man without a hat walked into the gate, and the other man followed. Jack Hanlon opened the door. The door was then closed. A few minutes after I heard the report of pistols. Then Miss De Launey opened the front door and called for assistance. I went over and entered the first door to the right. It was dark in the room with smoke. I opened the shutters to let out the smoke and saw Crowley alongside of the stove. I asked him questions. He could not speak. I examined him and found two bullet holes in his abdomen. He was not dead, but in the last throes. A pistol lay close to his right hand. I picked up the pistol and saw that it was cocked and with but one barrel loaded. All the other barrels were discharged. I left the room to see who was the other party to the tragedy. In the left room I saw the same man, Hanlon, of Galveston, lying on the floor of the room with a large six-shooter lying next his right hand. I examined the six-shooter and found that it was emptied. It looked that way to me. I asked him if he needed water, and he said: 'Please help me off with my coat and boats. I can raise up. I am strong enough yet.' He then asked me to put him to bed. He was put there."

Miss E. De Launey, at whose house the tragedy occurred, says "that she had sent a letter to Galveston by Crowley; that Hanlon arrived in a carriage and that Crowley followed close behind him on foot. Hanlon came inside of the house at once. In less than five minutes he went out to dismiss the carriage. I looked out of the window and saw Jack Crowley coming up to the carriage. I then went to the back of the house, and soon heard rapid pistol-shooting. After this Mr. Hanlon came to where I was and said, 'I am shot. He shot first, send for a physician.' He then fell on the floor. I then went to the parlor door and looked in and saw Jack Crowley resting on his elbow. Both have been paying attentions to me. I am engaged to be married to the man who lies wounded in the other room."

A responsible gentleman who went to Houston on the same train with Crowley says Crowley said to him that he was en route to Galveston on important business, at the same time showing him a sealed letter which he said had come from a lady, the contents of which might result seriously to him or the man to whom he carried it. Next day the same gentleman returned on the same car and in the same seat with Crowley. When Crowley renewed the conversation of the previous evening, he seemed to be more serious than before, and pointing to a man occupying a seat some distance in front of them, said that he and that man were going to Houston together and were going to the house of the lady referred to before. This conversation happened on this side of Galveston. When near Houston, Crowley said in a whisper to the gentleman with him: "My mind is made up. I am going to kill him. I want to see what I am made of anyhow. I don't give a d—— if I am killed. Keep this quiet. I have two good pistols on me now." Getting off the train at Houston he said: "Take this bottle out of my pocket. I don't want to drink any more. Good-bye if you never see me any more." The man pointed out by Jack Crowley was no doubt Jack Hanlon, as the description given by the gentleman who made the above statement tallies with Hanlon's appearance. Crowley's remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of people. Hanlon, who has a bullet-hole through his left lung and one in the groin, remains in a very precarious condition, the physicians declining to state what the chances for his recovery are.

HOUSEHOLD.

Sewing Circle Doughnuts.

It was at the sewing circle and we were taking out the contents of divers baskets and pails preparatory to arranging the usual "tea," and could not deny ourselves the pleasure of a sly comment now and then. We tried not to look critical or anyway different when a poor article came to hand, but did not suppress a word of commendation at the good things. There was one generous sized pail that always appeared at these gatherings full of golden brown doughnuts which were crisp without and feathery light within. We said to the maker of these old-fashioned "nutcakes" who was bustling round with the big vestry coffee pot in one hand and a milk can in the other, "How do you make these always so good?"

Setting the coffee where it would keep hot in an off-hand way she began: "Why, I take about what flour I need and put in two spoonfuls more or less of baking powder; then I take about so much sugar," hollowing her hand like a scoop as she spoke, "and and then an egg or two. I mix 'em up with sweet milk if I have enough; if not I use some water."

These directions were about as explicit as a Southern mammy's recipe for pone and gave not the slightest clue to the secret of the doughnuts. But the quality was so good that it seemed almost an argument for the "use-your-judgment" kind of cooking which so many housekeepers practise.

"Don't you measure anything?" we persisted. "Land, no, when you've cooked for as many years as I have, you won't stop to measure," she replied. Nevertheless she must have had something in the way of a guide.

Like the young wife who, in despair, sent home for the blue cup and bent pewter spoon because all her skill in cookery had fled after she entered her new home, so the busy mother who had made bushels of doughnuts for her growing family had probably used the same utensils and thus been guided to an equally good result each time.

Miss Parloa has said that beginners in cookery nearly always have a greater degree of success than old housekeepers with new recipes because the former will pay close attention to the directions and not trust to judgment or old methods. It is the better way to learn to always measure exactly the ingredients used in cooking, in spite of the successes of old housekeepers who sneer at such precision.

The Next Baking.

Grate the yellow rind of one lemon; add the juice, one tablespoonful of water, one-half cup of sugar, one egg, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Let it boil two minutes.

SOUR MILK COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, spice or flavoring to the taste. Roll out, cut in shape, and bake.

BROWN BREAD.—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of rye meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half pints of cold water. Mix, and steam three hours, and bake one-half hour.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat three eggs and one cup of powdered white sugar well together. Sift into one heaping cup of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Sift the second time, and add to the sugar and eggs; lastly, stir in a tablespoonful of hot water, and one-half teaspoonful of flavoring.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Two large eggs, well beaten, one-third cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, a little salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in jelly cake tins. When done, spread the following mixture, after it has been cooled:

BUNS.—Three cups of new milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of yeast. Make a stiff batter at night, and let it rise until morning, then add one-half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of currants, and flour sufficient to roll out. A little cinnamon may be added, if liked. Cut out like biscuit, and let rise very light before baking.

A Good Cement.

A good cement for mending almost anything may be made by mixing together litharge and glycerine to the consistency of thick cream or fresh putty. This cement is useful for mending stone jars or any coarse earthenware, stopping leaks in seams of tin pans or wash-boilers, cracks or holes in iron kettles, etc. Holes an inch in diameter in kettles can be filled and the same used for years in boiling water and food. It may also be used to fasten on lamp tops, to tighten loose nuts, to secure loose bolts whose nuts are lost, to tighten loose joints of wood or iron, loose boxes in wagon-hubs, and in a great many other ways. In all cases the articles mended should not be used until the cement is hardened, which will require from one day to a week, according to the quantity used.

It is considered a breach of etiquette to give your seat in the horse car to a poor working woman if a fashionable young lady is standing.

The new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen—John Campbell Hamilton Gordon—is the 7th Earl, was born in 1847, succeeded to the title in 1870 on the death of his brother George, whose life was full of romantic passages, including a temporary disappearance, during which he passed as a common sailor. The late Lord Aberdeen succeeded to the title in 1864. In 1866 he embarked in a sailing vessel for St. John, N. B., and during the voyage volunteered to take the place of a disabled seaman. The occupation took hold of him, and he made several short voyages under the name of George Henry Osborne, was licensed as mate in New York in 1867, and as captain in 1868. In 1870 he shipped from Boston to Melbourne as mate of the schooner Herd, and on this voyage he was swept overboard and lost during a storm. During all this time the family knew nothing of his whereabouts, as letters he wrote to them had miscarried.

THE WRONG MAN KILLED.

A Murderer Strikes Down his Friend as his Supposed Enemy.

The horrible murder of the watchman Charlie Howard at Marietta, Ga., grows more mysterious as facts are developed. Joe Haywood, who is now held for the murder under the Coroner's finding, may well begin to feel a sensation around his neck, for the strong chain of circumstances is winding closely around him. When Howard was found with his head beaten into a jelly by blows from a hammer, the instrument of death lying beside him, and hot coals over his head and breast burning away his flesh, the only clues to the deed were two tracks—one of a woman, the other of a man. While viewing the body that afternoon Joe Haywood was arrested, but the woman so far has eluded vigilance.

On the night that the crime was committed Howard left the shop in charge of two of his friends, Lawson Erwin and Jim Fields, asking them to remain while he went to see a sick sister. He left about 9 o'clock and did not return until 11, but he only spent about fifteen minutes at his sister's. It is not known where he spent the remainder of the time.

He stated that his sister had been poisoned and that the party was going to serve him the same way, and that he was going to catch up with them that night. Dr. Simpson says his sister is not poisoned, but suffering from a nervous disease. When he returned to the shop his friends left, and, except the murderer, are the last who saw him alive.

Joe Haywood was absent from home on the night of the murder and cannot account for himself between the hours of 11 p. m. and 3 a. m., during which time the murder was committed. A motive has been established why the murder should have been committed by him as it is claimed that Haywood mistook his victim for Jim Fields, his [illegible] enemy.

[illegible] cause of the feeling between Fields and Haywood was that when Haywood was in the chain gang, where he was sent for 9 years for a revolting crime, Fields took charge of Haywood's wife; several children were the result. Haywood was pardoned by Governor now Senator Colquitt, about four years since. When he learned of the relations between Fields and his wife he swore to kill Fields on the first chance.

When Charley Howard, on the fatal evening, went to the bedside of his sick sister, he told Haywood that Fields was watching in his place. The theory of the officers is that Haywood then went to the shop to kill Fields and killed Howard by mistake; then he slipped up on his victim, who was sitting by the fire with his back toward the door, and taking up the first thing that presented itself—a sledge hammer—he struck his victim a terrible blow on the head, crushing his skull like an egg shell, and after he was down struck him again. On looking at his victim he was horrified to find, instead of his enemy, that he had killed his best friend, who had in the mean time returned to work. He hastily covered the face and bust of his victim with burning coals, and, thinking that he had destroyed the evidence as to the cause of death, joined his female companion outside, and the two walked away together.

Just here another mysterious incident is added. It has developed that the woman was in love with Fields, and that Haywood was in love with her. The woman sought in vain to secure Field's affections, and, failing in this, used her influence over Haywood and his well-known hatred to Fields to get him to murder the man whose love she could not gain. Thus the two took advantage of Field's supposed presence in place of the absent Howard to deal the blow which resulted in the death of the wrong man. The officers have the name of the woman, but refuse to let it be known until they have secured her arrest.

Sheriff Coryell has been vigilant in following up every clue, and is determined to clear up every mystery.

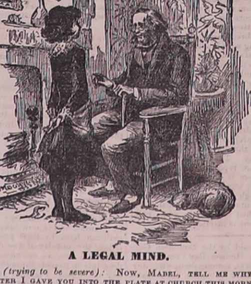
A CURIOUS DREAM.

A London Lord Mayor's Story of the Dick Wittington Class.

We may, perhaps, be pardoned for here introducing an amusing anecdote concerning a former Lord Mayor of London, whose early life was connected with the town of Uxbridge, namely, Sir Wm. Staines, who was London's chief magistrate in 1801. He started in life as a bricklayer's laborer, and at city banquets, with great glee, he used to introduce the following anecdote: When he was a youngster, he was employed in repairing the parsonage house at Uxbridge. One day, going up the ladder with his hod of mortar, he was accosted by the parson's wife who told him that she had a very extraordinary dream. She told him that she had dreamed he would one day become Lord Mayor of London. Astonished at such a prophecy, Staines could only scratch his head and thank her for such a vast promotion. He said he had neither money nor friends. The parson's wife, however, was not so easily to be turned from her prognostication, and this dream had evidently left a great impression. Her mind was now bent on young Staines, and Lord Mayor he should be. The same dream occurred again, and the same communication was repeated to him that he was to be Lord Mayor. The matter passed off, and young Staines left the parsonage house at Uxbridge with no other impression, than the kindness which had been shown and the notice which had been taken of him. It was not until he became sheriff that his dream came to be talked about, though there is little doubt that the dream made a lasting impression upon his own mind, and was an incentive to laudable industry through life. The Uxbridge parson had by this time become old, but he lived long enough to be chaplain to Staines when sheriff, and he died during his Shrievalty.

Canadian lumber dealers are now glad to buy the black walnut fence rails which farmers split and used as they would any other timber twenty or thirty years ago. The long exposure has seasoned the wood thoroughly, and it is valuable as material for chair legs, spindles, and other small articles.

Something highly prized yet always given away—A bride.



A LEGAL MIND.

Grandpapa (trying to be severe): NOW, MABEL, TELL ME WHY YOU DIDN'T PUT THAT QUARTER I GAVE YOU INTO THE PLATE AT CHURCH THIS MORNING. I LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE GIRL GIVE CHEERFULLY AND "NOT LET HER RIGHT HAND KNOW WHAT HER LEFT HAND DOETH."

Incorrigible Granddaughter (who is saving the money for candy): THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE, GRANDPA. MY RIGHT HAND THOUGHT MY LEFT WAS PTTTING IT IN, AND MY LEFT HAND THOUGHT MY RIGHT WAS, AND SO BETWEEN THEM IT DIDN'T GWT PUT IN AT ALL!

HEALTH.

Diet in Disease.

BY A. ARNOT, M. D.

Our hopes of progress in the prevention and cure of disease lie more in the direction of investigation of its causes than the discovery of specifics. Heroes as great as any who never faced a shower of bullets, have ransacked the bodies of those who died of infectious diseases, with this object in view, and enough has been accomplished in this line to raise the most extravagant hopes for the future.

But there is a large class of diseases which, although not so fatal, are yet the cause of a great deal of suffering and impairment of usefulness, in which we do not make equal progress. We have made vast strides in the study of disease, in which we can trace the causative agent to his lair, catch him and feed him, and breed and study his habits, and discover his vulnerable points; while in various affections having their cause in the conditions of every day life, we have advanced little since the days of Abernethy.

Foremost among these conditions is the food we eat. When we consider the influence of the food on the flesh and products of the lower animals, may we not infer that the influence of our food on the causation and cure of disease would be very great? Indeed, even in the vegetable world, it is well known that a tree fed on good soil will produce healthy, well-developed fruit; while that of its neighbor, which has been fed on some badly-drained soil, will be small and frequently spotted with disease.

Considerations such as these suggest that there may sometimes be a cause behind the ubiquitous germ, and without which it might not be able to survive. It certainly indicates the importance of a careful study of our daily bread.

The purpose of this paper is merely to show that several disorders of the system have their origin in the consumption of more nitrogenous food than the constitution or circumstances of the person require, and consequently that the regulation of the amount of albuminous food consumed, frequently constitutes a valuable and definite therapeutic resort.

Our food may be said to consist chiefly of albumen, starch, fat, and sugar; and it would seem evident that the first principle of dietetics should be the knowledge of when to increase or decrease any of these elements. A great deal has been done in this line, but much still remains to be learned. The effects of diet in the treatment of diabetes, Bright's disease, scorbutus, etc., prompt the hope that the treatment of disease by a skilful regulation of diet may be still further extended, and that a corresponding decrease in the use of powerful drugs may ensue.

If we inquire what becomes of any excess of food taken into the system beyond its requirements, we find that if an excess of fatty or starchy food be taken, it may be deposited as fat. If too much saccharine matter be indulged in, it may be deposited as fat or carried off as a temporary glycosuria; but an excess of albumen has no such outlet. It demands a plentiful supply of oxygen to fit it for elimination; and if, through sedentary habits, diseased lungs, or other cause, this be not forthcoming, the blood is flooded with offensive matters which all the emunctories of the body are not sufficient to remove. The breath from the lungs under such circumstances has a heavy odor, the skin becomes dark colored, the conjunctiva yellow or muddy, with all its vessels engorged. The prophet Daniel discovered long ago these truths; and it may be that if vegetarians had set themselves to discover the precise conditions calling for such a diet, rather than going to an absurd extent, they might have conferred a real benefit on humanity.

I shall now, as shortly as possible, mention a few clinical facts that seem to support the theory that too much albuminous food sometimes produces disease.

My attention was forcibly called to this matter when studying certain forms of hemicrania. Some of these, I noticed, were completely cured by a diet from which albuminous food was almost entirely excluded, and instead of the patients' running down and becoming weak, in several instances they gained in weight and strength. In one instance the patient gained fourteen pounds in a short time after the change of diet. Of course, outdoor exercise might have answered the same purpose, but that is a prescription which has obvious objections.

In spasmodic asthma and bronchitis, I think there is no therapeutic measure that will give greater satisfaction than lessening the amount of albuminous food consumed. These affections are sometimes curable by this measure alone, even in cases where the hereditary tendency thereto is distinctly marked. I might cite several such cases, but let one suffice.

Mr. S. was very asthmatic, as were also two of his brothers. His children, when quite young, were severely troubled with spasmodic bronchitis, and I was often summoned in the night to some of them who were suffering from that affection. This went on two or three years, and I frequently wondered if it must continue during their whole lives. In truth, it had gone on during the greater part of the life of the father, who was now a pretty old man. Finally, I requested them to try the experiment of feeding their children chiefly on milk and cereals; and from that time I was hardly ever summoned to any of them for a similar cause.

Sleeplessness, when accompanied with a dark skin, tense arteries, and a deposit of lithates in the urine, is very much benefited by this measure. Of course, the opposite class of cases are met with, where an exhausted system calls for rest and generous nourishment; but well selected cases will be found to yield very satisfactory results.

In Bright's disease, whether acute or chronic, the diet should not include albuminous food. The reasons for this are so obvious that no further reference need be made to it.

Foul breath, not due to any local affection, will frequently be cured by this diet without the aid of medicine. Not long ago a young lady with a vigorous appetite for animal food, and who had become a nuisance to the rest of the family on account of the foul breath, was entirely cured by this simple means.

I might easily extend my list of diseases, and relate more cases that were cured in the same way after medical treatment had failed; but enough has been said to show the drift of my opinion on this important subject.

This very morning a young man, an asthmatic patient of mine, called to tell me that one month of this diet had done more for him than all the medicine he ever took; that during the month he had only tasted meat once, and that night he had symptoms of the return of his old trouble.

There is an absurd notion prevalent that a person will grow weak under this regime; so far is this from being true, that I have had patients gain several pounds in weight. Get weak, indeed, on a diet which has produced so many splendid Scotchmen and Irishmen, and enables the Arab to travel from fifty to sixty miles a day, and undergo the greatest hardship!

Albuminous food is a true stimulant, causing increased vigor and power of endurance, and the want of it is certainly felt by the patient; but we must not take sensations for reality, nor the patient's feelings as our guide in prescription. Nor must we forget that if more coal is put into the furnace than is completely burned, the grating will become choked with too much waste.

The farmers of Virginia, and especially those who are members of the different agricultural societies, are preparing to move on the Legislature for appropriation of $15,000, to be devoted to the establishment of agricultural experiment stations at the three principle colleges of the State which are now supplied with an agricultural department.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the meeting had been duly opened the Secretary announced the death of Brother Gilmartin Cox, of Mississippi.

Samuel Shin moved that a resolution of condolence be forwarded to his wife.

Sunset Jackson moved that Paradise Hall be closed for the space of thirty days.

Pickles Smith moved that some member be selected to deliver an eulogy on the dead brother's character.

"Why all dis 'citement ober de death of a member?" asked Brother Gardner, as he looked up and down the aisles. "We knowed de dead brudder as a poet an' a lecturer. We can't tell whether his wife am grieved or rejoiced. We doan' know whether he was strictly honest or a great rascal. He may hev had a tender heart, an' he may hev bin a brute in his ways. He may hev bin sober an' lawabidin', and he may hev bin a hard drinker an' a lawbreaker.

"Befo' deliberin' an eulogy on a dead man we ought to be posted as to what he was in life.

"Moas' grave-stuns am silent liars.

"Moas' eulogies contain four falsehoods to one troof.

"Moas' of de tears shed fur de dead outside our fam'lies am worked up by a fo'cepump.

"If a man am honest an' upright de fack needn't be placed on his grave-stun to make people remember it.

"If a man has had charity—if he has bin forgivin'—if he has airned de reverence and respect of men an' women, you kin leave his grave unmarked an' it will be hunted out an' remembered.

"De usual emblem of sorrow will be tied to de doah-knob fur de space of ten days, but beyand dat pint it will not be prudent to venture."

BRANCH LODGE REPORT.

The Branch Lodge at Findlay, O., made the following report:

FINDLAY, O.

Secretary Lime-Kiln Club.

The Plum Duffs, No. 3, "Findlay branch of the Lime-Kiln Club," held their monthly meeting at the Gas Well Hall, Saturday night at 12 o'clock, the new hall having been completed since the December meeting.

The meeting was called to order by Damascus Joy, Chairman. After roll call the minutes of the last meeting were read by Headlight Peters, Secretary.

Treasurer Anthony Smith moved that an assessment of $10 a head be levied to replenish the treasury. He said that he expected to pay a visit soon to his cousin in Canada, and might need the money. Motion not seconded.

Poker Winterson was called upon, and delivered his lecture entitled, "Natural vs. Sewer Gas." He was tendered the receipts of the collection hat, but declined, saying he preferred the hat.

Maj. J. Sly having been detected digging a tunnel from his cellar to the street to tap the gas mains was fined $104 and suspended for four months.

The election passed off quietly. Township Marston being elected over his competitor, Bony Carruthers, by a majority of 16 votes. He was immediately escorted to the chair and seemed very much at home. One-eyed Orinson was elected watchman for the ensuing year and Perpetual Motion Barker was elected doorkeeper.

The derrick having been removed, and thereby putting an end to the lookout, a motion to build a watch tower was carried, the necessary glue to be raised by a lecture by Midnight Sorkins at $5 per ticket on his renowned subject, "Sure Things." Jack Plumstead was authorized to have posters printed announcing the same and to send free passes and complimentary tickets to the officers of the Lime-Kiln Club.

Applications for membership were received from seven brothers, and they were laid over for the Februray meeting.

A huge wreath bearing the motto of the order, "Keep in the middle of the road," was received and placed over the President's chair.

Doughnut Henderson arose to make a motion and was fined $5 for not having on the leather medal voted him at the last meeting.

President Township Marston, after requesting each member to be on hand early at the next meeting, sang an old plantation song, which so affected him that he released all the fines imposed and dismissed the meeting.

Respectfully submitted,
HEADLIGHT PETERS,
Secretary.

On motion of Giveadam Jones the report was accepted and placed on file.

INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.

Whalebone Howker announced that he had received a postal card from Indiana, to the effect that Prof. Featherweight Smith, of Kentucky, who started for Detroit two months ago to deliver an address before the Lime-Kiln Club, was in jail. He had been arrested on suspicion of being a horse-thief, but was as innocent as a child three weeks old. He fondly hoped and expected the Lime-Kiln Club would at once take the necessary steps to secure his release and clear his reputation.

"Does you wish to make any moshun in de case?" softly inquired the President.

"Yes, sah! I moshuns dat we git him out."

"De moshun can't prewail, Brudder Howker. In de fust place, we doan' know de Purfesser, an' in de last place dis am fustrate weather fur diggin' outer jail. De hull bizness am largely postponed."

WILL SO REQUEST

A petition from fourteen colored citizens of Kalamazoo requested the Lime-Kiln Club to use its influence with Congress to have the name of Nigger Shoal, Lake Huron, changed to Colored Shoal. Also, to have Coon Island, at the mouth of Detroit River, changed to Bruce Island.

The President replied that the influence of the Club would be so used.

The President then announced the following:

Joe Johnson's Room Mckinley, Ala.—Sekretary ob de Lime-Kiln Club, Detroit, Mich.:

On 'count ob de many Christmas frolicks de attenshun ob de most intelligen' portion ob de cull'd populashun of Central Alabama hev been declined away from de outside wurld, and de recent ackshuns of Brudder Gardner in punishing conspirators hes just come before de cull'd populashun of McKinley Beat fur its estimashun.

De following am de proof-sheet ob de resolushuns I am directed to send to you by de pustoffice as ebidence ob sympathy fur de cull'd pussons ob de North:

Whereas, De high handed perceeding ob Brudder Gardner, President ob de Lime Kiln Club, in communicatin' with conspirators am recently reported to de cull'd populatiun ob McKinly Beat, and

Whereas, Accordin' to our best estimashuns such precedins am unbecoming a gentleman, now, be it

Resolved, Dat such demonstrashuns on de part ob Brudder Gardner am ebidence ob too much centralized power, and if de members ob de Lime Kiln Club am looking arter der best interests dey will purvide de necessary imposishun for conspiracy at der next meetin'.

Resolved, Dat a copy ob dis resolushun be sent to the Sekretary of de Lime Kiln Club wid de request dat it be read in open meetin' to show to de wurld whether de cull'd populashun ob de North am allowed freedom of speech.

P. HUNTER,
Secretary Joe Johnson's Club.

The meeting then adjourned for one week.

Washington Territory thinks treating is a bad custom, and an Anti treating bill has passed one branch of the Territorial Legislature. It prohibits any person from treating or entertaining "gratuitously any other person or persons to or with spirituous or malt liquors, wine or cider, or any other beverage whatever, in any public bar room, saloon-beer hall, or grocery in this Territory, in any other public place of resort or amusement." If the bill passes it will cost a man from $5 to $25 to treat a friend there, not including the price of the drink. Nothing is said about cigars.

HIGH LICENSE.

BY THE HON. JOHN B. FINCH, R. W. G. T.

The friends and agents of the liquor interests in Canada follow closely the lead of the drunkard-makers in the United States. In the States when decent men worked for moderate license, the drunkard-makers stood on the platform of free beer and fought all restraint of the traffic. Moderate license was thoroughly tried and proved to be a total failure. The forces of civilization moved to the position of high license and the liquor interests adopted the plan of moderate license and antagonized high license with it. High license having proved even a worse failure than low license, the friends of civilization declared for total prohibition of a traffic that is bad, and only bad, in all places, at all times. The liquor interests at once antagonized prohibition with high license because it had been demonstrated that high licenses benefitted instead of injuring this business. It is not at all surprising that the liquor sellers of Canada, seeing as they must see that National Prohibition is inevitable unless they can find some measure to divide the temperance forces, should adopt the trick of the drunkard-makers of the United States and seek to bribe the public by the payment of a large fee for being permitted to make drunkards of the citizens of Canada. It is fortunate for the friends of the home in Canada that the high license plan has been tried and proved a failure in the States, for they will now be able to go to work to defeat the compromise offered by the liquor interests of Canada. The first high license law ever passed in the United States, the Nebraska Statute, was drafted in my office. I believed that the law would be a success, and having prepared it, worked for its passage, and after its passage, for its enforcement. Years of experience have convinced me that high license as a temperance measure is a fraud and failure. It does not diminish the amount of alcoholic liquor consumed, it does not decrease intemperance nor the crime and pauperism resulting therefrom. It does drive from the trade men who have a desire to be decent and obey the law. It does increase the number of places where gambling and vile women are kept. It does bribe public conscience and injure all kinds of religious and temperance work. The press of the United States which, subsidized by the drunkard-makers, at first opposed bitterly the high license system, but as soon as they found it did not injure the trade of their patrons, they became its warm defenders. High license is used by the liquor interests of the United States as a buffer against prohibition. Rose-colored statements of how it works are sent over the wires. Official statements of how it does work are carefully concealed by the same papers. Chicago, Ill., is held up as a model high license city. The Grand Jury in that city recently sent in this report to the court:

"Having discovered that a majority of the cases of robbery sent to the grand jury by the different police justices of Chicago originated in the low saloons in certain districts of the city, the proprietors of which are licensed to carry on their nefarious business by the city of Chicago, and enjoy immunity from the police authorities, a committee of our body was duly appointed to ascertain if such charges of irregularities and flagrant dereliction of duty on the part of the police force were true. The committee reported that they were, and that, furthermore, the ordinance requiring the closing of saloons at midnight has by long custom become a dead letter in the community, and a partiality seems to exist in favor of 'doggeries' of the very lowest character, and which have been described upon the sworn testimony of policemen before our body as 'robbers' dens.' With regret we report that it is positively known to us that the administration of affairs in the first police district is in a condition of deplorable rottenness. Dives of the lowest order defy the city ordinance by keeping open from dawn until midnight, and from midnight till dawn, wherein congregate disreputable women, thieves, and criminals well known to the police of the district, and upon our oaths as grand jurors we blush to say that policemen have been seen in full uniform tippling with disreputables in the same dens long after the midnight hour."

What better proof that high license promotes low dives and is a total failure as a temperance measure could be given. What paper in Canada that favors high license has been honest enough to print the official record of high license in Chicago. Still I venture to assert if they did not know this would be the result of the system they would not advocate it.

Lincoln, Nebraska, is held up by the liquor papers as another model high license city. The editor of the *Republic*, published in that city, said recently in answer to a liquor advocate:—

You say that "high license does regulate." If by this you mean that the laws for the regulation of the traffic are enforced, let the records of the courts for the last few weeks be your answer. The people of Lincoln well know what a ghastly joke is contained the above quotation. That in spite of the thousand-dollar license, the saloons have sold liquor to minors, and drunkards, and on Sunday, and had become so generally disorderly that a Law and Order League had to be organized and supported by private subscription for their "regulation."

The fact that the license system has been tried for hundreds of years and proved a total failure ought to warn sensible people to oppose any form of license and adopt the motto: "The alcholic liquor traffic must be destroyed."

EVANSTON, Ills., U. S.

GLINTS OF HOME LIFE.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

"I think of all meals breakfast is the most cheerless," said one housekeeper to another lately. And her companion replied, "It is the pleasantest meal of the day in our house, but then we have a sunny window that faces the east." I thought how much of the secret lay in the sunshine that helped to make the people cheerful and happy. A dark room is neither conducive to health nor good temper, and if both are gloomy, the first thing in the morning, there is not much comfort for any one while the day lasts. A summer morning breakfast with windows open and fresh, cool air, the table spread with china and crystal, and tempting food, with flowers and fruits such as the season brings, is the perfection of enjoyment. I always pity the breakfasts of olden times, when beer and salt fish or a chine of beef made the chief feature of the breakfast, which they ate "booted and spurred." There was no fragrant Mocha till the close of the seventeenth century, nor cheerful Bohea, and the circumstance of some one drinking *coffee* at Oxford was recorded as worthy of remembrance. In France the dejeuner is always commenced with an egg. Then vegetables are handed around, then hot fish and meats, lastly fruits. At many tables in our own country the grains form the staple for breakfast, and there is certainly nothing better than oatmeal porridge, properly made, as a foundation. After this the meat needed is very little, and to conclude with fruit suits many, but not all digestions.

To many people cocoa is the best beverage, and for nutrition it cannot be excelled. Shakespeare has said:

> "Now, good digestion wait on appetite
> And health on both,"

which is nowhere better seen than in the varied appetites that wait on breakfast. It was at one time thought to be a wise thing to take a long walk before breakfast, but this idea has changed, and it is considered more prudent not to go out on an empty stomach. With agreeable company this meal should be a very enjoyable bracing for the labors of the day, and even if alone there is nothing more pleasant than delicately prepared viands, eaten with cheerful surroundings. The summer mornings especially are intensely enjoyable at this hour, and the hour of breakfast should always be one of the brightest glints of home life.

CHATEAUGUAY, QUE.

WINTER WRINKLES.

A big spread—The sky.

A novel tea—The pure article.

All a farmer wants is the earth.

The bard of air—The spring poet.

Very "taking" in its way—Smallpox.

Society's favorite flower—The dandy-lion.

Are hair-braiced people ever bald-headed?

Some artists mix their colors with paints, others with brains.

You have designs upon me, as the sailor said to his tattooer.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers.

A prize fighter is always willing to take his pay by the pound.

The frost got in a foul on Florida. Struck her below the orange belt.

"Words that burn"—The poems on Spring that are sent in to the editor.

An artist's cherub is a good deal like a boarding-house turkey—all head and wings.

The ups and downs of Canadian life are well exemplified on the toboggan slide.

Shear nonsense—trying to cut the hair of a bald-headed man.

According to the Darwinian theory our ancestors were all tail-bearers.

The calcium light is ofttimes the brightest part of theatrical entertainments.

A friend asks a remedy for cold feet. Make them stay on the other side of the bed.

Last summer the Tories gave Ireland an inch, and now they have got to take a Parnell.

Prohibition will never flourish as long as the price of a glass of lemonade will buy two beers.

A great many persons who are studying for the stage ought rather to study to keep off of it.

The man who came within an ace of being frozen to death must have had a chance of a cold time.

"Kerosene oil is going up," says an exchange. Undoubtedly; so is the stove, so is the hired girl.

A rule that works both ways—When a fleet goes out on a cruise, the crews go out on the fleet.

To suspect our friends is equivalent to sending them an acknowledgment of release from the bond of affection.

If love is blind, as some folks say, how is it that spoony couples always persist in turning the parlor lamp so low?

Forty invalids were saved from an untimely grave the other day. Their physician committed suicide.

Debtor (furious)—Did you send me that bill? Tailor—Yes, I did; and I'd like the money, too. Debtor (mollified)—Well, I thought you sent it, but I wanted to be sure.

"Will you carve?" asked the landlady of young Sawbones, who is in college. "Certainly; where is the body?—I mean, bring on the meat," correcting himself as best he could.

A St Louis savant has discovered a new skin disease. He would confer a greater favor on an admiring world if he would manage to stumble upon a sure cure for some of the old ones.

It is said to be the etiquette among the commanders of the "crack" transatlantic steamships to reside at a hotel when in port and not on board. But they have to live on board, don't they, even when they reside at a hotel?

PRINTERS' INK.

How the Successful Business Men Have Made their Fortune.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of business.

You can't eat enough in a week to last a year, and you can't advertise on that plan, either.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

A constant dropping will wear a rock. Keep dropping your advertisement on the public and they will soon melt under it like rock salt.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You may know what you are doing, but no one else does.

It is a mistaken idea that a fine store in an eligible location, surrounded by attractive signs, is a superior advertisement; for the experience of most enterprising merchants is that it pays better to spend less in rent and more on advertising.

Enterprising people are beginning to learn the value of advertising the year round. The persistency of those who are not intimidated by the cry of "dull times," but keep their names ever before the public, will surely place them on the right side in the end.

The Dance of Death.

A doctor of my acquaintance told me the other day of the case of a young woman who is one of the dancers in "Adonis." She appears in tights as do all the dancers in that play. These tights are pulled on with the greatest care so as not to show a wrinkle, and (are held in place) by a narrow leather belt which is strapped around the waist next the skin, and pulled so tight that the girl is almost cut in two. She cannot do the pulling herself; it has to be done by another person; and when it is so tight that she is ready to drop the tights are tucked under it, and thus kept in position. Then she dresses and goes upon the stage and dances. The consequence is that she has a terrible internal disease which can never be cured while she is playing this part, and she cannot afford to stop playing it, for she is the breadwinner of a large family. The doctor argued with her on the subject, and that if she kept on she would kill herself, and then the family would have no one to work for them, and would not have the money to bury her with. She admitted the truth of what he said, but added that all the other girls were in the same condition, and that they had to take their chances. She might not die if she went on dancing, and she certainly would starve if she stopped. It is not only the girls who dance in "Adonis," but the girls who dance anywhere, who have a very hard time of it, for there seems to be no way of holding up the tights than this process of strapping. They might be fastened over the shoulders in some way, but then, as the girls have to wear the necks of their dresses low, that is impossible.

The stables in which the horses of the late William H. Vanderbilt were kept cost $60,000. William was a very liberal man—in the manner of horses.

History that is good, faithful, and true, will survive for ages; but should it have none of these qualities, its passage will be short between the cradle and the grave.

Glasgow, Scotland, though said to be the wealthiest city of the world in proportion to population, has lately had crowds of people parading her streets demanding bread.

Prince Bismarck's hatred of the Poles is so great that Germans are forbidden to intermarry with them in those portions of the Empire where Polish sentiment seems to the Chancellor to be aggressive. If one were to read in a novel that such an edict had gone forth in the nineteenth century in an enlightened country and from an enlightened statesman he would be inclined to say that the author was an ass. But truth is ever stranger than fiction.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HOTEL D'ORIENT—STONED IN THE STREETS.

There they were at last indeed, and at the beginning of their worst troubles, only happily they did not know it, for the supremely merciful act of an all merciful Providence is that it permits us no knowledge of the future.

There were plenty and to spare of vehicles waiting for hire, and helping Nellie into one, Frank instructed the Arab driver to take them to the Hotel d'Orient, which seemed somewhat to surprise him, perhaps because everybody else was shouting "To the harbor" or "To the mole!"

However, off they went at the full speed of two thin, wiry horses (who knew no pace between a crawl and a gallop) over rutty roads, across logs and puddles, past coal yards and gas works, through flocks of sheep and almost over individual members thereof, and then through a perfect sea of black mud again, whilst Nellie, jolted almost out of breath, began to wonder was this ever the Alexandria of "four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetable food alone, a museum where forty thousand students studied and a library containing four hundred thousand volumes?" Neither could she picture it as the Alexandria where the most poetical of our historians declares that "the Hebrew scripture expanded into Greek under the hands of the Septuagint, where Cleopatra reveled with her Roman conquerors, where St. Mark preached the gospel and Saint Athanasius held war-like controversy, where Amru conquered and Abercromby fell."

But what town in the world shows to advantage from its railway station and when the Mahmudiyeh Canal was crossed by its light and lofty bridge and the city proper was entered by the Gabari Gate, her sentiments somewhat underwent a change.

She looked then upon a town half European and half Oriental, with large streets well laid down, substantial houses built upon the latest fashion, banks, theatres, cafes innumerable and shops the contents of whose plate glass windows would, in some cases, have done credit to Paris, London, or New York, whilst here and there above the roof waved the broad, fan-like fronds of the omnipresent palm, and occasionally, when the breadth of the thoroughfare permitted, they drove through a perfect avenue of carob trees that were in full leaf and blossom.

"It is hard to imagine, Frank, that all danger is not forever past and over when we see these tokens of civilization around us; yet, despite it all, there every now and then comes to me a presentiment that it is not so and that our greatest perils are yet to be encountered," said Nellie Trezarr, with a shudder that caused her plump and shapely white arms to quiver to the very shoulders.

Her lover could not resist kissing one of them as he rejoined:

"You must not think any such nonsense, darling. It is the natural reaction of your spirits that alone causes you to do so, but a cup or two of strong tea and a brief rest will set you all right."

But though the young officer spoke thus cheering to reassure her, his heart was by no means as bright as his words, for he noticed how the few natives who were out and about at that early hour scowled at them and muttered under their beards, and sometimes spat on the ground as they passed by them, and one tall Arab actually took up a stone as though with the intention of hurling it at the vehicle, but the next instant apparently altered his mind and dropped it, perhaps fearing that he might injure the property of a brother Moslem instead of hurting the unbelievers inside.

Ah, here at last is the Rue de la Colonne Pompee, for all things have a French nomenclature in Alexandria.

The two-horsed caleche has drawn sharply up at the door of the Hotel d'Orient, and Pat Monaghan, springing off the box, lets down the steps, and then gives a military salute and grins at the near prospect of a good breakfast, for a certain aroma has just attacked his nostrils, which, ascending from the region of the kitchens, would have caused Pat to grin under almost any circumstances.

There was found to be ample accommodation at the hotel, so Frank Donelly ordered two bedrooms and a private sitting room, instructing his man to seek his own quarters and to see that he had everything which he required or fancied, a command which Pat felt very much like obeying with alacrity.

Five minutes later Nellie and her lover found themselves most comfortably quartered.

Their sitting-room commanded a cheerful view of the street, a fine and indeed almost a noble thoroughfare, and here a tempting little breakfast was daintily served, but whilst Frank was as hungry as a hunter, Nellie was still too excited and agitated to do more than drink cup after cup of tea and nibble a little dry toast between whiles.

"Now, my darling," said Frank. "It strikes me that it will be an economy of time to do two things at once, namely, to take our breakfast and discuss what is to be done immediately afterwards. What I should advise you to do would be to go to bed and try to get a little sleep, or failing that, at all events rest, whilst I look after those two essential necessaries, a parson and ship.'

'Oh, Frank, can you not depute both tasks to others? You must be so tired."

"Not a bit of it. A pretty soldier I should be if I suffered such trifles as we have been through to master me Of course to a young and tender girl they presented a very different aspect. Besides, Nell, have you not read that what you wish to be done well you had better do yourself!"

"Yes, yes; but if you leave me, Frank, I shall tremble. We are not out of danger here. The little French chambermaid, Marie, is too afraid to go out shopping for me, because there have already been so many outrages upon Europeans in the streets, and, worse still, because every day of late one or two white girls have mysteriously disappeared, and nobody can discover what has become of them. She declares in her pretty way that the Europeans in Alexandria stand on the brink of a volcano, and that at any moment an eruption may occur and overwhelm them."

"The more reason, my darling, that we should marry and make off before Marie's volcano does begin to misconduct itself. By Jove! perhaps a parson may be found without even going out of the hotel. Alphonse! Just touch the gong, my dear; it stands at your elbow."

Nellie did as she was asked and the next minute the French garcon entered the room.

"Alphonse, is there any kind of a clergyman staying at the hotel?"

"No, monsieur; but zare is a church close by—ze Eglise Sante Eustache—and ze first messe would be just commencing."

"Would you have any objection to being married in a Catholic chapel, and by a Catholic priest, Nellie?" asked Frank, abruptly.

"On the contrary, I should prefer such a wedding to any other, for the Catholic is the only religion that raises marriage to the character of a sacrament, and through remembering how our Saviour honored it by choosing it as the symbol of the indissoluble union between Him and His church, declares in the words of Holy Writ that 'what God hath joined together no man dare put asunder;' no, not even the judge of an iniquitous divorce court."

"Well Nellie, my opinion exactly coincides with your point, and as the little church is close by, suppose that we ask Alphonse to be our guide thither, and take Pat Monaghan to give you away, as the saying is, and act as a witness. You would not object to a common soldier doing so, eh?"

"And if I did, Pat Monaghan is a most uncommon soldier, and so the objection could not apply to him, and I'd as soon be given away by Pat as I would by a duke, or even a prince of the blood, for he possesses honor, courage and fidelity, and they take precedence of rank and riches."

"Pat would be a proud man if he heard you speak thus of him. Well, then, Nell, if you cannot buy, borrow something to throw over your lovely shoulders, and we will try to get into the church before the first mass is over."

"I dare say Marie will lend me something that will do," and Nellie Trezarr hurried out of the room to her own.

In a very short while the party of four were hurrying along towards the little church, Pat Monaghan's lips going as though he was muttering preliminary prayers, whereas he was simply finishing his breakfast, a pleasing occupation whereat he had been disturbed.

It was now a quarter past eight o'clock in the morning, and even yet there were not many people astir in this, the essentially European quarter, of the city.

Despite this fact, however, the wedding party had not proceeded very far when some mischievous Arab gamins, who seemed to be performing the duties of chiffoniers, began to stone them from a safe distance and curse them for infidels and unbelievers.

At this hostile demonstration Alphonse pointed out the church, and turning very pale, declared that he dared not stay away any longer from his work, and immediately made a most undignified rush back to the hotel.

But Frank Donelly, Nellie Trezarr and Pat held on their way, taking no notice whatever of their assailants, who were all of them happily very bad marksmen, and in another three minutes the church afforded them at all events temporary safety.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIED, AND ALMOST MURDERED.

It was a beautiful little church, and it was tolerably well filled with ardent worshippers, for it is no trifling peril that will keep the Catholic from the gospel of his God and the place where His glory dwelleth.

It being low mass, the entire service was performed in impressive silence, so that a pin might almost have been heard to fall.

A quarter of an hour after our trio had entered the chapel the solemn service was ended, and the congregation, bowing a knee to the altar as they quitted their seats, began reverently to file out of the chapel.

It was then that our three friends walked slowly forward toward the altar, and up to them soon came a priest; not the one who had said mass, but an older man, and in low tones inquired of them what they wanted.

When Frank told him he was somewhat embarrassed, since it was a strange thing for two who were not Catholics to come to be married in a Catholic church. So he asked them to accompany him into the sacristy, in order that they might further explain themselves, which Frank Donelly there did with such earnestness and force of pleading that the priest made no further objection, but conducted them back into the chapel and there donned his vestments and at once commenced the service.

It was a very solemn and impressive one, and the saint-like looking old man gave them some very good counsel when it was ended, so that they quitted the sacred building more impressed with the seriousness of the joint responsibilities they had undertaken and the blessedness of the God-hallowed state which they had entered into than if the ceremony had been performed in any other.

Then they passed forth into the open air again hardly realizing that they were now man and wife, so like a dream was it all, nor did they even try to realize it for long, since other matters soon necessarily engrossed their attention.

The half hour or so they had spent inside the church had made a great difference in the apearance of the streets, say as vast a one as the seashore presents at high and low water, or in Winter's storm as contrasted with Summer's calm.

The burning sun of Egypt now glared down as though it hungered to scorch and consume everything that it bathed with its dazzling brightness, and it seemed to have called into life on this occasion swarms of noxious reptiles in human form that as a rule make their habitations in darkness.

For, as a flooded river overflows and inundates a plain, so the native population seemed to have overflowed and inundated the Frankish quarter of Alexandria, where, as a rule, they never appeared in anything like numbers.

Loafers, and idlers, and vagabonds they seemed to be, and less determined on present mischief than on taking stock as to what they could do when they deigned to set themselves in earnest to the task, for their gaze was greedily bent on the contents of the windows and in through the doors of the banks.

Dirty, half naked and sore-eyed were the majority of these wretched beings, but amongst them were not a few Egyptian soldiers in red tarbouches and soiled linen uniforms, who seemed to be on leave, mingled with yash-macked women in blue cotton chemises and mahogany-hued children sans chemise or shirt and looking as much like young imps or demons as it is possible to conceive.

This crowd of humanity sauntered to and fro, and up and down, in a listless sort of way, in company with yelping and mangy dogs and those little detatched swarms of flies that always attend upon native gatherings.

To Frank Donelly's dismay he could see no other Europeans about save themselves, and, as though they anticipated some danger or unpleasantness from the native invasion, shop shutters were being hastily put up, though they had not been for more than an hour taken down, banks and warehouse doors being closed and so on.

They themselves were so situated, however, that the nearest available shelter was the hotel whereat they were stopping, but the shortest way to reach it was across an open space that by a stretch of imagination might have been called a square, and the question was should they make a quick dash across this, with the almost certainty of drawing attention upon themselves in the act, or should they take the longer route around by the houses and trust to apparent unconcern and non-provocation for safety.

The latter course being decided on as the safest, albeit that their danger and suspense would be continued for at least a couple of minutes longer, away they went, Captain Donelly especially cautioning Pat not to let his innate love for a row get them into a scrape, but to bear any insult or even indignity rather than afford the mob an excuse for murdering them.

"Faith then I'll turn 'em cheek an' cheek about for the smiting till yer honor an' yer honor's wife is safe as safe can be, and thin, by the mother ov Moses, I'll take it out of the nagurs with Jew's interest, I will."

"You must bide a bit longer than that, Pat, for we can't spare your services, and you would assuredly get killed if you provoked these murdering thieves to attack you. Now come along and keep your hot blood well iced."

Pat nodded assent, though his eyes were ablaze and his nostrils quivering with excitement, like those of a thoroughbred horse.

Had not the habit of military obedience been strong in him, there is no knowing what he would have done, for the mob had already begun to curse and make faces at the three Christians, and some of the naked gamins to even throw mud at them.

Frank Donelly endured all this with smiles, as though it was highly complimentary and wondrous entertaining as well, whilst Nellie tried to smile and look unconcerned also, though she did not very well succeed.

For she had noticed that the male Arabs all carried sticks of such formidable appearance that they well deserved the name of clubs, and furthermore wore their long knives thrust in their belts and so fully exposed to view, instead of underneath their blue cotton outside garb, as usual, and she felt sure that clubs were not carried and knives so ostentatiously desplayed for nothing.

But the hotel was very near and they would gain its shelter in another minute at the most.

Why, half the journey was already accomplished without any serious mishap.

Nellie was comforting herself thus when all at once an Arab woman, taking a fancy to the coquettish and gay-colored half cloak, half jacket which Marie, the French chambermaid, had lent her (chiefly to conceal the fact that her dress was a very low cut and almost sleeveless evening one), sprang forward and with a quick clutch tore it off her shoulders and away from her grasp.

Nellie thereupon shrieked, imagining that this was the commencement of an attack, and the shrill cry, coupled with the exposure of so much of her glossy, heaving, palpitating whiteness, at once drew hundreds of eyes upon her.

But not in love or admiration, for a brown skin is considered by the lower class of Mohammedans as the acme of beauty, and a white one a disgrace, as marking a descent from the first murderer, Cain, who they declare was once brown like themselves, but turned white from excess of terror when God asked him what he had done with his brother, Abel, wherefore they think that all Europeans have Cain for their progenitor.

On this account Nellie's most exquisite bust and full, fair, rounded arms were far from calculated to win their homage or even their forbearance.

A big hulking boy, whose heart, had it been human, should have beat with an intense and till then unknown joy at the sight, picked up a stone and cast it at her, the missile striking her on the breast with a dull thud that caused her in an instant to feel faint and giddy.

A howl of horrible significance went up to the blue heavens.

There was a simultaneous rush in her direction, and dozens of long bony arms and lean crooked fingers seemed to shoot out toward her at once, not greedy to be blessed with a momentary touch of her yielding, glossy smoothness, but to scratch and rend, and tear that exquisite white flesh of hers.

At the sight of the furious face and the outstretched arms, Nellie shut her eyes and clung wildly for a few minutes, whilst her snowy and dimpled shoulders upheaved themselves almost to her little pink ears, as the shoulders of the young (whether pretty or otherwise) are always prone to heave when their owner is in momentary expectation of a blow.

Despite the danger and the horror of their position, Frank Donelly could not help pressing with his lips the one that was nearest to him, but he lost not a moment over the (even under those circumstances) ecstatic delight, but, twisting her around, he shielded as much of her back as he could with his left arm and outspread hand, and whipped out his sword, vowing in his choicest Arabic that he would lop off the first hand that approached her.

"An' bedad, I'll levy contribution on the second, third an' fourth, an' so on until I've taken one for every finger on me two hands," shouted Pat, as he followed his master's example.

But happily the flash of the two drawn swords was all that was needed to make the scores of savage Arabs recoil, whereupon Pat exclaimed in accents of scorn:

"Move on yer honor, move on. Sure an' the shadow of our blades is enough as yet to clear the way, and the way ain't a long one, please the pigs."

Frank Donelly saw the truth of the remark.

"Nellie, darling, slip behind me and we'll do it safe enough, sandwich fashion. You'll be the ham and fat and I the bread, and thus mustered I'll be hanged if the Arabs shall give you any more pepper. Now, now, before they fish their courage up out of their shoes again."

He helped to sling her around as he concluded, for she was very faint and feeble.

She could manage to do what required of her, however, and the distance was only a matter of two score yards now, so though several missiles were hurled they all fell fortunately on her companions, between whom she staggered up the hotel steps, and the instant the door was opened reeled inside and would have fallen ere the great door was closed and barred, had not her husband caught her in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life at Rome in St. Paul's Day.

The condition of the lower classes rendered them more hopeful subjects for the ennobling influences of the faith of Christ. It is true that they also lived in the midst of abominations. But to them vice stood forth in all its bare and revolting hideousness, and there was no wealth to gild its anguishing reactions. Life and its temptations wore a very different aspect to the master who could lord it over the souls and bodies of a thousand helpless minions, and to the wretched slave who was the victim of his caprice and tyranny. As in every city where the slaves far outnumbered the free population, they had to be kept in subjection by laws of terrible severity. It is no wonder that in writing to a Church of which so many members were in this sad condition, St. Paul had thought it necessary to warn them of the duty of obedience and honor towards the powers that be. The house of a wealthy Roman contained slaves of every rank, of every nation, and of every accomplishment, who could be numbered, not by scores, but by hundreds. The master might kill or torture his slaves with impunity, but if one of them, goaded to passionate revenge by intolerable wrong, ventured to raise a hand against his owner, the whole *familia*, with their wives and children however innocent, were put to death. The Roman lady looked lovely at the banquet, but the slave girl who arranged a curl wrong had been already branded with a hot iron. The *triclinia* of a banquet might gleam with jewelled and myrrhine cups, but if a slave did but drop by accident one crystal vase he might be flung then and there to feed the lampreys in his master's fishpond. The senator and the knight might loll upon cushions in the amphitheatre, and look on luxuriously at the mad struggles of the gladiators; but to the gladiator this meant the endurance of all the detestable savagery of the *lanista*, and the taking of an horrible oath that, 'like a genuine gladiator,' he would allow himself to be bound, burned, beaten or killed at his owner's will. There were, doubtless, many kind masters at Rome; but the system of slavery was in itself irredeemably degrading, and we cannot wonder, but can only rejoice, that, from Cæsar's household downwards, there were many in this condition who found in Christian teaching a light and peace from Heaven. However low their earthly lot, they thus attained to a faith so sure and so consolatory that in the very catacombs they surrounded the grim memorials of death with emblems of peace and beauty, and made the ill-spelt jargon of the quaint illiterate epitaphs the expression of a radiant happiness and an illimitable hope.—*The Life and Work of St. Paul.*

A Northern man can now start a row in five minutes in Florida by carrying a pair of skates across his shoulder.

"This is a most trying situation," spouted the little whale, when he was out up and put in the boiling vats. "I'm afraid it's oil over with me," and he began to blubber.

The Happy World.

BY C. T. G.

Do you know I believe some people think
'Tis a crime to be merry and gay?—
The hours we spend in enjoyment or fun
Are sinfully frittered away?
To dig and to delve, to work and to weep,
They think is the lot of mankind;
And thro' the whole course of their long weary lives
Not a moment for pleasure they find

Ah, well! 'tis a blessing all don't think as they;
What a sad dreary world this would be!
Our time taken up with labor and sighs,
Not a moment for innocent glee;
No time to appreciate half the good gifts
Bestowed by beneficent heaven,
No heart to enjoy the fair beauties around
That God in his goodness has given!

Now, really, I wonder do they ever think
Why earth is so beauteous and fair?
If life's what they deem it, why was not the world
Made gloomy and ugly and drear?
I'm sure we'd exist if never we saw
A flower, if never we heard
The song of the brook and the breeze, and the lay
From the throat of a rapturous bird.

Ah, yes, yes, indeed! this old mother earth
Is a dear blessed place after all;
Tho' many dark hours we all must endure,
Fight battles, have many a fall
On our way as we travel, 'tis yet worth our while
Just to live if we only believe
That we are put here to enjoy God's good gifts,
Not only to work and to grieve.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BY THE REV. DR. POTTS.

There is no spot of earth's surface where home has more significance than within the bounds of this Dominion of Canada. As an institution, the family stands first in the front rank, and is vital to the church and the state; indifferent home-life is seen in indifferent church and national life. There is something very interesting in the founding of a new home. It is a matter of interest far beyond the two young hearts that have become one in purpose, one in love, and one in their plans of life. It is a matter affecting citizenship, morality and religion. Therefore, patriots and Christians are interested in the home-life of their country. I want to have a chat with the readers of this paper upon home-life in Canada. We should all resolve to make our homes the brightest places in all the world. There should be something in home that could and would induce all of us to sing, when we turned our feet in its direction, whether from school, or from business, or from social visiting, "Home, Sweet Home." But what is home? It may be a castle, or it may be a cottage. The cottage, upon the whole, is the more likely place to find a model home. Home does not depend upon wealth and high position, nor is it necessarily connected with moderate circumstances. It may be the precious heritage of all classes of society. The mechanic may have as much of it as the millionaire. The farmer has as good a right to it as the princely merchant. The newly-wedded couple, whose home is but a rented tenement, may enjoy it as well as the family residing in the brown stone mansion. Home is not conditioned upon rich carpeting, magnificent paintings, luxurious living, and a well-established place in what is known as society. There may be all these and no home. There are great houses and you might as well look for the warm atmosphere of home in an ice-palace, as in such houses. There are certain conditions absolutely requisite to constitute home, and these are within the reach of all. It will be worth our while to examine them, and then look at our home life, and see if it be all that it ought to be, and if not, resolve to go on unto perfection. Model home life must be founded and conducted in respectful love and mutual esteem. If these be wanting, whatever else may be, there can be no true foundation for a delightful home. Where these essentials exist, home life is sure to flourish, bearing flowers and fruit unto happiness.

Another essential of a true home is *politeness*. Why should politeness be confined, as it often is, to the circles of society. How is it that some men are noted for their polite attention to all classes outside their home, while within them they are noted for harshness and severity, not only to their servants, but to their wives and children. Society men in society, but tyrants at home. Why is it that a young man is regarded as a model for young men among his lady friends who is absolutely unobliging to his mother and sisters? Politeness shines nowhere with such radiant lustre as in the daily intercourse between husband and wife, parents and children, and employers and servants.

How essential is home sympathy, and how beautiful it is. The world is cold and heartless. Selfishness seems to be almost universal. It is seen in all classes of business, in all the walks of professional life, and its chilling presence penetrates even the church of God. Every human being needs sympathy, its look, its touch, its word, soothes, comforts and nerves for renewed action in life's toil and warfare. Home without sympathy, how repelling, how desolate, and how often it has sent men to clubs and saloons, to drown their worry, and at least for a time forget their perplexing circumstances.

But there is another aspect to the picture. The wife and mother may be in as great need of sympathy as the husband and father. That delicate woman with her sick child, or her wayward child, or her incompetent servant, may be as much exhausted as the man of the house. Let the sympathy be mutual.

The husband says to himself, in the midst of his disappointments, "Well, I shall have rest and sweet sympathy at home." He involuntarily says, "Thank God for home." During the day, while husband is away toiling for the support of his family, the busy housewife looks forward to the evening hour, not because the day's work is done, but because her other self, who is in such accord with her, shall come to the dear spot where he delights to be and where she longs to have him be.

I plead for a cheerful, happy home. Let it be so to the children, and let it be so to all who come under its roof. Let the meal hours be free from all fault-finding, let pleasant topics be discussed, and try each to please the other. Let the evening hour be made charming with reading, music and general conversation. Make sons and daughters feel there is no place like home. I must conclude but not before I write that the crowning glory of home is piety. "Show piety at home." How delightful is the home music of family praise; how fragrant is the sweet incense of domestic worship; how comforting is the unobtrusive, but all-pervading spirit of a true and beautiful Christian discipleship. It is the bond of perfectness in family life. Every home represented by the readers of this paper may be such as I have described in this article.—*Toronto Truth.*

The harvest gathered in the fields of the past is to be brought home for the use of the present.

The most positive men are the most credulous since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer and worst enemy—their own self-love.

Mr. Adam Badeau has been contributing a number of letters to the New York *Sun* descriptive of the social life of the English aristocracy. He affects to have found much vulgarity among titled folk, and relates a number of incidents in his own personal experience, which we should judge are less intended as rebukes to the manners of Upper-Tendom in England, than as a boast of his intimate friendship with certain Dukes and Duchesses, and other members of our "old nobility." Mr. Badeau's letters may be entertaining to those who desire to get a peep "over the garden-wall of nobility," but all the same they are manifestly the work of a vulgar snob whose personal acquaintanceship with the class whom he describes, in all probability was obtained through an opera glass. We feel quite certain that if some Duchess had condescended to confidential communication with Mrs. Badeau he would have come across the ocean loaded to the eyes with reverence for her order. Criticism such as that which appears in the *Sun*, is the last thing to which he would have turned his genius.

EMBRACED BY A BOA.

Experience of a Keeper who Bathed the Monster Snakes.

A little while since, says a writer in the St. James Gazette, I was examining some snakes in a certain collection, meanwhile gossiping with the attendant. In the collection were several fine specimens of the beautiful gold and black boa, and also of the black and white spotted boa. I found the keeper a very intelligent man, and some little information I was able to give him led him to ask me whether I had ever seen the snakes bathed. Now, I knew that it was customary to give these creatures an occasional bath, to keep them healthy and preserve the skin pliant and the colors fresh and clear, but I had never had an opportunity of witnessing the operation. Gladly, therefore, I accepted the offer. In a little time a moderately large tub, half-filled with warm water, was placed upon the ground, and my attendant and another man stripped off their coats and waist-coats, turned up their shirt sleeves to prepare for action. The first case contained four boa-constructors varying from eight to sixteen feet long. The keeper opened a small door in the end of the case, and then sliding back the glass pannel at the top, put his hand boldly in and ran his hand down the back of the nearest reptile, which moved from beneath his touch toward the open door. As

THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE

passed the door he seized it with his right hand firmly around the neck, and dragging the body quickly out caught it five feet or so lower down with his left hand, the other man taking the remainder and closing the little door. The reptile "squirmed" a good deal as if objecting to such handling; but was quickly deposited in the tub, the keeper retaining his hold of the head and fore part of the body. As the water touched the snake a perceptible quiver ran through it; for a few seconds it coiled and uncoiled itself forcibly, dashing the water about, and then seemed to settle down to placid enjoyment of the bath, struggling no longer, allowing itself to be slowly moved about the tub.

Ticklish work, it seemed to me, and the keeper rather assented to that opinion. "You see one is apt to get careless; but so long as you are cautious it is simple enough. I remember well the first time I tried it. I was then at M—— and the regular keeper was taken ill and died. The day for bathing the snakes came round, and no one could be found to do it. Two days went over, and then I thought I would have a try. I had been feeding them for a year or more, and was pretty well used to them. Well, we filled the tub, and I got through with the job all right, and was soon appointed head keeper of

THE SNAKE HOUSE.

Time went on; I fed and bathed the creatures regularly and got a little careless over it, and so it happened that one day I did not look after my man to see that he fastened the little door properly after we had one in the bath. On this particular day, too, he forgot to bring the change of blankets with him, and I never noticed it until I had one of the smaller snakes in the bath. As soon as I did notice it I sent him post haste to fetch them. The one in the bath was only about nine feet long; so when he had been in the water long enough I lifted him out, intending to put him in a square case and wait my man's return; but as I raised him I felt something around my right leg, and, looking down found the little door was open and that a fourteen-foot boa was out and had got a half-turn round my thigh. Of course, he had to be stopped; so I let go of the body of the one I was holding, and by a fortunate shot grasped the other just below the head. The one in my left hand had coiled his body round my arm, and, soothed by his bath, was quiet and comfortable; but the other was taking up all my spare time. He wriggled and twisted until I could scarce hold him, straining the coil round my thigh very tightly. He had also given a turn of his tail to my other leg, so that I could not move a step. However, there was nothing to prevent my calling out and I did it; more especially because the door of that case was open, and there were three more inside. My man might be five minutes gone, and I had to keep up as best I could. The worst of it was, while the beast got his hold nearer and nearer to my body he would

SHOOT HIS HEAD AWAY,

almost out of my grasp, turning and twisting without ceasing. My fingers ached, and my wrist felt like breaking, while the circulation in my leg nearly stopped. Presently the feeling came over me that I did not mind much how it ended, and felt inclined to give up there and then. In fact, my fingers were relaxing when I heard a step outside, and my man came in. A glance told him, the state of affairs. He had the one off my arm and into the case in the twinkling of an eye, and then between us we got the other gentleman loose and boxed him, and then—well, there were no more snakes bathed that day. We kept it very quiet and up to my leaving M—— it never oozed out; then my man was made keeper and he let it out. You can imagine it was a lesson to both of us that will last some time."

The keeper looked immediately at the reptile in the bath, no doubt recalling the sensations of that afternoon. "Fifteen minutes, sir!" said his assistant, breaking in upon his reverie. The keeper rose and lifted the snake from the tub, the assistant taking the hinder half. The reptile seemed quite torpid, and when they laid him on his clean blanket allowed them to wrap him up and deposit him in the case, where after a lazy look around, he withdrew his head under the folds. A slight rise and fall could be seen as he finally settled himself, and then all was motionless.

I stopped and saw the rest of them go through their ablutions, but there was little variation and no excitement, and so, thanking the keeper, I came away.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and vileness for wit.

Depression of spirits, when it is real and when people cannot help it, is not the result of circumstances, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred from a discordant liver—in short, from bodily causes.

There are hundreds of men in this country who spell as imperfectly as the late Josh Billings, yet their names never appear in the papers, as they always manage to fill government offices.

To tell what a man says pay attention to the tongue. To ascertain what he means, pay attention to the eye. To talk in opposition to the heart is one of the easiest things in the world; to look this opposition is more difficult than algebra.

The "elements," according to one of our "funny" contemporaries, are getting into trouble. The first misfortune comes to the Manitoba blizzard. It blew the tail off a mule; but what became of the blizzard afterwards is not known; though it is presumed that it had the wind knocked out of it. The next sufferer was a flash of lightning. It had gone about setting fire to barns, splintering "monumental oaks," and killing men and cattle. It then struck a dynamite can. "That," says the *Hawkeye* man, "was the most surprised flash of lightning that you ever saw." It hit nothing aftrwards.

Cremation is becoming extremely popular in some parts of the United States; but Buffalo clergymen have organized a crusade against the practice. The chief objection to the thing, so far as we can see, is that it might beget a system of spurious pedigrees. One could put any label that he pleased upon a jar and palm the fraud off upon his visitors. He might have a vessel containing some pine ashes, and still have written upon it: "The mortal remains of John Robbins, who came to America in the *May Flower*, A. D. 1620." One cannot very readily perpetrate spurious legends upon tomb stones. O no; for this reason keep to the honest, old-fashioned plan of burying. We do not want everybody's great-grandfather to be a U. E. Loyalist or a Pilgrim Father.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The spars used in the German navy are of Puget Sound timber.

Sharon, Ohio, boasts of a five-legged lamb and a four-legged duck.

The pews in Mr. Beecher's Brooklyn church still rent readily for $2,000 a year.

The death rate from chloroform is, according to a recent estimate, one in 1,600.

New Zealand has 120 newspapers, including thirty daily, to a population of only 400,000.

Alaska is said to have in its forests, at the lowest estimate, 5,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

A tramp in Los Angeles, Cal., stole a marble slab weighing 80 pounds and walked off with it.

In the following sentence occurs every letter of the alphabet: "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

In Naples, 2,000 drivers of public vehicles have struck for higher wages. The vehicles still running are protected by police.

The rules of William and Mary College in 1772 forbade the students to drink anything except "cider, beer, toddy and spirits and water."

A Hindoo loom, complete, is worth 68 cents, and weaves shawls, silks and muslins which our most expensive apparatus cannot equal.

"There are 300,000 Indians who are to-day, to all intents and purposes, as uncivilized as they were 250 years ago," says Senator Dawes.

It is said by one who has tried it that cayenne pepper sprinkled upon hot flannels will afford instant relief to persons troubled with neuralgia.

There is a growing grudge against electric lights at balls because they deepen almost to a grayish tint the pallor of those whose bloom is past.

Two hundred and two lions have been killed in Algeria during the last twelve years. Also 1,214 panthers, 1,882 hyenas and 27,185 jackals.

It is claimed that a peculiar breed of fish are found at Hind's Springs, Lyons county, Nevada, which are covered with a coat of hair instead of scales.

More tomatoes are canned annually in New Jersey, it is stated, than in any other State, and more are canned in Salem than in any other county.

It is a singular fact that Texas is so cosmopolitan that the Governor's message is printed in four languages—English, German, Spanish and Bohemian.

A snow-melting machine, which, it is claimed, will melt snow as fast as fifteen men can shovel it in, was tried with success in New York the other day.

Mark Twain's profits from General Grant's book, as chief member of the publishing firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., will amount, it is said, to over $500,000.

When the lumber choppers of Maine and Canada have no sour raspberries or blueberries to eat they devour black ants, which are said to possess a bitter flavor.

Twenty years ago hardly any butter was imported into England; now 90 per cent. of all that is used is imported, and a great deal of it is manufactured in this country.

A drunken Indian with a long knife, yelling like bedlam, broke into a white dance in Red Fork, I. T., last week and scared the ladies so that their hair turned gray.

The French Government has coined a new silver dollar for circulation in Tonquin. It is a close copy of the Mexican dollar in weight, size and thickness.

There has been a fearful destruction of game birds in Virginia, thousands of pheasants, partridges and doves having perished from cold. Extermination is feared.

Gas freezes at 32°. It condenses, makes water and freezes. The best way to thaw out a gaspipe is to pour about a pint of alcohol in the meter. There is an alcohol faucet on top of the meter. Pour it into this.

The clergymen residing on the New Jersey bank of the Delaware are getting so rich from marriage fees, all on account of the Pennsylvania marriage laws, that the frugal congregations are talking about reducing their salaries.

The tomb of Washington Irving in the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow has been defaced by relic hunters for the second time. Some vandal has pried out the piece of mosaic from the Spanish Alhambra on which Irving wrote his name in 1842.

"To the toboggan slide," read the signs attached to a sleigh that led a funeral train at Saratoga Springs. The solemn procession had proceeded about two yards when a bystander called attention to the printed cards, which were quickly removed by the driver.

The London *Times* recently contained three advertisements, side by side, each of which was a proclamation that a man named Smith was about to change his patronymic to Faber. The choice seems queer until one remembers that faber is Latin for smith, hence our word fabricate.

Boiled clocks are among the novelties at New Orleans. A genius of a clock repairer there takes out the works, winds up the spring and sets the machinery going in boiling water. After a time it comes out perfectly cleaned, and is thoroughly dried and goes "like a clock."

Railway men complain of the weight of the passenger cars now built, and show by figures that an engine hauls between five and six pounds of dead weight for every one pound of paying passenger weight, reckoned when all the seats are filled.

A little girl died at Portland, Ore., a few days since, a victim of the habit of eating mud pies. Neither punishment, kindness nor threats could break her of the habit. When confined to the house, she scraped mud from the other children's shoes and ate it.

A writer in the *British Medical Journal* advises people to be careful not to slice up a pineapple with the same knife they use in peeling it, as the rind contains an acid organic substance which is likely to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips. In Cuba salt is used as an antidote for the poison of pineapple peel.

St. George's Church, Berlin, consecrated on the birthday of the Prince Imperial of Germany, is almost as much an American as an English institution. The reredos, alms dish, and lectern are the gift of Mrs. Sidney Everett, wife of the late Secretary of the American Legation, whose father was Edward Everett.

A young woman of Columbus, Ga., about to visit the generating station of the electric light company, was told to leave her watch at home lest it be magnetized by the strong electric current. She did so, but complained afterwards that her watch would not keep good time. She sent it to a jeweller, but he reported, that it was not magnetized and kept good time. Still, whenever she carried it her time was too slow, although when she left it in her room it ran correctly. A gentleman who knew of the circumstance suggested to the young lady that she wear another pair of corsets when next she carried the watch. She did so and had no further trouble with the watch. The steel springs in her corset had been magnetized.

A recent writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* tells this unique story of Tiger Tail, the Seminole chief: "A sewing machine agent drifted into his dominion one day and set up a machine in Tiger Tail's tent. The old chief with great deliberation watched him put it through its pace. He then arose, brushed the agent to one side, and, seating himself, adjusted his feet in the treadle. He started the wheel and found that he could make it go. He sewed up one piece of cloth and down another, and then gravely and critically examined his work. At last he appeared to be satisfied that it was all right. He then turned quietly to his wives, who had watched the proceedings with interest, and kicked them, one after the other, out of the tent."

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 5c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

There was no meeting of the School Board on Tuesday evening last, there being no business to attend to.

There was no meeting of the Village Council on Monday evening last, there being no business to be disposed of.

We are pleased to see Mr. T. G. Clute again at his place of business after being confined to the house for some weeks.

Drewry, of Trenton, calls the attention of our readers to the great bargains he is offering. See adv't. in other columns.

Send your pictures to the NEWS-ARGUS office to be framed. A large stock of mouldings to select from, and well assorted.

Mr. Jas. Boldrick took a trip to Ottawa last week to see the assembled wisdom of the Dominion in session. He remained in the capital several days and was much pleased with his trip.

Our correspondent at Plainfield says that very successful special meetings have recently closed at the Zion's Hill appointment, Methodist Church, and meetings are now in progress at the Bethel appointment and are very encouraging.

Reopening services were held in the Baptist Church, Stirling, last Sunday, Feb. 28th. Rev. J. J. Baker, of Belleville, preached morning and afternoon. There was a good attendance at both services. The Church has been completely renovated inside.

A special meeting of the Village Council was held at the Clerk's office on Thursday evening last, when the former by-law regulating the amount to be paid for hotel and shop licenses in this village was repealed and a new one introduced and passed fixing the fee at $130.

Mrs. L. Massey, of Sidney, will address a public meeting in the lecture room of the Methodist Church, next Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., with special reference to the work of the Woman's Missionary Society and at the close of her address will proceed to organize an Auxiliary of the Society in the Methodist congregation here.

On Wednesday, Feb. 24th, a tea meeting was held in connection with the Baptist Church, Sidney, when about 250 persons sat down. Speeches were delivered by Revd's. J. J. Baker, of Belleville, E. E. Howard, of Foxboro, and others. The Foxboro Methodist Choir, which is always ready to help, did much to make things lively. Proceeds $72.

On Thursday, Feb. 25th, the Baptists at Hubble Hill held their tea meeting, and although the weather was unfavorable the Church was well filled. Several speakers addressed the meeting, among whom were Revd's. R. M. Pope, of Stirling, and W. Peer, of Campbellford. The Choir also gave several selections of music. A social was arranged for Friday, which paid off well. Total Proceeds $66.

Miss Swayze, daughter of Mr. Swayze, master of Albert College, Commercial Department, was knocked down on Saturday morning last by a runaway team and had her nose broken and was otherwise severely injured. It was thought her injuries would prove fatal, as she remained unconscious all that and the following day. On Monday she regained consciousness and there are hopes of her final recovery.

There will be a Parlor Social at the residence of Mr. George Conley (a little northeast of the village) next Tuesday evening, the 9th inst. Teams sufficient to take all who wish to go will leave the Parsonage, Church St., at 6.30 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to everybody to have a pleasant drive and a most enjoyable evening. Choice refreshments and an excellent programme will be provided. Let everybody attend.

Special evangelistic services will be commenced in the Methodist Church in this village one week from next Sunday. Rev. C. Fish, the Bay of Quinte Conference evangelist will (D.V.) be present from the beginning. Mr. Fish's labors have been abundantly blest elsewhere, and it is hoped he may be the means of doing much good in this place. All Christian workers are cordially invited to co operate with the pastor and his people. Special preparatory services will be held next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings.

The following is the relative standing of the pupils of S. S. No. 10, Sidney, for the month of February:

FIFTH CLASS—Bert Sager, Rachel McCann, May Werden, Mike Sager, Mary Hanna.

FOURTH CLASS—George Detlor, Minnie Wannamaker, Alice Golding, Willie Golding, Rose Dafoe, Minnie Hanna, Edith McCann, George Ferguson.

THIRD CLASS—John Green, Wesley Detlor, Annie Hanna, Lewis Chapman, Frank Smith, John Hanna, Laura Ferguson.

SECOND CLASS—Fred Palmer, Perry Palmer, Frank Wannamaker, Charlie Golding, Fred Vandervoort, Clara Ferguson.

DAVID SAGER, Teacher.

Stirling Public School.

The following is the report of Stirling Public School for the month of February:—

No. 4. MISS SUTTON'S DEPARTMENT.

SEN. 2nd PART—Frankie Vandervoort, 182, Lydia Bull, 172; Rosa Gray and Will Parker, 166.

JUN. 2nd PART—Ethel Anderson, 191; Bertie Faulkner, 187; Charlie Langman, 184.

SEN. 1st PART—Allie Currie, 90; Willie Crosby, 88; Aggie Moyer, 87.

4TH TABLET CLASS—Zora Cummings, 88; Minnie Faulkner, 82; Clara Caldwell, 75.

3RD TABLET CLASS—Katie McGee, 88; Katie Barlow, 77; Bruce Anderson, 74.

2ND TABLET CLASS—Wilmot Bird, 80; Mattie McCoome, 70; Ira Clothier, 61.

1ST TABLET CLASS—Victor Cummings, 63; Manly Seeley, 57; Ella Downs, 56.

Aggregate attendance, 1315; average attendance, 75.

No. 3. MISS MUSTARD'S DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS—Winnie Black, May Megginson, Clinton Green.

JUNIOR CLASS—Gussie Stickle, Minnie Demill, Hattie Martin.

Aggregate attendance, 756; average attendance, 37.

No. 2. MISS HENRY'S DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS—George Bull, 599; Lettie Rosebush, 595; Wilbert Jones and Frank Bird, 590.

JUNIOR CLASS—Harry Wheeler, 584; Mary J. McGee, 558; Herbert Barlow, 530.

Aggregate attendance, 857; average attendance, 42.85.

1ST DEPARTMENT.

FIFTH CLASS—Maggie Parker, 623; Charlotte Montgomery, 590; Minnie Crosby, 573.

FOURTH CLASS—Maggie Gallagher, 591; Nora Morrison, 575; Bertie Martin, 552.

Aggregate attendance, 567; average attendance, 28.

By the new process of toughening timber, it is claimed that the effect produced upon white wood is such that a cold chisel is required in order to split it. This result is accomplished by a special method of steaming the timber and subjecting it to end pressure, technically "upsetting it." By this means the cells and fibres are compressed into one compact mass; and it is the opinion of those who have experimented with the process that wood can be compressed to the extent of some seventy-five per cent., and that some of the timber now considered unfit for use in such work as carriage building, for instance, can be made valuable by this means as a substitute for ash, hickory, &c.

Bible Society Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Stirling branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held on Wednesday evening last, in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Boulter occupied the chair. After opening services, conducted by Revd's. J. M. Gray and O. R. Lambly, the president read the report of the work of the branch since the last meeting, of which the following are the most important items:

DEPOSITARY'S ACCOUNT.

1885.	
March 3, To stock in depository, brought forward	$48 41
" " Donations,	1 86
	$50 34
Sales since last report, Nov. 19, 1884	21 15

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

1884. Dr.	
Nov. 19, To cash balance in treasury	$22 75
" " Collection at Annual Meeting	1 22
March 3, 1885, Sales to date	21 15
	$45 12
1885. Cr.	
Jan. 5, By cash to Bible House, Toronto	$25 00
" 8, " " paid freight on bibles	80
" 20, " " Parent Society	2 55
" 20, " " postage	5
1885.	
March, 3, Cash paid agent	15 41
" 3, Cash balance in treasury	1 31
	$45 12

The branch here is now out of debt, all the stock in the Depositary, amounting at present to $50 34, having been paid for.

The officers for the current year were then elected as follows:—

President, Treasurer and Depositary, Dr. G. H. Boulter.

Secretary, James Currie.

Vice-Presidents, the resident ministers of the different churches

Committee, John Ralph, Dr. Parker, R. H. Clute, B. Boah, Jas. Boldrick, H. W. Smith, Wm. Winsor.

The appointment of collectors was left in the hands of a committee, and the President announced that a meeting of the committee would be held at his office on Monday next for that purpose.

Rev. Dr. Hodgkin, the agent of the Society, then addressed the meeting. He said this was the sixth year he had acted as agent of the Society, although the last time he was here he did not expect to address them in that capacity again. He had chosen for the subject of his remarks the new revision of the Bible. The subject was one which attracted a great deal of interest. The Rev. Dr. then went on and gave a most eloquent address, illustrating his points by exhibiting various editions of the Bible and Testament in Hebrew and Greek; also showing a copy of the Bible printed 350 years ago. The Bible was now translated, in whole or part, into 260 different languages. He then gave an account of the different translations of the English Bible up to the last new revision. In reference to the new revision he said there had been great satisfaction and great disappointment. Satisfaction that the changes were so slight, and disappointment by some who expected to find a broader way to heaven, or no hell. But thanks be to God it is the same old Gospel. He thought the new revision would not supersede the old authorized version. The old testament will need a re-revision before it is generally adopted. The Bible Society had not adopted the new revision, and he was glad of it, in fact their constitution bound them to use the authorized version. The Rev. Dr. then read some figures giving statistics of the operations of the Upper Canada British and Foreign Bible Societies, which showed the great progress that had been made in late years.

A collection was then taken up in aid of the Society, after which a hearty vote of thanks was given to Dr. Hodgkin for his interesting and eloquent address and the meeting closed.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, March 2nd, 1886.

If the old adage about March be true, we may look for some very *jammy* weather towards the end of this month; at least, let us hope for it.

There has been some talk of Mr. J. D. McNeill going to Trenton to keep hotel.

We regret to have to chronicle this week the serious illness of Mr. D. Bently, who is well-known in this vicinity. Last Saturday while sitting in his office he was struck with partial paralysis of the left side, which increased in intensity after he was taken home, until his left side was powerless, and for a time, he was unconscious, besides being smitten with blindness. At the time of writing he is in a very dangerous condition.

Rev. G. D. Cleworth left yesterday for his father's home in Selby to be gone a week or two, though it is uncertain, if he does return at all whether he will remain or not. We hope, however, that he will stay with us.

The performance given last Wednesday and Friday nights by Prof. Brown was not a success, financially. However there was nothing lost by not being there, and no one need lament and think a rare treat was missed, for we presume more benefit could derived by staying at home. G. E. M.

Wife Desertion.

We learn from the *Intelligencer* that in the Belleville Police Court on Monday last, Mrs. Priscilla Sharpe charged her husband, Wm. Marshall Sharpe, of Rawdon, with desertion and non-support. Clute & Williams appeared for the complainant and Mr. P. J. M. Anderson for the respondent.

Wm. Rolford, father to Mrs. Sharpe, testified that the parties had lived together as man and wife for about a year. About seven years ago last January, he, the witness, heard that Sharpe was illtreating his daughter and he went for her and took her home. At that time Sharpe used profane language and told him to take his daughter away, that he did not want her and followed these remarks up by removing the furniture from the house, which he, the wife's father, had given her. The witness took his daughter home. Two months after a child was born. This, together with the ill treatment she had received, kept her an invalid for six weeks or more. From that time to the present the woman and her child had been dependent upon him for the necessities of life, the only thing received from the husband was a pen knife, which he had given to the child one Sunday at church when he had kissed it and placed the knife in its hand.

The defendant in the case is a dull looking man with a large light moustache and a bald number. He is a neat little woman, slight in figure, expressive dark eyes and an intelligent face.

After the complaint had been entered to the Police Magistrate, Sharpe endeavored to effect a settlement, but without avail.

Alden's LIBRARY MAGAZINE, which is generally acknowledged to be the most enterprising and most valuable of the eclectic periodicals, and quite beyond all rivalry in its low price ($1.00 a year, or 15 cents a copy), presents the following attractive contents in its March number: Mr. Gladstone as a Theologian, by J. Laing; A Pedantic Nuisance, by Frederic Harrison; The "Tyrants" of Britain and Spain, by Edward A. Freeman; Impressions of a Modern Arcadian, by Mrs. F. W. Nichol; Myths and Mythologists, by Andrew Lang; My Contested Election, by A. Defeated Candidate; British Columbia, by William A. Baillie-Grohman; Home Rule in Ireland, by Justin McCarthy; Actors and Their Calling, by E. S. S.; The Core of Pictures and Prints, by F. G. Hamerton; Tea, Culture and Civilization, by O. Japan; Dr. A. Junker and Lagogo; On the Pleasure of Reading, by Sir John Lubbock; Ireland and the Victorian Colony, by A. V. Dicey. Single copies of the magazine are sold at 15 cents, though the type is large and the amount of matter given is nearly equal to that of 30-cent monthlies. JOHN R. ALDEN, Publisher, New York.

Births.

In Springbrook, on the 3rd inst., the wife of IRVINE ARMSTRONG, of a son.

In Rawdon, on 25th ult., the wife of HENRY HEATH, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, on 24th inst., by Rev. R. H. Leitch, THOS. ROBINSON and JULIET, daughter of ALBERT LATTA, Esq., both of Thurlow.

At the Parsonage, Stirling, on 22nd ult., by Rev. T. Goldsmith, Dunbrant, GEORGE SAYLOR and ELIZA JANE PRICE, both of this village.

There are 1,000,000 children in England who do not attend school on account of the poverty of their parents. In half of these cases drink is the cause of the poverty.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (morning) I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Cornwallis. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S.

Although the Washington monument is 550 feet high, it does not appear more than 250 feet high except on a misty or quite 400,000 within a feet.

A SOURCE OF GREAT TROUBLE.

Probably the most prolific source of chronic ills is indigestion or dyspepsia, causing unhealthy blood. Yet, taken in time, it is positively curable. Burdock Blood Bitters has cured some of the worst cases of dyspepsia of 15 years' duration. If troubled with indigestion try it.

The name "Quaker" was first applied to a member of the Society of Friends by a Westshire, England, magistrate, because George Fox, the founder of the sect, admonished him to tremble (quake) at the name of the Lord.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill at my acquaintance, but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die, when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to try McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—Wm. Patterson, Ingersoll. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Causes no more than any other Medicine.

The land granted to the volunteers who served in the Northwest rebellion amounts to about 240,000 acres.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universal and frequently required as Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, sore throat, deafness, croup, lumbago, and aches, pains, lameness and soreness of all kinds, when internally and externally used.

WELLAND CANAL ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office from mechanical, skilled, practical contractors, until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the NINTH day of MARCH next, for raising the walls of the locks, weirs, &c., and increasing the height of the banks of that part of the Welland Canal between Port Dalhousie and Thorold.

The works throughout will be let in sections. A map showing the different places, together with plans and descriptive specifications, can be seen at this office on and after Tuesday, the 23rd February inst., where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works will be supplied at the Resident Engineer's Office, Thorold.

Parties tendering are requested to examine the locality and bear in mind that the season and circumstances under which the works have to be done render some of them of an exceptional nature.

Tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with printed forms and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars or more—according to the extent of the work on the section—must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates or prices stated in the offer submitted. The amount required in each case will be stated on the form of tender.

The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 17th February, 1886.

AT DREWRY'S.

To the People of Stirling and Surrounding Country.

We would just say by way of introduction that we have been asked by many who have kindly favored us with their patronage to advertise in *The News-Argus* and let them know what we are doing, and so from week to week you will find something fresh and breezy from Trenton.

It has been hard times this winter and wholesale men have found sales slow and are carrying heavy stocks and again and again (we visit the markets every two weeks) we stepped in with the all-powerful dollar and for SPOT CASH bought new, fresh Goods in enormous quantities at heavy losses to the people who sold them, and just at present, to boom business in the dull season, are holding

"A Monster Sale," at "Sacrifice Prices" on every Piece of Goods in Stock.

SILKS—1,000 yards of Grey, Drab, Cardinal, White, Cream Silks. Absolutely Pure Silk. Cost 85c., Wholesale, Drewry's Sale Price, 25c.

SILKS—4,000 yards of Golden Brown, Peacock Blue, Navy, Beige, Grey, Drab, Myrtle, Bronze, Plum, Prune, Garnet, Crush Strawberry. Pure Silks, 22 inches wide, were $1.25 a yard, Drewry's Sale Price, 50c.

SATINS—1,000 yards Cream, Pink, Cirl, Cardinal, Blue Satins for evening dresses. Worth 75c., Drewry's Price, 25c.

BLACK—Gros Grains, Charbin's and Ponson's Pure Silks. 100 Silks for 69c. Heavy, $1.40 Black Gros Grains, only 83c. Very Heavy, $1.50 Black Gros Grains, 93c. And the greatest bargain we show to-day as the best silk imported that you cannot beat less than $2.25, Drewry's Sale Price, $1.10.

The people who sold these Silks dropped [$1,700] seventeen hundred dollars on the lot. It is said to have been the largest quantity of silks ever sold to one firm in Toronto. Now these are tangible prices and not mythical prices, and the goods are being sold in stacks at their prices, at

Drewry's Bon Marche, TRENTON.

NOTE—Only one Price. All Transactions Strictly Cash. Always a Pleasure to Show Goods.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 9, in 9th Con of SIDNEY.

No reasonable offer refused. If not sold at once will rent.

Apply to the Executors of the estate of

JOHN STEVENSON, Deceased,
NAPANEE, ONT.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

Undertaking!

Coffins and Shrouds in large Variety
Two Hearses, Funerals Attended on Short Notice

Have just completed arrangements for embalming, and by this process the dead can be perfectly preserved for a length of time. Have also an improved cooling board, arranged in the best possible manner.

All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

WILL MARTIN.

160,000 FEET OF STOCK LUMBER

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT

J. BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD,

STIRLING, CONSISTING OF

Dry Flooring, 1x6, Red and White Pine.
Ditto, 1¼x7 & 8, Red and White Pine.
Sound Dry Plank, 2x10; 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18 feet.
Stock Boards, 1x10.
Scantling, 2x4, Dry or Green.

Good Terms will be made with builders for their full requirements of Lumber for the season of 1886.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

Great Slaughter

In Prices, at

MILNE & CLUTES',

FOR CASH.

Ladies' Jackets,	$10.00	for	$5.00
do	7.00	"	3.50
do	6.00	"	3.00
do	5.00	"	2.50
do	4.50	"	2.25
do	3.00	"	1.50

Unlaundried White Shirts, good article, .50

Men's Ready Made Overcoats, Tweed Suits, Underclothing and all heavy goods at greatly reduced prices.

Felt Boots & Overshoes at bottom prices

Full stock of Fresh Groceries on hand at bottom prices. Golden Syrup only 3c. per lb.; 10 lbs. of good Japan Tea for $3.50; Goderich Salt per barrel, $1.00.

All notes and accounts due the firm must be paid forthwith, or costs will be incurred.

Special Notice!

We want all notes and accounts that are past due settled at once, as we need the money.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Peace, Tranquility, Happiness!

and at least a moderate competence, come to those who follow the teachings of the **AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST**, as this world-famed journal, in addition to its other great features, has now employed the **LEADING AMERICAN WRITERS** to describe THE **RURAL LIVES OF OUR AMERICAN PRESIDENTS**, twenty-all of whom were raised on farms, or retired to them from active life. DONALD G. MITCHELL, IK MARVEL, R. H. STODDARD, JAMES PARTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, DR. LYMAN ABBOT, and others equally eminent, are now preparing these supplemental BIOGRAPHICAL PAPERS. They are to be accompanied with **ENGRAVINGS**, 12x18 inches in size, executed at large expense by our first artists, illustrating the Rural Homes and Surroundings of our Farmer Presidents, comprising a MAGNIFICENT PORTFOLIO collection for every house, rich and poor alike. These SPECIAL ENGRAVINGS, will be of absorbing interest to all interested in country life, and likewise constitute an important ACQUISITION to the historical knowledge of the country.

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AXES, COW CHAINS,
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HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS, OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS, NAILS,
IRON & STEEL.

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

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THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at

SPRINGBROOK,

On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO IN form the farmers and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN, —OR— SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

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MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

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STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scorbutic Humors, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

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A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and packing, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed in the business. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, ready for them. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. It is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

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Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1886. | Vol. VII, No. 28.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

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GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

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BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING. Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - - Stirling.
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. 6
MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve., March 25, '86
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

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The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.55 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.08 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	10.39 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.07 "	
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.45 p.m.	2.50 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn.	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM FOR SALE IN SIDNEY.

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE IN STIRLING

Timber and Lumber for Sale

Sixty acres land in the 8th Con. Sidney. Good House and Barn. Well fenced, and in good state of cultivation. Possession immediately, if required.

Brick House and Lot on Front Street, Stirling.

Grout House and about 2 acres Land on Marmora Road, Stirling.

A Lot of Timber and Lumber of an old Frame House and Barn for sale.

For Terms see

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

THE ARCADE!

Marmora Cash Store.

I would announce to the Public that I have commenced Business in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA
WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
AND
READY MADE CLOTHING,

Which I am determined to sell at as close prices as any house in the County.

THE BALANCE OF THE
BANKRUPT STOCK,
Of James Strutt, of Tyrone, to be cleared out at
SEVENTY FIVE CENTS on the Dollar.
J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1886.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE
Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.
JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons 100 years old will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years of age at the present time.

Colds, Coughs,

Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough, are rapidly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "For children afflicted with Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, or Croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than

Pneumonia,

Or Inflammation of the Lungs, may, if properly treated, be relieved and cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into Pneumonia. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cher-

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

ry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Wash'n st., Boston, Mass.

and I do not hesitate to say that the prompt use of this remedy saved my life."—R. A. Semmes, Laredo, Texas.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

John B. Gough.

The following sketch of the late gifted temperance orator was given by Rev. Joseph Cook at a recent Monday lecture in Boston:

John Gough, as the English love to call him, and as he often called himself—John Bartholomew Gough is the full historic name—came into this world in the seaside town of Sandgate, in the county of Kent, Aug. 22, 1817. This was two years after the battle of Waterloo, and two before Queen Victoria was born. It was the year in which the Princess Charlotte died, and the year before the chief corner stone of the capitol at Washington was laid. Dover Castle and Shakespeare's Cliff were only eight miles away; Canterbury, with its gorgeous cathedral, was only four hours' walk from the low roofed cottage in which John Gough was born. He had a surly welcome to the shores of England. Poverty rocked his cradle, but genius also; for his mother was a woman of bright intellect and of most admirable balance of character. She had for twenty years been a school teacher in the hamlet of Sandgate. His father was a stern, good man, who had brought six medals out of the Peninsular War.

The little boy and his sister, with the mother, were obliged to glean in the harvest fields, and were often glad to take home what few fallen heads of wheat they could find, and thresh them out on the floor of the schoolhouse. Certain exploits in needle work the mother performed, and she sometimes failed to find a market for her sewing, and once, coming back from a long walk to Dover, she took her son upon her knee and told him with tears that she could not buy bread, for she had failed to sell the work of her fingers. "To-day," said the boy, "a neighbor has given me five shillings for reading aloud in his library." He placed the coins in his mother's hand. To the end of his days this gift to his mother was one of the pleasantest recollections of a man whom, afterward, the two sides of the Atlantic were glad to honor. Often as the boy sat reading to his mother at their cottage door, which faced the sea, strangers would pause to listen, attracted by his proficiency in this art.

William Wilberforce one day put his hand on the poor boy's head asked to hear him read, gave him a book and his blessing. The great philanthropist was spending a few weeks at the seaside for his health. Mr. Gough, the father, attending the prayer meetings that were held in Wilberforce's rooms, brought with him his son. This touch of the great abolitionist's hand on his head the boy never forgot.

At twelve years of age, in 1829, the lad was sent out from his mother's house in a most venturesome way. He was put into the hands of a family emigrating to America. His passage was paid for. His mother came out and stood behind a wall to catch, unobserved, a last glimpse of her boy.

Entering the New York harbor fifty-four days from the time of sailing, the lonely boy was anxious to see the land in which he was to live, but was sent below to black boots. He went to a farm in Central New York. After two years' experience, finding that he was not being sent to school either on week days or Sundays, he resolved to learn some other business than that of the farm From his tenth year onward he was never in any school as a pupil. He sold his pocket-knife to pay postage on a letter to his father, and asked his permission to go to New York to learn a trade. The permission came, and the boy at last, when about fourteen years of age, obtained a position in New York as an assistant in a book-bindery at $2.25 a week. He was obliged to pay $2 a week for his board. After a considerable period of suffering he earned $3 a week, and invited his mother and sister to come to him in this country. They hired two rooms, and were happy.

In a dull season in the winter the boy and his sister lost their positions. The familiar tale of the poor in periods of business depression has to be recited concerning these children and their mother. They went into a garret. They had no fuel or food on many days. The boy would go beyond the municipal boundaries and beyond the suburbs to pick up billets of wood at the side of the country roads, and would drag them back to his garret. His mother grew ill. One day, when there was absolutely nothing in the house that she could eat, he rushed out, pawned his coat, and bought a little meat and broth for his mother. When bread failed wholly, on another day, he went sobbing down the street, and a kind-hearted man asked him what the matter was. "I am hungry, and my mother is hungry," said the boy. "Very well," said the stranger, "I can't do much, but I will do something," and he gave the boy a three-penny loaf. He took it to his mother, and before it was eaten the family bible was placed on the rickety pine table, and thanks were offered to God for this deliverance.

The boy and the girl lived through this winter. The mother hardly survived it. When the fierce suns of the next August beat on the low garret roof the heat became intolerable. One day, preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she fell by an appoplectic or paralytic stroke, much like that which occurred in the career of the son last week in Philadelphia. John sat all night by the side of his mother, holding her hand after her death. The sister could not stay in the garret. For three days after the death the boy and the girl did not taste food. The body was put into a simple pine coffin, without shroud, and carried on a cart to the Potter's Field. The two children walked behind hand in hand.

Later evil companionship caused Mr. Gough, when about twenty years of age, to fall into habits of intemperance. He sank with remarkable swiftness to delirium tremens. His temperament was intense, and he ran through the terrible gamut of nervous exhaustion with extreme rapidity. Lying on his couch faces of demons appeared to glare at him out of the air. Great wheels of many colored lights rolled before his eyes. He felt himself falling swiftly through infinite space. Standing at his table in the bindery, the little iron rod that he used in his trade seemed to be turning into a coiling, slimy serpent, writhing in his hand, and rustling after he threw it down among the shavings.

After these horrors what happened? You all know the story of Joel Stratton, who, in Worcester yonder, touched the despairing mechanic on his shoulder, told him he was a man, could yet reform if he would practice total abstinence, and so brought to bear upon him personal solicitation and sympathy that he induced him to attend a temperance meeting and to sign the pledge. He broke it twice, once voluntarily and once under the influence of drugs administered by an enemy, but after 1845 he kept it.

Mary Whitcomb married John Gough before he had taken the pledge for the last and successful time, and when he owned only one suit of clothes and ten silver dollars. She knew there was genius in him and conscience, and her faith in her husband is a supreme proof that she herself possessed elevation of character and moral genius. How far they have walked together! And how long will they walk together yet before the great White Throne!

As a reformer Mr. Gough has been the victorious champion of total abstinence, and the leader of moral and educational agitation against the liquor traffic. It ought never to be forgotten that in both America and England he was the first prominent temperance orator to lift the reform he advocated from the level of a merely moral to that of a distinctively religious movement. The Washingtonians, among whom he first labored, were not all friends of the churches. Undoubtedly there were faults in the attitude of some of the churches toward the reform; but Mr. Gough rarely criticised preachers, and often had his meetings opened with prayer. He was criticised for this, but his religious convictions were so powerfully expressed that he gradually passed out of the hands of infidels into those of Christians, and out of the schoolhouses into churches. He was always a friend of vigorous temperance laws, but in the central portion of his career moral suasion was his great weapon. He was unceasing in his efforts to organize temperance societies and the church in such a way as to lift the inebriate from temptation.

Total abstinence is a closed issue. No intelligent man now in the face of the record of life assurance societies dares recommend anything like moderate indulgence. I hold that this century has settled it that total abstinence is the only safe thing. Eighteen states of the union are now teaching their children that total abstinence is required by the latest light of science. And the same number of states, also, is giving instruction against all kinds of narcotics; and let the pulpit say Amen!

Mr. Gough was opposed to every form of license, high or low. This is not a closed issue, for certain portions of the church seem willing to license the gilded saloon, although not yet—thank God! willing to license its Satanic Siamese twin, the brothel. Mr. Gough has often said he had rather be the worst seller of liquor that ever stood on two feet than be the man to license its sale.

A Gigantic Railway Bridge.

Work has been commenced on the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Lachine Rapids. This is one of the most gigantic undertakings of the kind since the completion of the Victoria bridge at Montreal and will be much more extensive than that world-famed piece of bridge architecture. It is being constructed under the management of the Pacific Company, but is really on the line of the Atlantic and Northwest railway, which has been absorbed by that company. Most of the material for the structure is being manufactured by the Dominion Bridge Company at Lachine, nine miles above Montreal, and it is expected that the entire work will be completed in the spring of 1887. The steel for the superstructure is being imported from Scotland.

The bridge proper will be composed of three 80-foot deck-plate girders, eight spans of 242 feet each, two flanking spans of 270 feet each, four channel spans of 408 feet each, making the total length of the river portion of the bridge 3,550 feet. In the approaches there will be a 54-foot through plate girder span over the Grand Trunk tracks, which run east and west near the north bank of the river, and a 240 foot draw span over the Lachine canal. The bridge will contain many features that are new in bridge building. The swift current of the river at this point, having a velocity of more than 15 miles an hour, makes it next to impossible to erect the channel span or false work, and the Government requires 60 feet clearance for boats, which increases the difficulty. In order to overcome these obstacles false work is to be dispensed with by connecting through with deck spans. Most of the details are new and of a high class, so that when completed the bridge will be one of the finest structures in the world. Over it the trains of the Canadian Pacific will pass en route for the seaboard.

Our Volunteer Force.

A feature of the blue book of the minister of militia, just brought down, is Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton's report. Sir Frederick wants the number of volunteers reduced and the corps better drilled. He wants the Snider rifle, in favor of the Martini-Henri, abandoned, and the sword bayonet generally adopted. He thinks the system of rifle practice wholly defective, particularly in the rural districts, and he wants the Dominion artillery and rifle associations put on a more strictly military footing, and a qualified musketry instructor secured for every volunteer camp. In this connection he suggests that two or three militia officers should be sent to England for a course of instruction at the school of musketry at Hythe. He considers that revolver practice should be paid more attention to, and he recommends paid adjutants for city regiments. He thinks the engineers' branch of the force should be better attended; that the valise equipment should entirely replace knapsacks; that brown leather belts should replace the present buff ones, and that the volunteers should be supplied with light patrol jackets for camp work. He expresses dissatisfaction with the equipment of the cavalry, considering the Hussar uniform which they use as too expensive and complicated. He wants stricter camp regulations, and the time of camps to be increased to fifteen days. He wants volunteer mounted infantry in the Northwest.

The report is a practical and plainly expressed one throughout, and Sir Frederick seems to have made a good deal of his last year's experience. Of the Gatling gun, by the way, he remarks that the various unofficial accounts of its effects were very much exaggerated and distorted. The blue book states that the total strength of the volunteer force on Dec. 31, 1885, was 37,350.

An Increase in Duties Predicted.

OTTAWA, March 6.—It is clearly evident that the Government will be obliged to make some important changes in the tariff this session to keep up the revenue as near as possible with expenditure. While it is but a matter of speculation as to what these changes will be, it is generally understood that the increased rate of duty will be on the items of tea, coffee, tobacco, cigars and spirits.

A gentleman who is in the confidence of the Government states that from what he can learn a duty of five cents per pound will be placed on tea and two cents on coffee, which would produce one million dollars' revenue, estimating the present and prospective consumption on that of the past. That the duty on tobacco will be increased four cents per pound, and on cigars four dollars per thousand, which together would increase the revenue about four hundred thousand dollars. Whiskey is sure to come in for an increased excise duty, which, it is believed, will be raised twenty-five cents per gallon, which, basing the calculation on the quantity distilled last year, would yield an increased revenue of about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. An effort is being made by importers to have the prohibitory duty on refined sugar removed and only a protective duty imposed. It is not improbable that this proposal will be acceded to by the Government, as, while it would not increase the cost of sugar to the consumer, it would bring into the Treasury a revenue in the form of a duty on importations, which is not now secured.—*Montreal Witness.*

James McLaughlin, of Woodstock, has been arrested at Trenton on a charge of bigamy. This is the third bigamy case in this section this winter. McLaughlin is said to have been married in Belmont, Peterboro County, by Rev. J. A. Jewell, on the 27th of September, 1884, to Harriet Stevens, with whom he lived for a length of time. One child was born. The husband is said to have deserted his wife, and to have courted more than one of the fair maidens of Northumberland county. Lately he is said to have finally won the affections of Emma Orser, and they were united in marriage at Trenton last August. The alleged bigamist was arrested at the instance of a brother-in-law of wife No. 2.

Boys and Billiards.

Mr. A. F. Wood, the respected member for North Hastings, has introduced the following Bill into the Ontario Legislature entitled "An Act to prevent minors frequenting Billiard rooms and other places."

Her majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario, enacts as follows:—

1. This Act may be cited as the "*Minors' Preventive Act, 1886.*"

2. The keeper of a billiard, pool or bagatelle room, or table, or bowling-alley, who admits a minor thereto without the written consent of his parent or guardian shall be subject to a fine of $10 for the first and $20 for each subsequent offence, to be imposed by any Justice of the Peace, one-half of which fine shall go to the informer.

3. In every such room there shall be posted in a conspicuous place, and so kept posted, a copy of this act, printed in Roman letters of fair size, and for each day's neglect in so doing, the owner, or proprietor, or either of them, shall be liable to a penalty of $10 per day, to any one suing therefor, and such penalty shall be a lien on the tables and furniture in such room until paid.

4. Every minor contravening this Act, after having been duly warned not to do so, shall be liable to a like fine as the proprietor, or if the parent or guardian so elect, to corporal punishment, to be awarded by the Magistrate, and inflicted by the parent or guardian.

The measure is a good one; it deals with a notorious and growing evil, and we hope that it will not only become law but that it will be rigidly enforced.

A Word to the Girls.

Courting is a perfectly proper thing, but it should be confined to the parlor, the sitting room, the ice cream saloon, or the moonlight promenade. If you cannot hold your best young man in the good old way, let him go. There are plenty of good fellows—honest fellows, upright fellows—to be had if you only manage them properly. The low light in the parlor, the single chair, the good-bye at the door, are still as affectionate as they were 100 years ago. Don't try to hold the young men against their will. The more you do that, the more they won't be held. If they appear to grow cold, you should appear to grow colder. If they appear to grow careless of you, you should appear to grow more careless of them. When they relent you should relent, when they soften you should soften, when they ask forgiveness you should forgive, when they—but why pursue it? There are plenty of young men to-day who might be had for the asking, but since you cannot ask you can at least hint. But if, after all the devices of your sex have been exhausted, you still fail to achieve the desired end,

Don't waste time in vain regretting,
Do not sigh your youth away

Go and look up another young man. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will be all the happier for having missed at the first or second or even third trial.

Why High License is Objectionable.

The *Inter-Ocean*, a Chicago paper, advocates high license. It claims that the Illinois law has reduced the number of saloons in that State from 13,000 to 9,000, while it has increased the revenues of the State from $200,000 to $1,500,000. This it claims is a good record, one that should satisfy the temperance people; but Helen M. Gougar takes a different view of this matter. In a letter to that journal, she says:—

"By the figures given there is an increased revenue of $1,300,000, which, it is affirmed, 'makes the evil bear a large portion of the expense' Who pays this extra revenue? The advocate of high license will answer: 'The saloon-keeper.' Where does he get this amount of money? Surely he will not remain in business unless he can make this revenue out of his business The men who drink at his counter pay this revenue, not the saloon-keeper. Who are these men? Very largely the working-classes. Who suffers most from the payment of this 'extra revenue'? The women and children, the homes of the men who hand this revenue, ten cents at a time, over the counters of the saloons. This extra $1,300,000 revenue represents so many hungry, cold children, so many bare-legged, bare-footed babies in 'High License Illinois.' It is a poor law and a poor government that cannot protect its women and children better than the above statement shows that the high license law is doing after several month's trial. If this 'extra revenue' went back into the homes of those who do the drinking, it might appeal to the common sense of those who claim this to be 'blood money.'

This is gospel truth. There is no way to cure the evils of the liquor traffic except by abolishing it altogether. In other words, the dog's tail ought to be cut off close behind the ears.—*Demorest's Monthly for March.*

The True Idea of Manly Courtesy.

A young lady of tender years, but of evident precocity of discernment, gives about the true idea of manly courtesy. Speaking of two clerks in the express office, one of whom was a somewhat serious person whose dancing days were avowedly past, the other an adept in the art of shining in society:

"Yes," said the young philosopher addressing the first-mentioned gentleman, "yes, I know Charley can make a lovely bow, can take off his hat like a prince, and has a delightfully deferential manner toward ladies, but I think you are, after all, much the finer gentleman of the two."

"Why, how so?" said the astonished senior.

"Well, when Charley goes to the window I can tell just by his face whether the young lady is handsome, well-dressed, or otherwise; but when you go, no one would know from your manner whether you are waiting on a washerwoman or the Queen of Sheba."

And this is about as concise a summary of the distinction between the solid and veneered article as can be found.

The by-law to grant a Bonus to the extension of the Napanee and Tamworth railway was voted on by the township of Hungerford on Tuesday last, and defeated by a majority of 166.

In responding to the toast of his health at a recent banquet, Mr. Chamberlain related the story of a young lady who was undergoing the ceremony of marriage, who was asked by the officiating minister at the proper time whether she would take this man to be her wedded husband. "Certainly not; but nobody ever asked my opinion before." The moral which Mr. Chamberlain drew from this story—*i. e.*, that hitherto many had spoken in the name of the agricultural laborers, but few had asked their opinion—has tenfold more force when applied to the case of women. Women are not as yet permitted to have a voice in the election of the men who are sent to the House of Commons to legislate for and govern them. But the days of their exclusion may be numbered, and it might be well, if honorable members would bear in mind the duty, in all matters that come before Parliament where the interests of women are concerned, of giving to these the same attention and equal justice as to measures affecting men. If they do this, and in other respects bear themselves as becomes high-minded and patriotic citizens, they will have no need to fear the reply which will be given when for the first time the question, "Will you have this man for your representative in Parliament?" shall be put to the women electors of the realm.—*Woman's Suffrage Journal.*

Sam Jones' Sayings.

A FEW CHARACTERISTIC SENTENCES CULLED FROM HIS SERMONS.

A man said to me the other night: "Jones, I wouldn't have missed your sermon for $10," and yet when the plate was passed around that man put in a copper cent.

You must place yourself so that God can get an underhold of you. When I was a boy I could throw another boy very quickly if he could give me an underhold.

Creed! What is a creed? It is the skin of truth set up and stuffed with sawdust and sand. If I had a creed I would sell it to a museum.

There are wishy-washy fellows in the church that have a cotton string with a few ribs tied to it and they call it back bone.

Love sets a man free. The best way to kill a man is to love him to death; then you don't have to bury him.

It takes less sense to criticize than to do anything else. There are a great many critics in the lunatic asylum.

I have known women too poor to own a pair of shoes, but I never knew one too poor to own a looking-glass.

The devil is too much of a gentleman to stay where he is not welcome. Why does he stay in your heart?

Perhaps if you don't talk about your religion it is because you haven't any religion to talk about.

When some of you members of the church get to heaven the angels will have to introduce you.

Dignity is the starch of the shroud. The more dignity a fellow has the nearer dead he is.

The grandest epitaph I ever saw on a wife's tombstone was: "She made life pleasant."

The road to hell is the road to heaven. The only difference is in the way you are going.

I can't bribe God's grand jury, nor defy the court that tries me on the last day.

I would rather be in heaven learning my A B C's than in hell reading Greek.

I believe liquor is a good thing in its place and I believe its place is in hell.

The sweetest rest a man ever had is the rest he finds in activity.

Many a fellow is praying for rain with his tub bottom side up.

Red liquor and Christianity won't stay in the same hide.

Custom is the law of fools, and it is running this country.

No horse, or ox, or sheep, or any other living animal on the face of the earth will drink a drop of water or any other liquid unless thirsty. Not so with man. He will drink whiskey, and drink beer, and drink wine or anything intoxicating until he becomes "beastly drunk." He will "take a drink" when he doesn't want it, as a "compliment" to a friend, when invited thus to do; he will drink again, "of course, when it is offered to him by a lady"; and again and again, as toast after toast is offered at a public dinner. He will drink to conciliate a friend, will drink to gain political favor, will drink to keep out the cold, and again to keep out the heat, and again when exposed to a rain storm. He will drink to rest himself and quiet his nerves when weary, drink again to make him sleep, drink again before breakfast and before dinner to give him an appetite, drink to make peace, drink before a fight, drink to ward off sickness, drink because he is sick, drink when in trouble, drink when he is safely out of trouble, drink in sorrow, when bad luck comes drink until he is "Oh! be joyful" over his good luck, drink always at a feast, drink always—if he can get it—at a funeral. He will drink when the pains of death take hold of him, drink in view of a dread eternity, and in the agonies of the dark valley, yea, he will drink his very life away. Such habits of drinking cannot properly be called *beastly*, but infernal, for there is no beast on earth that could be made to be thus disgraced and killed.

A wolf was recently seen in the township of Madoc. It was supposed that these animals had long since been driven from that township.

The dwelling of Wm. McDonald, of Thurlow, a Point Ann fisherman, was entirely consumed by fire on Friday afternoon. The contents and $180 in cash were destroyed. Mr. McDonald and his wife, child and mother occupied the place, but were all absent from home at the time of the fire. His mother had some property which was lost. There was no insurance.

The Englishman's Journal is the title of a new periodical just started in Montreal, the first number of which has been received. It is published as the official organ of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, and is a neat sixteen-page paper It is published by the Union Publishing Company, Montreal.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company have for several months past suffered severe loss by having their freight cars broken into while at the yards at Belleville, and goods stolen therefrom. The thieves principally operated on bonded cars whose destinations were points on the Grand Junction Railway. These cars have been repeatedly opened whilst on the side tracks and goods removed and boxes opened and contents scattered about. To avoid detection the thieves cut the wires of the seal and spliced them again in such a manner that the closest inspection failed to show that the seals had been tampered with. The matter has lately been placed in the hands of the Police, and on Monday morning last they arrested Thomas McDonald, Stephen Cummins, Eleazer Penny and Wm. Haslip, and later, Wesley Cummins, Thos. Penny and Chris. Keller. These will no doubt receive the reward they deserve at the hands of the Police Magistrate.

Births.

In Sidney, on 6th inst., the wife of Wm. Irvine, of a daughter.

Marriages.

At the residence of Jas. Drewry, Stirling, on 10th inst., by Rev. R. M. Pope, ARCHIBALD MCGEE, of Dakota, and MARY ANN BELL, of Stirling.

Deaths.

At Stirling, on the 6th inst., ROBERT JAMES CRAIGE, aged 37 years and 9 months.

In Rawdon, on March 8th, JAMES MOFFATT, aged 81 years, 11 months.

The deceased was one of the oldest residents of the Township, having lived there for over fifty years.

In Rawdon, on 3rd inst., HENRY WRIGHT, aged 66 years, 11 months and 18 days.

In Rawdon, on 6th inst., ELDA, wife of—CURTIS, aged 25 years, 5 months and 21 days.

Rawdon, on 8th inst., JAS. MOFFATT, aged 81 years and 11 months.

In Huntingdon, on 9th inst., LOTTIE, daughter of JOHN THOMPSON, aged 3 years, 7 months and 25 days.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOUSE AND LOT TO LET.

ON FRONT STREET WEST, STIRLING, a good new brick house, with barn and stable, and half an acre of ground. Will be let cheap. Apply to
DELBERT UTMAN.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN
AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE
—FOR THE—
COUNTY of HASTINGS
I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.
T. G. GILLESPIE,
Campbellford, Ont.

Deeds Not Words.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If words could satisfy the heart,
The heart might find less care!
But words, like summer birds, depart,
And leave but empty air;
The heart, a pilgrim upon earth,
Finds often, when it needs,
That *words* are as little worth
As just so many weeds.

A little said—and *truly* said—
Can deeper joy impart
Than hosts of words, which reach the head,
But never touch the heart;
The voice that wins its sunny way,
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say;
But oh! those few—*how dear!*

If words could satisfy the breast,
The world might hold a feast:
But words, when summoned to the test—
Oft satisfy the least!
Like plants that make a gaudy show,
All blossom to the root;
But whose poor nature cannot grow
One particle of fruit!

THE FARM.

Sulphur for Lice on Cattle.

Soon after the young cattle go into their winter quarters in the barn, lice will be liable to make their appearance and unless they receive immediate attention they will rapidly increase, and all thrift and growth will soon cease, says our Country Home.

A great many remedies are offered for lice on cattle, but most of them are objectionable in one way or the other. I have never found anything, for efficacy and convenience equal to flour of sulphur sifted over their backs whenever they show signs, by rubbing or lapping themselves, of the presence of these parasites. An occasional use of sulphur in this way will keep a herd of cattle very free of these pests if applied when they first make their appearance. If they have obtained a hold on the animal, applications must be made once a week for several weeks, and if very plenty, an occasional dose of a tablespoonful of sulphur in their feed will materially aid in getting rid of them. The odor of sulphur seems to be very destructive to all vermin, and five pounds, costing 25 cents, if used in this way will keep a large herd of cattle free of these pests a long time, and it is the safest, easiest, and surest means possible.

Cattle which have become thoroughly infested with vermin are unthrifty and a disgrace to any family. I keep a small pail of sulphur and a small hand-sieve hanging up in the stable, out of reach of the cattle, and whenever I see indications of lice on any animal I at once dust a little sulphur over its back and that is usually the end of the trouble. In this way I keep my cattle very free of vermin, and like it so well that I have used nothing else for several years.

Sundry Suggestions.

A small amount of chloride of lime left in their runway will drive away rats, and is besides in most cellars needed to keep the air pure and free from the dangerous malaria from decaying vegetables. If it is desired to catch the rats, a small piece of cloth placed over a steel trap and the bait set on that will secure them after they have become too wary to be taken with a trap not hidden.

All carpenters know how soon the butt ends of chisel handles split when daily exposed to the blow of a mallet or hammer. A remedy suggested by a Brooklyn man consists simply of sawing or cutting off the round end of the handle so as to make it flat, and attaching by a few nails on top of it two disks of sole-leather, so that the end becomes similar to the heel of the boot. The two thicknesses of leather will prevent all further splitting, and if, in the course of time, they expand and overlap the wood of the handle they are simply trimmed off all around.

A mixture of mutton tallow and woodchuck oil is excellent for keeping boots pliable and excluding water. If the boots have become thoroughly water-soaked fill them over night with dry oats, which will absorb much of the moisture from the inside and at the same time swell so as to keep the boot in shape and prevent its shrinking.

There is no mystery about making neatsfoot oil. The only thing necessary is to boil in a kettle as many cattle's feet and hoofs as can be obtained and skim the oil until no more rises. From the four feet of one animal a pint of oil is usually obtained, and it is well worth the trifling cost of making it.

Why the Boys Leave the Farm.

"Why do the boys leave the farm?" wails a writer in an agricultural journal. Well, dear brother, there are several reasons. One is because the boy is not 65 years old at his birth. Then, if there is a hoe on the farm weighing fourteen ounces, bright as nickleplate, and sharp as a razor, and another hoe weighing somewhat less than a breaking plow, with an edge on it like a hammer, and a sapling with the bark on it for a handle, the hired man takes one and the boy gets the other, and every man in America knows which is the other. Did you ever stand with such a hoe in your hands, away down in a corn row on some airless, still, hot summer day, twenty acres of corn blades and tassels wilting about you, standing fourteen inches higher than your head, shutting out every last trace of breathable air, and then hear a locust down in the edge of the timber strike up his long strident, monotonous call to make it ten times hotter? And all this time a cool creek, not a mile away, loitering in deep, silent pools in shady places in the woods, or breaking into merry dancing ripples over the pebbles? And in the big deep holes, the fish just lying around, lonesome for a boy? Well, then, you know why some boys leave the farm. Still, boys can be kept on the farm and made stay there all their lives. You drive a long spike through a boy's abdomen and through a live oak tree and clinch or bolt it to the other side, and then he will stay on the farm. Yes, there are some other ways we know, but this is the only infallible method.

About Creameries.

A dairy authority says that a factory which will make the cream from a thousand cows cost, outside of the land, about $2,500. But one could be started on a small scale, with a few hundred dollars, and with good management and energy be made to pay. Grain raising is becoming more precarious in the older portions of the country every year. By turning unprofitable hillsides and fields into pasture land, the soil may be brought up and made to pay a good per cent. The manure from one cow, properly saved, is worth $24 a year. A creamery, started in a good locality, would be worth hundreds of dollars every year to the neighborhood, besides paying a fair per cent. to its managers.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been sent to the Mediterranean for playing the flute. If he played the accordion he would have been sent to Halifax.

The young man who imprinted a respectful kiss on the fair forehead of his best girl told his friend next day that he had been having a bangup time.

Teacher to a boy whose father keeps a corner grocery—"Johnny, if your father has one hundred eggs and twenty of them are bad, how many does he lose?" Johnny—"He don't lose any of them. He sells the bad ones to a restaurant keeper to make omelettes of."

My gracious! You don't mean to say that you have another baby up at your house?' exclaimed a lady, when informed by the happy father of the event. "Yes; got fourteen now." "Well, I don't know but it's all right. Thirteen is an unlucky number, isn't it?"

Said a young man, the other evening: Is it etiquette, in writing to a young married woman whom you have known well, to call her 'my darling little pet?'" My dear sir, it is not a question of etiquette, but of athletics. It depends how far you can distance her husband in a mile.

Hudson's Bay Railway Construction.

There is a strong probability that the construction of the railway from Manitoba to the Hudson's Bay will be commenced during the coming spring and that the work will be prosecuted with vigor, and without let up until completed, unless when severity of weather will compel a cessation of work.

It is a matter decided that the work of construction will commence from the head of Lake Winnipeg and be pushed onward in a northerly direction until tide-water navigation on the Nelson river is reached. There may be those who will object to this point of commencing construction, and who think that it should commence from the terminus in this province and move by stages northward. That selfishness might suggest such a course there is no doubt, and the people of Winnipeg more than those of any other place can produce selfish argument in its favor. But after all we believe the projectors of the road are adopting the wise and sensible course, and even those who see immediate gain in another will eventually be most benefited by that about to be pursued.

The commencement of construction at the head of Lake Winnipeg is a wise move, because by the construction of less than half of the whole road a summer outlet can be secured, which will furnish a source of earning to the company in a very short time, and commence the practical test of the value of the outlet for commercial purposes.

Then the course is a wise one because it will compel the utilising of our North-western waterways, which has scarcely been attempted as yet, and which will we believe prove them to have a value, far beyond any calculations hitherto made upon them, and ere the construction of the whole road is completed show what a valuable auxiliary they really are to railway facilities.

Then the course is a wise one because it will hurry the opening of an outlet which if only available in summer time will be of value to the whole province; whereas starting construction from Winnipeg or any other point in the province a road would be in progress for several years, which ended at nowhere, opened up no productive country of any consequence, and would be of no material value to anyone until completed unless for the circulation of money which its construction created. Thus looking at the programme of construction we must say that from every view point it gives evidence of wisdom, caution and economy on the part of those who arranged it.

But as we look at the arrangements for utilizing Lake Winnipeg in connection with this Hudson's Bay outlet, we naturally incline to ask: But what about the Red River as a feeder to this northern gateway? In almost every calculation made of the value of the Hudson's Bay route the grain carrying from Dakota and Minnesota has been counted upon, and indeed the route would loose much of its commercial value if it did not attract a good share of that trade. But then navigation of any practical value for such a traffic reaches no further up the Red River than St. Andrew's Rapids, and from there north to the international boundary the river needs no small share of improvement to make it navigable all the open season for craft large enough to be employed in a carrying trade on Lake Winnipeg. Without these improvements Winnipeg, Emerson and the towns south of our province cannot take advantage of a waterway, and would have to transport all freight by rail to the mouth of the river or at least to Selkirk. Under such circumstances the Hudson's Bay line from the head of Lake Winnipeg to Fort Nelson would be of very value to the southern portion of Manitoba, and would offer no temptation to grain shippers south of the line. The haul to the lake port would have to be made by the C. P. R., and so far as freight from all south of fifteen miles this side of the international boundary line is concerned, we would not under the present state of affairs be allowed to build a competing line of rail. Thus the whole United States freight by the Hudson's Bay route could be easily choked off by the managers of the C. P. R.

There is no use in trying to hide the fact that until there is independent communication between Manitoba, Minnesota and Dakota, the supplementary trade for a Hudson's Bay railway from the two latter will not make the owners of such a road wealthy. The cheapest and best link of communication is by the Red River with its obstructions removed. A matter of a quarter of a million of dollars would do that on the Manitoba side, and the efforts being put forth at Washington by our neighbors in Minnesota and Dakota shows that they will not fall short in improving the channel of the river within their territory. Surely private enterprise could take hold of a matter so small as this work in Manitoba, and we might reasonably expect that the Dominion Government would contribute liberally towards the same.—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

A Child With Two Brains.

A baby about a month old was taken by its mother to a dispensary at Bellevue Hospital, New York city, for treatment last week. When the child was born it had a large swelling on the forehead, which slowly increased in size and firmness. Nothing could be done to reduce the protuberance, which was supposed to be a tumor, except to perform an operation and take it out. Before this could be done the little thing died. The consent of the mother being obtained, Dr. Janeway held an autopsy at the morgue, and found that the cause of the swelling was a second brain, which was growing on the outside of the skull, independent of the brain inside, save through a connecting substance that passed through a slight fissure in the bone. The anatomical specimen, which is a rare one, was put into alcohol to preserve it.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints.

Milk that stands too long makes bitter butter.

To remove scratches on furniture melt together Beeswax and linseed oil and rub the marred places with it, using a woolen cloth.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or teapot fill with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about twenty-five minutes.

It may not generally be known that if the saucepan in which milk is to be boiled be first moistened with water it will prevent the milk from burning.

To sweeten rancid butter take strong lime-water and work the butter over in it just as you would work it if just taken from the the churn to get the buttermilk out of it.

It is wise, if you are going to put English currants into cake, to dry them on a cloth by the fire after washing them, as sometimes the cold water will cause the cake to fall.

Graham mush is a good substitute for rich pudding on some occasions. Make just as you do cornmeal mush, but add a few berries or raisins or English currants. Serve with milk and sugar.

Cold tea can be utilized by putting it in the vinegar barrel. It is all the better if sweetened, but without will add flavor and something of the color of good cider, which is the best foundation for making the best vinegar.

Many cooks consider it a great improvement upon ordinary apple-sauce which is to be served with roast goose or with pork to rub it through a colander, and then to beat it with a spoon until it is very light and almost like a pulp.

It is a common occurrence for children to get beans, grain or corn, and other foreign substances up their noses. The following simple remedy is worth remembering: Get the child to open its mouth; apply your mouth over it and blow hard. The offending substance will be expelled from its nose.

As a rule warm water and a soft cloth are all that is required to keep glass in good condition, but water bottles and wine decanters, in order to keep them bright, must be rinsed out with a little muriatic acid (commonly known as spirits of salt), which is the best agent for removing the "fur" which collects in them.

If pork has ever soured or spoiled in a barrel it is not safe to use it for pork again no matter how thoroughly it may be cleansed. The cost of a new barrel warranted to preserve the pork is much less than the value of the meat it will hold. It is true the fault may not originally be in the barrel, but rather in modes of management, but having once spoiled a lot of pork the barrel had better thereafter be left to other uses.

Portieres or hangings for doorways and walls continue to be a favorite adornment for parlors and other rooms. A set of these of exquisite appearance is thus described: The ground was pale yellow-silk canvas wrought in crewels, with a great branch of horse-chestnuts. This branch showing the foliage of autumnal coloring, and accompanied by great bristling burrs from a border of deep terra-cotta plush on the right hand side of each section. The plush was also carried across the bottom in a much deeper band than the upright one. Rising from this deep plush dado was a tangle of grasses and ferns embroidered boldly in greens, reddish-greens, reddish-browns, and so on.

No one enjoys seeing his or her best clothes come to the point of wearing shiny, and few can indulge themselves by then casting them aside. We find in the Scientific American directions for remedying this trouble, which, coming from such a reliable source, we gladly print: Take of blue galls bruised four ounces; logwood, copperas, iron filings free from grease, each one ounce. Put all but the iron filings and copperas into one quart good vinegar, and set the vessel containing them in a warm-water bath for twenty-four hours; then add the iron filings and the copperas, and shake occasionally for a week. Keep it in a well-corked bottle, and apply to glossy or faded spots with soft sponge.

Choice Recipes.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one of chopped suet, one cup of raisins, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda; flavor with cinnamon and cloves. Steam three hours.

VIRGINIA PUDDING.—One quart of scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little milk, yelks of four eggs, the whites of two, and a little salt. Bake one half hour. When cold beat whites of two eggs to a froth; add a cup of sugar and juice of a lemon. Pour over the pudding.

CHEESE CAKES.—Fill shells of puff past, or bake the whole of the recipe in a dish lined with puff paste, or without any paste if you choose, merely buttering the dish. Grate one-half pound of cheese, mix it with two eggs beaten very light, adding an ounce of butter, with a little salt and pepper. Lovers of cheese will find this very nice.

PORK CAKE.—Half a pound of salt pork chopped fine, two cups of molasses, half pound raisins chopped well, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves, allspice, and mace, half a tablespoonful of saleratus or soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. The oven must not be too hot.

SALAD OF BEETS.—This salad is particularly good when both beets and potatoes are new and tender. Boil in salted water equal quantities of both and set on ice to get cold. Just before serving cut them into thin regular slices, dress with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar, and garnish with water-cress.

Good tea rusks are made in the old-fashioned way, with two cups of milk, one cup of shortening, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of yeast, and one teaspoonful of salt. Strain the milk and eggs through a sieve together and it will not be necessary to beat the eggs. Mix over night with the milk rather warm, make as stiff as bread and knead again in the morning. Work into small rolls after the second rising, and bake when they have risen again in the pan.

SPICED BEEF.—For ten pounds of beef take two cupfuls of salt, two cupfuls of molasses or its equivalent of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of pulverized saltpeter, one tablespoonful of ground pepper, one tablespoonful of cloves, a half-teaspoonful each of ground nutmeg, mace, ginger, and allspice. Mix these well and rub thoroughly into the meat, all around it. Turn it every day and rub the mixture into it for ten days, when it will be ready for use.

A FAMOUS FENIAN DEAD.

One of the Six Convicts Rescued by an American Whaler.

Michael Harrington, the eldest of the Fenian prisoners who were rescued from New South Wales by the American whaler, Catalpa, in 1876, died recently of pneumonia, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Edward Whelan, in San Francisco. The fifty-four years of Harrington's life were full of romantic interest. He was born in Cork. While a young man he enlisted in her Majesty's sixty-first regiment just in time to serve in the Sepoy rebellion and Indian mutiny. He fought in

THIRTEEN ENGAGEMENTS,

was wounded, and returned to England, where he continued his military service until he lacked but one year of the time to retire on a pension. That was in 1866, when the mine of Fenianism was about to be fired in Ireland. Harrington deserted his regiment and hastened to Ireland to join the uprising, but was arrested at Dublin and was brought before a court martial, charged with desertion and high treason. He was sentenced to be shot. But the penalty was commuted to penal servitude for life and he was transported with a number of others to the isolated island at New South Wales. But in 1875 the Clan-na-Gal society in New York

PLANNED THEIR RESCUE,

and a whaling ship was fitted out for the purpose. John J. Breslin, meanwhile, under the guise of an American millionaire went to Australia and managed to communicate with the prisoners. The vessel set out, none of the crew knowing her destination, except the captain, and in April 1876 the ship having arrived out the six convicts began their perilous march of twenty miles to the sea. Of course their prison garb betrayed them before they had driven many miles, and the alarm was given at the quarters, but they hurried on and finally reached the vessel. But this was hardly under sail before the British corvette Georgietta was discovered in chase. As it neared the whaler the captain hesitated, as he doubted his escape into the high seas, but when the first mate, William Smith, an American from Massachusetts, learned of the state of affairs he urged all hands to press on. The escaping Fenians were heavily

ARMED AND DESPERATE

to the last degree. The sailors sided with the Irishmen, and Smith's advice was followed. The American flag was run up, and when the corvette overhauled them Smith proclaimed the neutrality of the waters and dared the Englishman to fire on the American flag. They hesitated and then changed the Georgietta's course. The Catalpa, that was the whaler's name, reached New York safely in August, and the prisoners were free men once more. The British Government tried to extradite them, but failed. The other five rescued ones are still living. Hassett keeps a saloon on Sullivan street, New York, Hogan is in Chicago, and Wilson, Darrell and Cranston are in Philadelphia.

True Faith.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

"You tell me that your child is dead,
And yet you greet me with a smile,
And let the sunshine flood your rooms,
And with a song your grief beguile!"

"And why not smile? If she had gone
To dwell in sunny Italy,
To gaze upon those palaced slopes
And wander by that summer sea;

"Would I not joy to follow her
In thought beneath those classic skies,
To note with every changing scene
The rapture in her glad young eyes?

"Yet with my winging joy, alas!
Always a brooding fear would mate,
Not knowing where along the way
Some nameless foe might lie in wait.

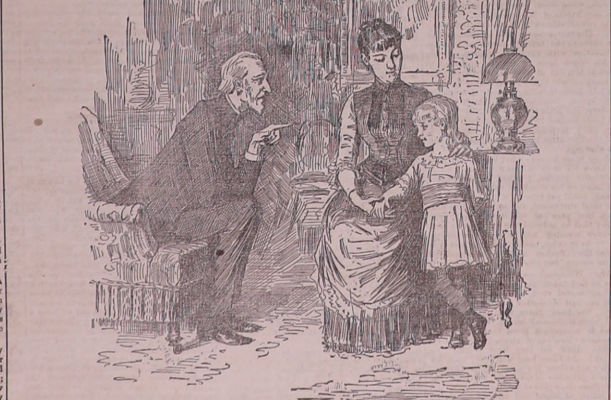
"But now for her, with love ensphered
No evil thing can work its spell;
Safe talismaned from ill she treads
The fields where living fountains well.

"Then why not smile and open wide
My windows to the blessed light,
Since she forevermore abides
In that fair land that knows no night."

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they desire to secure comfort in this world is a corn sheller. Putnam's Corn Extractor shells corns in two or three days and without discomfort or pain. A hundred imitations prove the merit of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which is always sure, safe and painless. See signature of POLSON & CO. on each bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.

"What are you waiting for, little boy?" inquired a kindly old gentleman of a street urchin who was watching each passer-by intently. "Waitin' for a long-whiskered gent smokin' a cigar. Then I'll foller him an' get the stub." "Do long-whiskered men smoke better cigars?" "Naw, but dey dan't smoke 'em so short."



ON HIS OWN GROUND.

Dr. Pillbury: So you have been eating too much candy again. You will never get well as long as you do that.

Emma (who has lately taken up physiology): Oh, I guess I will! The ghastly juice will chyme it into chyle when the agitation of the diagram will naturalize the inspiration and resolve it into sweet bread or pan-grease, which merely acts as a superific.

LIQUOR LAWS IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

There is nothing perhaps in the current history of the United States which better deserves to be carefully studied by us than the working of their liquor laws; and there is scarcely any subject upon which it is more difficult to get thoroughly accurate and reliable information. Though the State of Maine is only separated from this country by an imaginary line, and though the Prohibitory Law has been in operation there for more that a quarter of a century, there is probably as much diversity of view among us, in respect to the effect which it has produced, to-day as at any time in the past. No one can have read the discussions which have taken place in the newspapers without being struck with the different conclusions to which different persons have come who have studied the subject with equal intelligence and attention, but with a somewhat different mental bias. Even the two accomplished journalists and "interviewers" sent by the *Globe* of this city some years ago to study this question on the spot, failed to shed any very clear and steady light upon it. The public mind in Canada, and probably throughout the civilized world, remained in about the same state, when their allotted task was finished, that it was in when their labours commenced. Through temperance men have no doubt in respect to the effective and beneficent working of the Maine Law; and that this is the conviction of a very large proportion of the people of that State is evident from the fact that they have recently incorporated it with the Constitution, and made it a part of the fundamental law of the Commonwealth. The opponents of Prohibition, with us, are, however, as far from being convinced on this point as ever.

In view of these facts, at first view, it appears to be almost hopeless to attempt to get at the truth. And I, for one, am not disposed to add a single word to what has been said and written on the subject of the working of this particular law. It may not be amiss, however, in view of the very deep interest which is taken in the matter of Temperance legislation by the people of Canada, to prosecute the investigation somewhat further, on a different field. Illinois and Iowa both have laws which, though different in character, are designed to accomplish the same purpose, to promote the sobriety of the people by limiting the traffic in intoxicating drinks. In the former of these States what is called the Harper Law, a high license law, is in force; in the latter, there is a Prohibitory Law, pure and simple. And thoughtful temperance men in every part of the Union are anxiously watching the effect of these laws, and comparing them in their working one with another. The *Christian Union*, for example, has sent out a series of questions to intelligent business men, ministers, judges, and other influential persons in the principal cities and towns both in Illinois and Iowa, and the answers which have been returned, and which are being published in that paper, deserve well to be carefully weighed.

One can scarcely gather from the reports from Iowa that Prohibition really prohibits in that State. In the smaller places where the Temperance sentiment is strong, the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been driven into holes and corners, and though drinking and drunkenness among confirmed tipplers and topers has not been diminished, good has been done by keeping the temptation out of the way of the young. In Bloomfield, for example, where there has not been a saloon for ten years, under the operation of a local option law, it is not surprising to learn that "there is very little drinking," though there is liquor "brought in in jugs," and some sold by the druggists. Cedar Falls, too, has an exceptionally good record. Less than a quarter of the liquor is now drank that was consumed before the Prohibitory Law went into effect. Centre Junction, Clarion, and Columbus City, all small places, have a substantially similar record. Denmark, Grinnell, Hale Village, Hampton, Milton, Panora, and Salem, all had no saloons before the Prohibitory Law came into force, and have none now. Of course, in these places there is but little drinking. Mount Pleasant has no open saloons; but has "secret rum-holes" pronounced "very bad," and though one correspondent thinks Prohibition has lessened the drinking by one half, another thinks "there is probably more drinking and drunkeness than before."

In some few places the report is decidedly favourable. In Pattersonville the saloons are reduced from two to one; and drinking and drunkenness is reduced nine-tenths. In Rockwell, another little place, Prohibition has wiped out the saloons, and there is very little drinking and drunkenness. Waverly has four saloons less; less drinking; and drunkenness and disorder almost unknown. In Stuart, the effect of the law has been to close all the saloons but two, "where liquor is sold slyly;" the character of saloons has been improved; and there is less drinking and drunkenness.

These are all small places, some of them having only a population of a very few hundreds, and the largest of them only two, three, or four thousand. I think one of them reaches the highest of these figures. The effect of the Prohibitory Law has not been nearly so good in the larger places. In Burlington, with a population of 19,450, the state of things seems to be worse, rather than better, since the law went into force. Only one of eight correspondents of the *Christian Union*, writing from this point, speaks at all favourably of its effects. The general impression seems to be that the number of saloons has been about doubled, and their character has greatly deteriorated. One writes that they "are all bad, ninety per cent. of these are very bad." Another reports "drunkenness and disorder increased; and the prohibitory law a damage to the temperance cause." Another says: "I voted for prohibition, but I am convinced that the law has done great harm to temperance in Iowa." The reports from Council Bluffs are equally unfavourable. Prohibition is represented as being "a dead letter." The number of the saloons is not lessened, neither is their character improved. Creston had four saloons before, nine now, and the character of the new ones is very low. From Davenport a correspondent writes: "Prohibition is a failure; it deprives the city of revenue, and does not prohibit, but demoralizes the respect for law." Another pronounces the law "worse than a failure. Another reports that the number of saloons has increased twenty per cent., that there is an increase in the amount of drinking; and that there is no attempt to enforce the law. Des Moines has fewer saloons than formerly, but the amount of drunkenness is about the same. Another report from this point is even less favourable than this. It summarizes the effects of the law thus: "Under the license law, 66 saloons; under prohibition 250; a full average of convictions." The writer expresses his opinion, as the result of his observation, that "Prohibition in the large towns cannot be enforced. Dubuque had last year 124 saloons, at present it has 143; and there is fully as much drinking now as then. In Keokuk the law appears to have at first worked well. Several drinking-places were for a time closed. But, through the connivance of the Mayor, who holds the law to be unconstitutional, it has become a dead letter. "Liquor is to day sold as openly and freely as before." One of the *Union's* Keokuk correspondents, as the result of his experience, has evidently become disgusted with the whole thing, and come to the conclusion that Prohibition, as mankind are, will breed a race of cheats, sneaks, and unmanly men." and in his desperation he concludes, "I believe I would rather see Iowa partly drunk than not free."

I give these statements respecting the working of the Prohibitory Law in Iowa just as I have found them. They are certainly not what I could have wished them to be. They reveal a state of things which every friend of temperance cannot but deplore. But nothing can be gained by the concealment of facts. It is evident that in Iowa legislation has got a little too far in advance of public sentiment, especially of the public sentiment of the large towns and cities. It is evident, too, that no law can be effective in a free democratic community which has not the educated conscience of the people at its back. If we are to have sobriety we must educate, educate, educate! The hope of success in this, as in every thing else that is good, is in the churches. Legislation has its place and its importance; but the gospel is the great means by which alone the foundation for moral reform of any kind can be securely laid.

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

As the meeting opened Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Standoff White, of Montgomery, Ala., was in the ante room. The distinguished gentleman was on his way to Chicago to see his dying sister, and had taken advantage of the occasion to stop over three or four days and make himself acquainted with members of the Lime-Kiln Club. He had a little address which he desired to deliver. It was entitled: "Do We Realize Where We Were and Where We are Now?' If there were no objections the addresser would be brought in.

Whalebone Howker arose, not to object exactly, but to enquire if the Hon. Standoff had brought any credentials with him. How did the club know but that he was a base imposter?

"Brudder Howker!" sharply replied the President, "do you emagine dat I would take a pusson into my own cabin, an' loan him a clean shirt an' purvide him wid a pipe an' terbacker, if I did not know dat he was all right?"

"N-no, sah."

"Den you kerflop yerself down into your cheer, an' de less we h'ar of you fur de next two weeks de better it will be fur all hands round!"

THE HON. STANDOFF.

The distinguished stranger was then ushered in. He appeared to be a person about six feet high, lame in the left leg, of sanguine temperament, and to be possessed of great presence of mind. He bowed right and left, smiling like a tickled baby, and begun

HIS ADDRESS

By saying:

"Nobody knows how good it makes me feel to stan' in de shelter of dis famous ole Paradise Hall an' look down upon de 200 faces turned up to de shingles. If my sister hadn't taken a noshun to die, an' if I hadn't got a half fare ticket to come dis way, I might nebber hev sot eyes on dis famous aggregation of wisdom, prudence an' progreshun. [Cheers.]

"Whar' war de cull'd people of dis kentry twenty y'ar ago? Let your memories run back to de close of de war. We war' men in statoo, but chil'en in intelleck. On de day dat peace was declar'd had you put me down in Cincinnati wid a $20 bill in my pocket I should hev bin helpless. Your wise President here couldn't hev told whether a shotgun loaded from in front or behind. Had you asked Sir Isaac Walpole who Shakspeare was he would hev crawled under de bed in confushun. Trustee Pullback had de 'Pilgrim's Progress' all mixed up wid de 'Pirate's Promenade.' Waydown Bebee didn't know whether the Ohio Riber emptied into de Mississippi or Salt Creek. [Great applause.]

"We war' chill'en in feelin' an' ackshun. De tones of de fiddle war' mo' to us den dan de voice of Progress am now. If we had hoe-cake an' bacon we war' content to let de rest of de world hev poetry, science, art an' wealth. Our religun might hev bin all right, but de rest of us war' all wrong. In cur ignorance, de sun riz on de plantashun to de east of us an' sot on de one to de west. De world was composed of about fo' Staits, an' all de knowledge an' wisdom was supposed to be carried under de hats of a dozen white men." [Agitation]

Here the orator paused to wipe his brow and straighten up his wilted collar, and when he got his second wind he continued:

"Now, fur whar' we are. Take de finest ile paintin' in de land an' walk into any barbar shop in de kentry an' you'll find men to criticise it. Dey'll pint out de fack dat de foreground has skipped a cog, or dat de perspective corkscrews too much. Dey'll light down on a bad sky like a hawk on a chicken, an' you kin trust 'em to diskiber anything wrong wid a waterfall or a side hill. [Cheers.]

"White men who come to us an' look wise an' talk about de sciences am astonished to find dat dey am barkin' up de wrong tree. We has got dar! Sewer gas keeps just as fur away from de cabin of de black man as from de palace of the white. De science of government am discussed ober our dinner-pails as often as in de halls of legislashun. Nateral philosophy has to keep dodgin' to get out o' our way. [Prolonged applause.] De cull'd race was a long way back when de last gun was fired, but dey has bin trabblin' on a run ober since.

"I should like to talk to you fur two hours, (cheers) but de occashun am not propitious. If anybody among you has any doubts dat our race has not passed de three-quarter pole let him sot out and trabble a few miles. I shall now pass on to see my dyin' sister, and I shall always remember dis event wid de moas' malignant pleasure. In wishin' you farewell, permit me to use de words of Socrates to de Egyptians: '*Cum dig Solis.*'"

PENSTOCK TRIES A SHOT.

Giveadam Jones moved that a vote of thanks and the freedom of the city be tendered to the orator, and added that he hadn't had anything do him so much good since water melons went out of market.

"I hope dat moshun will not prevail," said the Rev. Penstock, as he bobbed up. "I claim dat de greater part of dat speech was stolen bodily from one I delivered in Richmond six y'ars ago!"

"It doan' seem possible," replied the President.

"But I am suah of it, sah. I worked fur three weeks on dat speech, an' I remember almos' ebery word of it."

On motion of Waydown Bebee a committee of two went out to find the Hon. Standoff and bring him in to face the music, but he had gone. Also, Elder Rallis's plug hat, Samuel Shin's overcoat and a lantern belonging to Antimony Johnson.

ACQUITTED.

Sir Steven Bulwark then called up the case of Prof. Pompadour. Some weeks since the Professor was charged by a white man with stealing a wheelbarrow, and the charge was given to the Interior Department to investigate. Sir Steven would like to inquire why the committee had not reported. The Chairman replied that he was waiting for an opportunity to report that the white man had found his wheelbarrow two days after making his charge.

"Whar was it found?" asked the President.

"In de alley in rear of his house. It was brought back in de night."

"I see. Purfessor de charge again' you am dismissed, an' you stan' fo'th as innocent as a lamb. Nobody saw you return de wheelbarrow, an' dar am no 'casion fur you to gin yerself away."

A TEST.

The Librarian reported that the stove in the Library was in such condition that he dare not keep a fire in it any longer, and he asked for an appropriation of $6 to purchase a new one.

"De matter will be laid on de table fur de present," replied Brother Gardner. "It am a good time now to make a test an' diskiber whether thirty or forty members crowd into de Library each night fur de purpose of enrichin' deir minds or of toastin' deir shins. De Librarian will report any fallin' off in numbers. Any unfinished bizness will now be packed up an' put whar' de rats can't ate it, an' we will infringe towards our homes."

Sarah Bernhardt is now trying to get fat. Her recent accident, when she fell through the crack in the floor, has alarmed her.

It is only by labour that thought can be made healthy; and it is only by thought that labor can be made happy.

GREAT SCHEMES FOR SOUTHERN ASIA.

Proposed Railways in Burmah and Siam.

The complete annexation of the newly acquired territory in Upper Burmah by the Indian Government has done much to remove the scheme of railway communication with the Chinese frontier propounded by Messrs. Colquhoun and Hallett from the region of speculativeness, and to bring it within the scope of early practical realization. The subject constitutes essentially a "workingman's question;" and, pressed as are all branches of English trade at the present time, we cannot but feel glad that for some of them at least there is a prospect of very considerable relief. Indeed, we need scarcely limit our congratulations. The opening of trade routes to tap some of the wealthiest provinces of China will not be confined in its beneficial effects to any particular branch of industry. These must ramify throughout the whole of our industrial classes.

Before proceeding to deal with the scheme formulated, we may, with advantage, refer to what has already been accomplished as to railway communication in what has hither to constituted British Burmah. From the capital of that territory, Rangoon, two lines are now open and working in a northerly direction; the one communicating with Prome, and the other with Taungoo. Each of these lines is severally 162 miles in length, and the latter was only completed during the course of last year.

Bankok, the capital of Siam, has 500,000 inhabitants, and Moulmein and its district have 300,000. The traffic between two such centres must necessarily be large, and the expressed wish of the Siamese to practically join them may be accepted as sincere. To effect this, a line to Raheng, 275 miles in length, must be made from Bankok, and entirely through Siamese territory. Raheng is 160 miles in an easterly direction from Moulmein, 80 miles of which are within British territory, and the remaining 80 within the Siamese possessions. A railway 435 miles in length would therefore unite the two places named, and its construction would constitute the first link in the complete system comtemplated. No commencement has as yet been made in this direction. Assuming this link to be achieved, it is proposed then to carry the Siamese railway northward from Raheng above named to the extreme limit of Siamese territory at Kiang Hsen—or Kiang Khong, as marked upon our maps. This would be reached by an extension of 300 miles, and further work would be within the Shan States of Upper Burmah. To reach the Chinese frontier at Satmao (Esmok), 250 additional miles would have to be traversed, and with them would be attained the full completion of the route between Moulmein and Bankok to the Chinese frontier. The total mileage to effect this would be as under: Bankok to Raheng, 275 miles (Siamese territory); Moulmein to junction at Raheng, 160 miles (half British, half Siamese territory); Raheng to Klang Hsen, 300 miles (Siamese territory); Kiang Hsen to Chinese frontier, 250 miles (Upper Shan States); total, 985 miles. The estimate framed by Messrs. Colquhoun and Hallett for the accomplishment of this is eight millions sterling, an average of about £8 122 per mile. The 160 miles between Ragoon and Taungoo, above referred to, cost £7,400 per mile.

In immediate proximity to the terminal of the proposed lines on the Chinese frontier are the provinces of Yunnan, with 5,000,000 people; S'ochan, with 21,000,000; Kweichtan, with 5,000,000; and Kwangsi, with 7,000,000. What we have stated reveals the importance of the markets the proposals we have discussed are destined to open to British trade.

We have already stated that a railway is working between Rangoon and Taungoo. It is proposed to extend this northward to Mandalay, the recently acquired capital of native Burmah. The distance would be 230 miles. Carrying a line thence to Bhamo would entail a further 200 miles, and from Bhamo, to effect a junction with our existing Indian railway system, would require an additional 250 miles. Tabulating these distances, we have, in order to join the present Indian and Burmese systems to construct railways as follows: Taungoo to Mandalay, 230 miles; Mandalay to Bhamo, 200 miles—touches Chinese frontier at this point, from Bhamo to junction—250 miles; total, 689 miles.

The two main schemes we have already dealt with would be manifestly incomplete without their union, and accordingly Messrs Colquhoun and Hallett propose a line to connect Moulmein, the starting point of the Siamese system, with the Rangoon-Taungoo line, the base of what may be termed the Indian system. The length of such a railway would be but 125 miles, from our furthermost Indian cities to the Chinese frontier at two points, to the principal commercial centres of Burmah, and with the capital of Siam, Bankok. The total mileage necessitated therefore by the proposals to effect this end would be: Siamese system, 985 miles; Indian system, 680 miles: to unite the two systems, 125 miles; total, 1,790, miles. Taking this mileage as to cost an average—on the data before given—of £8,122 per mile, we have a total outlay involved in the several proposals considered of £14, 538,380. Such a sum need not seem startling to any one who gives due consideration to the results to be achieved for it. Who can predict the full effect of its outlay! Our trade, now so languishing, would secure by it the custom of hundreds of millions of people ready, and even anxious, to take the produce of our labor now oppressed by foreign competition.—*London Engineer.*

Two Thoroughly Scared Miners.

During the great storm of a week or so since two miners started to ascend one of the mountains near Aspen. They made the trip on Norwegian snow-shoes, on which they worked their way up a narrow gulch leading to their property. As they journeyed on one of them got to be some 200 yards in advance of the other, and it was while this distance separated them that the leader, by an unhappy step, overturned a top heavy mass of snow and started a dreadful slide. He seized hold of a convenient tree and called to his companion to "look out." The tree was small and bent over under the weight of moving snow. He let go and started with the slide. The long shoes were by this time firmly anchored in the moving mass, and he was hurried along with no power to stop himself by seizing the trees which he passed. Fortunately he was on the tail end of the avalanche, and thus rode it in safety, with nothing coming behind to cover him up. When he found that he had thus to be an unwilling passenger upon the terrible train he looked ahead to see what had become of his partner. The latter, upon seeing that there was no escape on either side, turned heels to the roaring mass, and started on a life-and-death run right down the gulch. Then followed a wild and thrilling chase. The man who was anchored on top of the snow yelled at the man in front to run, while he who was pursued strained every muscle to keep out of the jaws of the death that was close at his heels. The race was kept up for more than a mile, and during the entire distance the fellow who was on top kept yelling, "Run you ——, run," and the hair of the fellow who was running held his hat poised four inches from his head while he headed for the valley. Often the rolling snow struck the heels of his shoes, but it did not quite get him. More quickly than it takes to tell it the hunted man dashed out into the valley, and what he thought was safety. The valley, however, was more dangerous than the mountain, as an unseen gulch crossed it, into which the hunted man fell. Providence, though, was kind to him, for the slide had spent its force, and the snow piled up on the bank over which he had fallen. When the two were able to look around, one was lying at the bottom of the gulch, while the other was seated upon the crest of the snow bank that looked over its edge.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.

PERSONAL.

Judge Travis is erecting a fine two story stone residence in Calgary. He appears to intend to stay there.

A Tallahassee, Fla., despatch says: Sarah McDaniels, a colored woman living on Mr. Fish's plantation, one mile west of that city, has become the mother during her lifetime to forty-two children. She is now a robust, healthy looking woman.

The first Canadian woman who emigrated to the North-West, Mme. J. B. Logimoniere, whose life has been written by the Rev. Abbe Dugost, has now, in Manitoba alone, 550 descendants, besides a number of others in Quebec and the United States.

John Simmons of Forsyth, Ga., in a sudden fit of insanity, thinking he was pursued by enemies, jumped into the Ocmulgee River, and remained there, with the water up to his neck, until discovered by a duck hunter, twenty-four hours later. He seems to suffer little inconvenience from his bath.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Joseph Arch was a farm laborer supporting his family on $4 weekly wages, and he is now a member of Parliament. He is what is commonly called a self-made man, but as his wife taught him to read and write he may be considered a creditable specimen of domestic manufacture.

Will S. Hays, the song writer, made his debut on the minstrel stage in Louisville the other night to a crowded house. He personated *Old Ike*, the negro character he has made famous through the river columns of the *Courier-Journal*. Hays has not yet signed with the show, but it is thought he will.

Guilda La Chapelle, the female pedestrian, now keeping a saloon in San Francisco, has accepted the challenge of Miss Kate Brown of England, who desires to walk against any lady pedestrian in the United States for $500 or $1,000 a side. Guilda requires Kate to visit San Francisco as a condition of her acceptance of the latter's challenge.

There is now living on the Piedmont road, near Charleston, W. Va., an old colored woman named Clara Brown, who is perhaps the oldest colored woman in West Virginia. Of course, she well remembers seeing General Washington. It was in Richmond that she met the Father of his Country. She says he entered the kitchen of the hotel where she was and spoke kindly to the cooks. She says she is 122 years of age.

Sam Small, the converted Chicago journalist, who is stiring up Chicago preparatory to Sam Jones's advent, is described as a plainly-dressed, tall, slender young man. Behind his gold-bowed eyeglasses are small eyes, and above his heavy sandy moustache is a rather long thin nose. His forehead, high and narrow, is surmounted by very carefully smoothed dark hair. He looks rather commonplace, but when he speaks he at once shows strength. The *Herald* says: "His voice possesses that subtle, tremulous quality which makes men listen. It is a voice which invests the merest commonplace with interest."

William Guyton was a brakeman on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railway. There was a collison in which he was badly injured, but remembering that a passenger train was due soon he managed to extricate himself from the wreck, and, mangled and bleeding, seized a red flag and staggered up the track. Twice he fell from exhaustion, but pluckily got up and went on and flagged the train 500 yards from the place of danger. Then he fainted away and remained unconscious for two days. When he recovered he was a cripple for life. He sent the doctor's bill to the railroad company and payment was refused. Then he sued for $10,000, and a jury has just awarded him $5,083 damages after four years of litigation.

Lord Wolseley's refusal to pay fees to the Herald's College for his new title, and to Ulster King of Arms and his officials for the insignia of St. Patrick, calls up a story of how a similar exhibtion if independence was dealt with by George IV. A certain Knight of Windsor received the order of St. Michael and St. George and after the investiture a bill for the usual fees was sent to him, which he swore nothing would induce him to pay. There was no precedent for such a case, so a memorandum was sent to Sir William Knighton at Windsor, in order that the King's pleasure might be taken. The document was returned with the following endorsement by the King himself: "Stop the d—d fellow's pay until the claim is cleared."

Since the death of her husband Mrs. Thomas A. Hendricks has been considerably annoyed by letters and communications purporting to be from Mr. Hendricks which have been sent to her by Spiritualists. One of them pretended to be an autograph letter written by the dead Vice-President in the spirit land. Mrs Hendricks is reported as saying that this was a very close imitation of her husband's handwriting, but that she could easily detect its spuriousness. I do not believe in such things," she says, "and do not see that any good can come from encouraging them. That they do not come from Mr. Hendricks is clear to my mind, for the sentiments of none of the communications are expressed in language such as he would have used. They bear on their face the impress of an inferior mind, are inferior to his while alive, and certainly inferior now, if the spirit land, as I believe, elevates and ennobles the sentiments and aspirations of the soul."

The London *Canadian Gazette* says: "Everyone interested in Canadian matters will turn to Lord Lorne's article in the current number of *Good Words*, entitled "Our Railway to the Pacific." Only the first portion of the Marquis's contribution appears in this number of the magazine, and this for the most part deals with the initial difficulties which attended the undertaking. For the indomitable perseverance and untiring energy displayed in carrying through the enterprise to a successful issue, Lord Lorne, of course, has the highest praise. The illustrations accompanying his articles, engraved from drawings by H. R. H. Princess Louise, represent views in Vancouver Island and in the Rocky Mountains. They are in every case excellently chosen and well executed, and will do much to convey to English readers some notion of the grandeur and variety of the scenic attractions of the Pacific Province of the Dominion."

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

Inoculation of rabbits with the bacillus of tubercular consumption is proposed as a method of exterminating them in Australia.

Crockery coffins are proposed by a Philadelphia inventor. His idea is to glaze them, thus making a tight and imperishable receptacle, the object being to protect underground water currents from pollution.

Mineral wool is said to be coming into use in the construction of buildings, on account of its strength, lightness, and resistance to the conduction of heat. It has also the advantage of being fireproof.

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has increased rapidly within a few years, and it is said to be used largely for patent bitters, ginger extracts, and other alcoholic compounds, whose strong flavor makes it unnecessary to use a better quality of spirits. Wood alcohol is a dangerous product, and sometimes gives rise to serious disturbances of the brain and nervous system.

A St. Louis doctor is credited with having cut off the tails of two lizards and united the animals by sewing the stumps together, thus making a species of Siamese twins. The object of the experiment was to ascertain if blood could be transfused by this method; and one writer maintains that if, for example, a weak and bloodless invalid were attached in this manner to a strong and healthy animal, the result must be favorable to the invalid. Dr. Roussel of Paris is said to have met with encouraging success in such an experiment.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANK, DISGUISED AS AN EGYPTIAN, DEPARTS ON A PERILOUS MISSION.

It did not take long to bring the beautiful girl bride back to consciousness, and when she recovered from her swoon she found herself lying on a couch in the pretty sitting-room and her husband bending fondly over her.

She first of all listened nervously and timidly for sounds of riot and tumult from without, but the fickle crowd had already dispersed in quest of other excitement and sensations, instead of besieging the hotel in order to get at her.

"Is Pat safe also?' was her next inquiry, and when her husband had answered the question in the affirmative she next remarked:

"You see, Frank, my presentiments were far from idle ones, for we are not yet out of Egypt and terrible perils still surround us on all sides."

"Nonsense, dear. There have been riots and uprisings of the mob even in dull, prosaic London, and in Paris, well-dressed people have often been in worse danger in the streets than they are in those of Alexandria to-day. Here comes the landlord to ask how you do. I will inquire of him what he thinks of our chances of getting away immediately."

It was almost the first question that he put to the burly host after he had told him how much better his wife was; but Monsieur Boncœur shook his head and made answer that he feared getting out of Alexandria for the present was quite out of the question, because even three days ago the different European consuls had joined in strongly recommending all their fellow countrymen who could leave the place to do so without a moment's unnecessary loss of time, and the majority had acted upon that advice so promptly that there had been a regular stampede, delicate ladies and children being only too glad to be taken as deck passengers even in such dirty craft as steam colliers rather than be left behind."

This was very discouraging, but Nellie spoke up bravely and said:

"But we also are quite ready to go as deck passengers on board colliers."

"Aye, madam," rejoined the host, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but the colliers are not ready for you. They steam away as fast as they load, and thousands of frightened people are actually living in the warehouses and stores along the quay sides in order to be able to step aboard the first vessel that wharfs alongside them. These fellow countrywomen of yours, in their love and anxiety for their children, would be ready to fly upon you and tear you to pieces were you, as a new arrival, to try to take precedence of themselves and little ones after they had waited so patiently in order to have the first chance."

"Well, Monsieur Boncœur," said Frank, cheerfully, "then I think that we will remain with you."

"Monsieur has, I am sure, decided wisely, nor let the little madam be afraid, for the threatening aspect of the population has already been reported in Cairo, and a telegram has been received in reply from the war minister to the effect that as order has been perfectly restored there he will at once start for Alexandria and do the same here. So the chances are that before noon, even, we shall be quite quiet again."

Monsieur Boncœur," delivered all this as a sort of soothing balsam, but its effect on the shattered nerves of Nelly Donelly was that of a strong irritant.

She flushed crimson and then turned deathly pale as she gasped out:

"Arabi Pasha coming to Alexandria? Then we must leave it at any and all risks, Frank, and that at once."

Before Monsieur Boncœur or Frank Donelly either could make any answer to this speech there came a gentle tap to the half open door, and then the tones of a voice from without:

"Pardon, but may the dove bring the olive branch into the ark?" and without waiting for answer, into the room came a burly, swarthy, black-bearded man, habited entirely in black, who very much more resembled the raven than the dove.

Frank Donelly looked up and at once recognized him as one of those who had fussed about Nellie in the hall, but rather, or at least so he had thought at the time, for the sake of gazing at her exposed loveliness than to render her any real service.

He was therefore more disposed to resent his intrusion than to thank him for his visit.

The next few words that he uttered entirely changed his feelings toward him, however, for without waiting to be questioned he went on with:

"Is it not the truth that you want to leave Egypt at once? Very well, I can help you. I have passages secured for myself, wife and servant on board the French steamer Le Comete, which sails this afternoon for Marseillies, but at the last moment my wife is taken ill prematurely, and as the doctor says it would in all probability kill her to remove her, here we must stop; wherefore, if you would like to purchase our passage tickets, you can."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Frank. "Name the price and I will write you out a check for the amount. Yet how the deuce can I do that without a check-book?"

"At what bank have you an account?"

"The Anglo-Egyptian."

"Then I have a check book of that bank, and if you like you can fill one up payable to Moses Cohen, or order, for fifty pounds ($250), that being the amount that I paid a week ago for two saloon and one steerage passage to Marseilles."

There being pen and ink on the table, Frank Donelly rapidly filled in and signed a check and handed it to Mr. Cohen, who, as he took it, said to him:

"Now, I would advise you to go at once to the Marseilles Steam Navigation Company's offices in the Old Harbor, close to the mole, and get the names changed in the books and on the passenger list, because they all know me, and were you to simply go on board and take your places at the last moment, the steam packet people might suspect some fraud and raise some awkward difficulties about taking you, which it would be just as well to avoid—don't you see?"

"Certainly I do, and will be off at once. I shan't be long gone, Nell, so don't be nervous."

"Oh, I am sure you will be torn in pieces by the mob, and that I shall never see you again. At all events, won't Mr. Cohen and Pat Monaghan go with you?"

"I would not think of allowing Mr. Cohen to leave his sick wife, and as for Pat, though a fine fellow to help one out of a scrape, I should feel far less sure of getting into one whilst by myself. I assure you, my darling, that everything is quiet outside now."

"I'll tell you what would make you doubly safe, monsieur," said the landlord of Hotel d'Orient. "A slight wash of tincture of iodine over your face and hands, and a red tarbouch on your head. That dark blue flannel jacket and trousers are wonderfully like an Egyptian officer's undress uniform, and the tarbouch would render it undetectable, whilst the iodine would stain your skin to the exact tint. I've some remaining that I had to paint a swelling with and I'll lay it on with a camel's hair brush and make a first-rate job of it."

The landlord's offer having been accepted, Frank Donelly's face, throat and hands were quickly rendered as dark as a real Egyptian's, and as the natural color of his eyes and hair very well corresponded, nothing but a red tarbouch was wanted to complete his disguise, and this Monsier Boncœur was also able to supply him with.

"Now, Nellie, don't you think that I am quite safe?" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes," replied his wife, "I think you look much more Egyptian than English. I'll try not to be frightened whilst you are away. Nevertheless, do not be gone long."

"You may depend on that, my love. Well, farewell for the time, gentlemen, and thank you very much."

He said this because he wished to pay his adieux to his bride in private, and both the Frenchman and the Jew took the hint and departed.

"Nellie," said Frank, then, "you must ring for Marie, and see if you cannot somehow purchase clothing sufficient for the voyage and have it already packed against my return, for I shall smuggle you aboard this French steamer as soon as ever she lies alongside the quay. Procure a yashmack, also, if you can, so as to look as much like a native woman as possible. I dare say one or other of the hotel servants has one as a curiosity, and would part with it for an adequate consideration, but if one isn't to be got procure as thick a veil as possible and be ready for a flitting the instant that you see me return, which I have no doubt will be under an hour, so now goodbye, darling, for a very little while. It will be our last parting."

Their last parting! Poor fool! Little did he guess that another was close at hand which would prove the most terrible experience that either of them had ever known.

But we must not anticipate, and misfortunes always come soon enough.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR FLIGHT—THREE DANGEROUS RECOGNITIONS.

After her husband had departed the time passed very slowly to Nellie, that is to say, when once she had made, assisted by Marie the French chambermaid, all necessary preparations for flight, and had bought half her wardrobe and box as well, for now that the girl saw the urgency of the case she offered to go out and do whatever shopping was necessary, Nellie would not allow her to run the risk of leaving the hotel.

So, after the little box containing just sufficient necessaries for the voyage were packed, padded and labeled, the hour-old bride had nothing left to do but to gaze out of the window of the prettily furnished sitting room and watch what was going on in the streets, for though she had entreated Marie to stay with her for company, the lively little French maid could not neglect her work any longer, and was compelled to go.

But the prospect from the window was not an uncheering one to Nellie; indeed, it was exactly the reverse, for the mob had dwindled away by degrees until the long, broad and not altogether unstately thoroughfare was almost deserted, and encouraged by this the shopkeepers had, for the most part, taken down their shutters again, and were conducting business as usual, the cafes, whose name is legion in all parts of Alexandria, following their example and the banks in like manner.

All this made her hope her husband was not in peril, more especially as he had disguised himself so very like an Egyptian, but even while she was hugging this comfort to her heart the hoarse boom of a cannon from the direction of Fort Tobareh brought back all her fears with redoubled force, and she clasped her hands together in terror.

"Boom, boom, boom!" went the cannon, and she was not experienced enough in the sound of artillery to know that such a dull, leonine roar could never proceed from a shotted gun.

That it was Egyptian ordnance she did not know, however, because the reports came from a landward direction.

From this she jumped to the conclusion that the massacre of the Christians had commenced, and she pictured them as being blown from the months of cannon just as Sepoys were blown during the Indian mutiny.

Then, presently, the roar of artillery ceased, but only to be succeeded by rattling peals of musketry and a continuous and prolonged cheering that seemed each passing minute to be nearer and nearer, and while Nellie wondered what it could all mean the street without began to fill again, each narrow thoroughfare that opened into it disgorging a living stream of wretched humanity, who presently filled each side of the long Ru de la Colonne Pompee as far as the eye could reach.

We have already on more than one occasion described an Egyptian crowd, so there is no need of a repainting of the picture.

The only difference was that this one seemed to be more excited than they usually are, and to be eagerly awaiting the arrival of something, while naked santons, looking like revivified mummies, or plucked baboons, kept running about and around and two and fro, their long, unkempt beards all of a shake with the incessant wag ing of their jaws as they continued to preach to or exhort the multitude, possibly as to how they should conduct themselves on the occasion.

"But what occasion was it?" Nellie mentally asked herself, for she could see no slaughtering of Christians going on, which, as may be imagined, was an intense relief to her.

Ah, that was a blare of a brass band, too. Well, that was cheering at any rate, and as Nellie could not associate a merry air from the opera bouffe with either violence, rapine, incendiarism or murder, all her fears began to melt away, whilst such few as yet remained her curiosity got the better of, and in order to see more clearly what was approaching she stood boldly and without any attempt at concealment before the window, as she beheld many other European women doing on the opposite side of the street, all of them apparently as curious as she was.

Their curiosity was soon destined to be satisfied, for now the head of an approaching procession appeared in view, in the shape of a troop of Egyptian cavalry, clad in a kind of French zouave uniform, with scarlet and white turbans with long lances.

These really dashing looking troopers were followed by a portion of the celebrated dromedary corps, strange looking cavalry indeed, dressed in Oriental garb, grasping long pennonless spears, and sitting between the two humps of their ungainly, long-legged steeds, that were grinning like devils and uttering uncouth cries as they came along, for dromedaries and camels are alike bepraised as they both are by poets and novelists who know next to nothing about them, are the most quarrelsome, stubborn, cantankerous and vindictive brutes in existence, who have been known to kill a child for tickling it with a straw, and many another vengeful act.

The mounted band passed directly under her window, now blaring forth the well-known "Turkish patrol," and it was followed by a sumptuous open carriage drawn by six gray horses, in which sat or rather reclined, the Khedive, bowing to right and left as he passed along, but receiving no reply from his discontented and rebellious subjects, unless sullen looks and scowls could be accepted as such, so that it was no wonder Nellie thought that he looked so sad and dejected.

So full were her thoughts of him (though admiration for the fickle, extravagant and weak-minded prince she had none) that she took no notice of, and, indeed, hardly saw the entire regiment of white uniformed, red tarbouched Egyptian infantry that closely followed the Khedive's carriage, and her attention was only again attracted to the street by shrill and vociferous cheering.

Nellie was now in a kind of maze, or mental lethargy, in which her brain slept though her eyes were open.

Had it not been so she would assuredly have guessed who was approaching and retired from the window to have escaped the chance of having been seen by him.

But her thoughts, still running on the Khedive who was nothing to her, she forgot all about the war minister, who was everything or at all events destined to be every thing to her, and his existence was first recalled to her mind by the sight of his face looking directly upward, with his fierce, eager eyes fixed upon her with a glance of mingled surprise, recognition and triumph, or so, at least, the poor girl read it

This and the tempest of sound stunned her, as it were

She caught hold of the curtain and grasped them firmly to save herself from falling, and thus she stood, riveted to the spot, and as unable to move therefrom as though her delicate ancles had been gripped between the teeth of steel traps.

She knew that she was recognized. She felt that her chances of escape from Egypt were forever at an end. She was conscious of a feeling which was rapidly creeping over her that she no longer cared whether she lived or died; and yet whilst troubled thus in mind, she was aware of a latent admiration, deep down in her heart, for him who was the chosen of the people, and as she thought the predestined liberator of Egypt, even while she condemned the worldly guile that had prompted him to interpose a far-stretching regiment between himself and his nominal sovereign and master, so that by no possible chance could the Khedive lay claim to any of the applause that he knew would be lavished on himself.

She still stood at the window, earnestly praying to herself that Frank might soon return and at once take her away—anywhere, so long that it was out of Alexandria, aye, even to the desert again.

It never struck her that there could be others from whom she had more to fear than from Arabi Pasha himself.

But it was destined to occur to her before very long, nevertheless, for when regiment after regiment of Egyptian soldiery had again marched past, they were succeeded by a continuous roll of carriages, containing, though for a long while she remarked it not, a portion of the harems of the Khedive, of the war minister and a few others of the great pashas who had accompanied him.

She was destined to make this discovery in a single instant, when she all at once saw a hideous black face leering at her from the box of a gilded and curtained caleche, and the next instant beheld one of those curtains drawn aside by a tiny but swarthy hand, and another face gazing up at her filled her with a greater degree of terror than the war minister and the hideous black eunuch's united could have done, for those magnificent yet tigerish looking eyes had been bent upon her twice already, once while driving with Frank along the Choubrah road and again from behind a latticed box at the Cairo Opera House, and it was assuredly from the owner of those eyes that the written warning had come which had threatened her, though vaguely enough with so terrible a doom.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MASSACRE IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

When some five minutes later Frank Donelly emerged into the Rue de la Colonne Pompee, on his way back to the Hotel d'Orient, he found it almost empty, for the Khedival procession had swept by and the populace, had followed it.

His caleche (he had endeavored to procure a close cab or other carriage, but in vain) had therefore not the slightest difficulty in getting along, and no sooner had it drawn up at the hotel steps than, first ordering it to await his return, he ran indoors and upstairs to Nellie.

He found her lying on the sofa with her eyes closed and looking deathly pale.

No sooner did he burst into the room, however, than she sprang to her feet and throwing herself into his arms exclaimed:

"Oh, take me away from here. Take me at once, Frank!'

"That's what I've just come to do, my love. The carriage waits at the door, and I dare say Pat is already on his way upstairs for your box. It is ready for him?"

"Yes, Frank, there. And I have only to put on the hat and jacket that I got from Marie."

"And the yashmack that I advised you to procure. One was to be had I suppose?"

"No, Frank, I could not get one, and I would not allow Marie to risk going out. I have, however, a very thick veil, and I hope that will do very nearly as well."

"I doubt not but that it will do quite as well, my darling; indeed, I believe that it would be now quite safe to traverse the streets with your face uncovered, for the storm seems to have passed away, in proof of which all the shops and banks have opened again."

"The storm is at all events not over for us, Frank, for Arabi Pasha is in Alexandria. He recognized me at the window as he passed under in his carriage, and so did two others, the beautiful but terrible woman whose life you saved and who gave you that opal ring, and the hideous black man who seems to be always with her.

"Well, my dear, it don't much matter, for in a quarter of an hour we shall be aboard a French ship, and a French ship is to all intents and purposes French territory."

Nellie said not another word, but rushed into the adjoining bedroom, and hurriedly put on the natty little hat and jacket that she had purchased from Marie.

Then she muffled up her pretty face in the hideous green veil and re-entered the sitting-room just as Pat Monaghan was moving out of it with her box on his shoulder.

A couple or three minutes later they were driving away from the hotel door, Frank and Nellie inside and Pat Monaghan on the box beside the driver.

"And so we are really on our way to a steamboat bound for Europe, Frank?"

Nellie spoke the words as though she desired to be convinced again of their truth.

This strange conduct of hers caused her husband to laugh as he rejoined:

"Yes, Nell, we really are, and what is more she sails within an hour and so we shall sit down to dinner in all probability out of sight of land."

"Oh, that will be glorious," exclaimed the new made bride. "And Arabi Pasha could not tear me out of the French ship, even under the plea that it was to restore me to my parents, could he? That is what causes me most apprehension."

"Your marriage certificate proves that you no longer belong to your parents, but only to your husband, so of course he could not tear you from me, my darling."

"Now I am satisfied. Now I do not believe that I am one bit afraid, Frank."

Poor girl, she might not have expressed herself so confidently had she but known that the black eunuch aga, of the Khedival seraglio was within both eye and ear shot, and waiting but a favorable opportunity to pounce down upon and bear her off as an eagle scoops down upon a dove.

He was furthermore resolved to make that opportunity if he did not find it ready made.

Concealed behind one of the Ionic pillars that assisted to form a portico of the hotel door, he heard the route to the harbor given to the driver of the caleche by the landlord, Monsieur Boncœur, as the one whereon his guests would be least likely to meet with unpleasant interruption, and no sooner had he been thus made aware that the carriage would be driven through the Grand Square, or Place Mehemet Ali, as it is more generally called, than he resolved that it should get no further.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Johnny (just after Sunday-school)—"Say, Jack, what is a sockdolager?" Jack—"Why, don't you know? It's what they sing in church when they get ready to go home. The minister gets up and says 'Let us now sing the sockdolager.'"

HEALTH.

Hints on Your Health.

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheet;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
Now to open your windows be ever your care.
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain;
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train.
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league.
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

Two Meals a Day.

The word meal is so old that it is uncertain just what our Saxon fathers meant by it. Possibly it dates back to a time when grain, pounded and cooked, was the chief article of food.

The Orientals generally had only two meals, between which intervened the labors of the day, and it is largely their custom now. This causes confusion in translating the Bible terms relating to meals. For instance, Christ is represented as saying to the disciples at early dawn, "Come and *dine*," and the Jews had no light meal after the principal one.

Even in cold countries, where three meals a day are the rule, the first was looked on as a slight breaking of the fast, while the last was a mere sup, or sip, later of tea, thus giving us tea-time as an equivalent of supper. The meal of the day was the dinner; hence among the Greeks and Jews the word for dinner and a feast was one and the same. Where, among the higher classes in England, the dinner occurs quite late in the day, no need is felt for another meal.

In the rural districts and the small towns of our own country the original custom of three meals is well-nigh universal, and the dinner divides the day into two nearly equal parts, and so controls the social and, to some extent, the religious customs of the people. Domestic cares belong to the forenoon, and social calls to the afternoon. So, too, whereas the synagogue worship of the Jews had but a single service, we generally, in the country at least, have two, the one in the afternoon being simply a duplicate of the one in the forenoon.

In our large cities, however, where office business is transacted mainly between nine A. M. and five P. M., or where business men reside miles away from their work, the tendency is toward the earlier custom of two meals. Such a change can hardly become general. But where it is convenient, there are two solid reasons in its favor, *i. e.*, of two principal meals, with a slight lunch between: (1) It gives time for a complete digestion before again filling the stomach—a matter of no little importance to high health. (2) It transfers the principal meal from the time when the nerve force is in special demand for the brain, to a time when it is set free for the stomach.

But there is a large class everywhere who would be greatly benefited by having only two meals a day, it being understood that they eat as much in two meals, as would ordinarily be needed in three. They are the neuralgic, those whose digestion is feeble and slow, and the victims of many chronic complaints. In such cases the first meal should be somewhat late, and the second somewhat early.

The Sick.

It is a favorite idea with some that they can "work off, sickness," by arousing every every power of the body and mind utterly disregarding the indications of nature, and the symptoms.

In most, if not all cases, when the symptoms of approaching disease appear, there is an inclination to rest, to keep quiet, to seek rest and recuperation in sleep. The powers of the body are jaded, the vitality at a low ebb, all of the symptoms indicating the necessity for quiet, allowing time for a general rally.

The whole body, with the stomach, as a very important part, will be benefited by a "vacation." And in this regard, probably, the greatest error is committed, when one foolishly attempts to rally by eating an unusual amount, with the false hope of adding new life by eating, when the stomach may already have been more than surfeited. Food, taken under such circumstances, cannot be digested, but must remain in the stomach, there, as in any warm place, to ferment, decay, putrefy, of no possible service, but to some some extent poisoning the system.

If the attack has been caused by "taking cold," or closing the the pores, common sense points plainly to the opening of such pores, affording relief by sweating, which may be easily done by being wrapped in a blanket wet in hot water, well wrapped in dry ones, being thoroughly washed in cool water after an hour or more. Stop eating—in the absence of a good appetite—drink all the water that the thirst demands.

Get in the light of the sun, have cheerful company, look on the bright side, using the power of the will, determined to get well in the shortest possible time, securing the most available rest, in all respects, taking no medicines—those of a decided character—til you are informed by one who knows more than you do—the less the better of absolute poisons, such as are taken by those who wish to commit suicide. Never dream that hard work is the needed medicine. Nor think you can "work off" decided disease, though the effort of the will is of service.

NORTH-WEST TOPICS.

A Hudson Bay Commissioner Speaks of the Railway, Indians, etc.

Commissioner J. Wrigley, of the Hudson Bay company, who is now in the Province, was spoken to the other day by a reporter with regard to North-West matters.

"Are the Winnipeg people desirous that the Hudson Bay railway should be built?" asked the reporter.

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Wrigley, "the Winnipeg people have great faith in the scheme. They think it is just what is required to give them easy access to the ocean."

"Do you think the scheme practicable?"

"Well, I cannot speak from personal knowledge. The whole thing seems to hinge on whether the Straits are open for any considerable portion of the year or not. If the Straits are only open for a short time as some assert, well the scheme would hardly be a success, for the ocean travel is what it depends on. If, however, the ocean could be readily reached why that would alter the complexion of things materially, but the length of time that the Straits are open is a matter of dispute."

"What kind of a country would the proposed road traverse?"

"The country is barren and inhospitable. It is simply a medium for reaching the sea. There could never be any local traffic."

"What length would the road be, do you think?"

"Well, I can't say, but the distance between Winnipeg and Fort York is something over six hundred miles."

THE INDIANS.

"Is there anything in the rumors of a rising amongst the Indians of the North-West?"

"There are many rumors about the Indians, and in some cases the time is actually fixed for the rising. I think this is absurd. I do not believe there is any plan among the Indians for a rising, but I think that a rising amongst the red men might take place at any moment. You can never depend on the Indians' temper."

"If a rising amongst them did take place, would you consider it serious?"

"Most decidedly so, unless it was crushed out promptly. Any playing with the trouble or red tapeism would be dangerous. If a rising amongst the Indians took place, and was allowed to run for any considerable period unchecked, then the trouble would be far more serious than ever before."

"Have the Hudson Bay company settled up with the Government yet?"

"The company's bill for transport services has been paid. We engaged transport for the Government, but received nothing further than a commission for our trouble. What we got from the Government we paid, to the people we employed. We got nothing but a commission on the service."

"You have some claims against the Government for losses in the rebellion?"

"Yes, these claims have been duly presented, and will doubtless be settled satisfactorily."

Mr. Wrigley is only a short time a resident of Canada, and has already won his way into the confidence and esteem of the Hudson Bay company officials, who speak of him in the highest possible way.

JOHN GRANT'S, THE SCOTCH HOUSE.

AN OLD LANDMARK OF MONTREAL

BY JOHN FRASER.

"Walk about Zion, tell the towers thereof, mark ye all her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." Such was the command to preserve and hold in everlasting remembrance the landmarks of Jerusalem. Let us attempt to follow in the footsteps of old and restore or point out from among the ruins of time and the wreck of surrounding matter the whereabouts of some notable landmarks in the city of Montreal now nearly forgotten.

John Grant's "Inn" or "Tavern"—the name "Hotel" was not known in those early days. This old house is still standing, and bears the number "47 St. Henry street." Fifty years ago this old house was a noted place. It was then the Scotch head centre of Lower Canada. There was not a Scotchman or a Scotch family then living within a radius of one hundred miles, embracing the Scotch Counties of Glengarry and Argenteuil, and the Scotch settled parts of Chateauguay, but had at one time or another slept within its walls or had partaken of its old-time hospitalities.

There was scarcely a Scotch merchant or trader in Upper Canada, half a century ago, in his semi-annual business visits to Montreal, who did not make this old house his home during his stay. Not to have known John Grant, or not to have been known to him, was ignorance which no Scotchman of that day would like to acknowledge. Those now living who knew him will never forget the kindly smile and the true Highland greeting of our old host. The old hostess, Mrs. Grant, died in the city of Montreal, during the month of August, 1885, in her ninety-first year.

"We shall meet at Grant's," was an appointment often made by parties then living at the extremes of the Scotch Counties. This old house was well known in the Scotch Highlands, and it was a common practice in those early days for friends in Scotland having relatives living in Canada to address letters for them to "John Grant's, Montreal." Such letters never failed to reach their destination. The home or the whereabouts of nearly every Scotch Highlander or Scotch family settled in the Scotch-Canadian Counties, or serving in the Hudson Bay Company, was known at this old house.

During the troubles of 1837 and 1838, "John Grant's" was the Montreal headquarters of the two Glengarry Regiments then serving on the Phillipsburg and Napierville frontier, and also of the Lachine Brigade, and during the winter of 1838 it was the most noted military resort in Montreal. The writer recalls one night. It was, he believes, the 13th of February, 1838, during the illumination to celebrate the installation of Sir John Colborne as Governor General. About midnight, as the members of the Lachine Troop were leaving for home, an order reached Grant's for ten of the Troop to start immediately for St. John's. Within an hour they were on the ice, to cross to Laprairie, to be stationed by twos, every nine miles, to carry dispatches. The last two reached the old fort at "Isle aux Noix," the same evening by six o'clock. This was quick work, and a hard cold ride, the thermometer being below zero and the roads heavy with deep snow.

This old house was the town meeting place of the gentlemen of the Hudson Bay Company, whose headquarters were at Lachine, and old Sir George Simpson's gig or *caleche*, during his stay at Lachine, could be seen twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, entering the Inn yard regularly at ten, and leaving punctually at three. This was also the Montreal headquarters or meeting place of the Scotch lumberers from the Ottawa. They were noisy boys, and made things lively on their annual escape from their backwoods to civilized life. They were known in those early days as the "Grand River Roarers."

On the opposite side of the street, on the corner of St. Maurice, a noted and rising young Glengarrian (brother of the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, had his Montreal head-quarters for many years in the front room in the second storey, just above the present number, "36" St. Henry street. This house was then known as "Anderson's Grocery." This was John Sandfield Macdonald's club-room or meeting place for his political friends in Lower Canada, and many a deep subject in politics was discussed in that room. Sandfield afterwards, in later years, transferred his quarters to the St. James' club, but the old room and his favorite arm chair were held sacred for him by Mrs. Anderson until his death, which she always called "Sandfield's room." Some of the older politicians of Canada will remember this room.

Time has changed everything in and around this old house. The dignity and the military bearing of the veteran officers of the Glengarry Highlanders, the dash and the swagger of the young bloods of the Lachine Troop of Cavalry, with their fierce-looking bear skin helmets, and the noisy but innocent revelries of the Scotch lumberers, fresh from their backwoods, are not now heard or seen there. Those days are gone and have passed away forever.

How changed is all around! This old house, for several years past, until very lately, was the resort and the headquarters of horse-dealers. The Canadian trader in horses and the American buyer met there. The language in and around the old "Innyard" was changed! A frequenter of that old place of fifty years ago, were he to have stepped in there on one of those busy days during the horse-trading season, would hardly have appreciated the "horse slang phrases" that would have fallen on his ears. And should we enter this old house at the present day—now vacant and closed up—

"Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead."

This short sketch may meet the eye of many old Scotchmen, now scattered far and wide apart, over the whole Dominion of Canada, who, perhaps, will heave a sigh while they call to mind the times of old and the days of other years when they and we were young! Let us close this by adding: Peace to the memory of John Grant! He was a good man—a good man of the old time—a true Highlander, a loyal subject, and a staunch supporter of the "Auld Kirk" of Scotland.

MONTREAL, QUE

The English steamer South Cambria has brought from the bottom of the sea an interesting relic of the American War. Running short of coal, she was compelled to put into the harbor of Newport News. As the crew were hauling up the anchor, they found the bowsprit of a war vessel attached to it. The spot where the South Cambria was lying was exactly where the great naval duel took place between the war vessels Congress and Merrimac, in which the former was sunk. This was in 1862, and the bowsprit brought to the surface is supposed to be that of the Congress.

ROUND THE WORLD.

The railroads in the United States give work to 630,000 people.

Manitee, Mich., has an orchestra composed of fourteen young women.

A four-inch dead smooth file has 864 teeth to the face, or 216 to the inch.

For the first time in its history the Dutchess county (N. Y.) jail has not a prisoner in it.

Buckles of brass of the modern form are found buried in the prehistoric mounds of England.

There has been more snow this winter in London than for fourteen years, and there is great distress in consequence.

It is said that Shanghai shipped to this continent last year not less than 500,000 pounds of willow leaves disguised as tea.

The value of the contents of a barrel of crude petroleum ranges from 86 cents to $1, while the value of the barrel itself is $2 50.

At St. Helena, California, a few days ago, several thousand gallons of ten-year old California wine sold for three cents a gallon.

In Paris it costs $3 to cremate a body, and this includes coal and labor with an urn thrown in. In Milan the cost is only $1.40, but they give no urn or chromo.

A druggist at Louisville advertised his store as a "free warming place" for the public during the very severe weather of a few days ago.

Statistics of last year's shooting in the Grisons show that the chamois are increasing rather than diminishing in that part of Switzerland.

Angus, Iowa, could not rest until it was incorporated as a city; but the city government costs so much that the citizens are petitioning to have the city charter revoked.

A silver box, shut at a wedding in Hartford, Conn., the other day, is to be kept under seal, like that of Pandora, till the time for the silver anniversary, twenty-five years hence.

School teacher Brink, of Niles, Iowa, will be tried for manslaughter. He whipped a 12-year old child so severely that it is asserted the child died from the effects of the punishment.

Mrs. W. P. Miller, of Buchanan, Mich., is the fond mother of six children who were all born within the past thirty-four months. They came two at a time, and all but one are alive and thriving.

A newspaper of Beloit, Kansas, says that in Clark county during a recent snow storm a large flock of sheep crowded close together, and the snow, melting for a while and then freezing, fastened the entire flock together.

George Leib, a colored carpenter of Savannah, Ga., fell backward from a third story scaffolding the other day, turned a complete somersault, struck squarely on his feet, looked around to see if any one was hurt, and quietly climbed back to his work.

Capt. Tom Gregory of Winchester, Tenn., has a unique pair of gloves. They were made by Miss Nannie Phillips, who snared a lot of rabbits, carded and spun their fur as if it were wool, and from the yarn knit the gloves. She decorated the back of each glove with the ear of a full grown rabbit.

A runaway team in St. Paul dashed into a funeral procession, just missing the carriage containing the pall bearers, and striking the hearse squarely. The driver was thrown to the ground, the hearse overturned, its glass sides shattered, and the coffin turned upside down. One of the runaway horses was killed and his mate knocked senseless.

Wyoming hunters are excited over reports that come from the head waters of Snake River of a band of fifty head of white, or snow elk. Hitherto there have been traditions of snow elk, in which they are described as being as white as the snow, from which they get their name, and larger and swifter than the common elk. Now and then one has been seen, but never a herd.

Moody and Sankey are a revelation to New Orleans, and the effect they are having is remarkable. One Sunday they held seven services and addressed 10,000 different persons. Over 600 attended their inquiry meetings, of whom, the *Times-Democrat* says, "it is carefully estimated over 300 confessed Christ. Such an interest in religious exercises was never before seen in New Orleans."

A year or so ago James Hawkins, a respected colored man of Denver, with his wife, went to the opera house owned by ex-Senator Tabot, and handed the ticket taker two first-class tickets. He was told that he could not occupy the seats called for by the tickets, and the money for the tickets was offered to him. He refused to accept it, and brought suit for damages against the ex-Senator. A jury brought in a verdict awarding Hawkins $1 damages and the price of two tickets, $4 in all.

Samuel J. Piper and Albert G. Herndon were life prisoners in the Albany penitentiary for robbing a mail coach in Texas. When the recent epidemic of typhus fever broke out in the jail they volunteered as nurses, and both rendered valuable services until Piper himself was taken ill. He is just recovering. Their heroic conduct induced Albany officials to ask for their pardon, and a telegram has been received saying the pardons had been granted.

In a slugging match between Jack McGee and Tom McManus, in Boston, the other evening, McGee knocked his man out by a blow which is described as novel and surprising to all the sporting men present. McGee faced his opponent and "turned to the right like a flash, pivoting completely around, gaining in force as he revolved," until he caught McManus on the jaw and dropped him. McGee says Jack Stewart of Glasgow taught him the blow.

There having been two or three runaways of unhitched horses in Chicago recently, the police were ordered to "bring in" every rig found in the streets where the horse was left alone or unhitched. The new order went into effect the other day, and over fifty buggies, cabs, wagons, and drays were driven to a livery stable where their owners found them and redeemed them by the payment of half a dollar each. Lots of profanity followed the enforcement of this ordinance.

The Value of Salt.

Severe pains in the bowels and stomach are often speedily relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt. A weak solution of salt and water is recommended by good physicians as a remedy for imperfect digestion, and for a cold in the head it is a complete cure snuffed from the hollow of the hand. We have known severe cases of catarrh entirely cured by persistent use of this simple remedy every night and morning for several months, when the best efforts of the best physicians failed to do any good. It should be used milk-warm. A good handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next-best thing after an "ocean dip," and a gargle of a weak solution is a good and ever-ready remedy for a sore throat. As a dentifrice salt and water is very cleansing and also hardens the gums. It will also prevent the hair from falling out. When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from the dripping fat will not annoy. A little in starch boiled or raw, will prevent the irons from sticking. If the irons are rough put a little salt on a thick brown paper, lay a piece of thin muslin over it, and rub the iron over it till perfectly smooth. Ink stains are entirely removed by the immediate application of dry salt before the ink has dried. When the salt becomes discolored by absorbing the ink brush it off and apply more; wet slightly. Continue this till the ink is all removed. If new calicoes are allowed to lie in strong salt water for an hour before the first washing the colors are less likely to fade. Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and careless washing. A teaspoonful of salt in each kerosene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer, better light.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each nsertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. George Graham, son of Mr. John Graham, of the Stirling Foundry, is at present home on a visit. He was with his company from the Infantry School all through the Northwest Rebellion, and can now claim to be quite a veteran.

The Golden State seems to have great attractions for many, and we hear of several in this vicinity who shortly intend taking a trip across the Rockies to try their luck in California. We trust they will not regret the move, though it might be well for them to remember the old adage: "Foreign fields look green."

The anniversary services and tea-meeting in connection with the church at Collins' appointment, on the West Huntingdon circuit, will be held on Sunday and Monday next, the 14th and 15th insts. Rev. D. N. McCamus, of Cavan will preach on Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. On Monday evening a splendid tea will be served, after which addresses, music and recitations will fill out an evening's enjoyment.

Rev. C. Fish, evangelist, of the Bay of Quinte conference, will (D.V.) arrive this (Friday) evening, and conduct a special preparatory service in the lecture room of the Methodist church, which all the members of the church are earnestly invited to attend. Special evangelistic services will be held on Sunday and every evening next week, conducted by Mr. Fish and the pastor. A band of gospel singers will lead in the service of song. All Christian people and the public generally are cordially invited to attend these services.

The entertainment given by the congregation of the R. C. Church, in Bennett's Hall, on Monday evening last, was a grand success. The hall was crowded and music, dancing, etc., were indulged in till long past the "wee sma' hours" of the following morning. The total amount of the proceeds we have been unable to learn. A prize of a silver butter cooler was offered to the young lady who was most successful in collecting money for the church. Three young ladies entered the list with the following result: Miss Lagrow, $84; Miss Downs, $70; Miss McDonnell, $33.

The parlor social at the residence of Mr. George Conley last Tuesday evening was in every way a complete success. Three large sleighs loaded with merry socialists and quite a number of private conveyances went out from the village, so that the spacious house was well filled. An excellent programme was well rendered by the following parties: Miss Ward, Maude Lambly, Miss Smith, Nettie Martin, Mercy McKee, Miss Conley and Rev. O. R. Lambly. Choice refreshments were served in abundant supply, and $12.80 were added to the Methodist parsonage furnishing fund.

On Wednesday evening last a large number of the Oddfellows and their friends gathered in their beautifully furnished lodge room, in post-office block, to enjoy a pleasant evening together. Mr. L. Meiklejohn, N. G. of the lodge, after taking the chair, called for the opening ode and prayer by the chaplain, when a lengthy programme was entered upon, consisting of recitations and vocal and instrumental music, after which a good wholesome lunch was brought in, which all partook of heartily. The social gathering was then brought to a close by singing the national anthem, and all went home feeling well repaid for visiting their brethren who are so odd.

The Telgmann Septette Club held their concert in Bennett's hall on the 4th inst., according to announcement, to a well-filled house, and fully maintained their high reputation as first-class musicians. The instrumental music excelled anything of the kind ever before heard in Stirling. The piano used was a first-class upright furnished by Mr. McCormick from the manufactory of Mason & Risch, of Toronto, and the performance of Mr. Oscar Telgmann upon it was grand. Miss Doretta's execution upon the violin is something wonderful for a person of her age, and her singing is of a very high order. The singing of Mr. Kelly must be heard to be appreciated, and highly delighted the audience. Should the club again appear in Stirling it is to be hoped that a crowded house will greet them.

A runaway attended with serious consequences took place in our village on Wednesday last. Mr. George Clark, of Rawdon, drove a spirited team into the village, and halted in front of Mr. Collins' blacksmith shop and stepped out of the sleigh for a moment. He had no sooner done so than a rifle was fired off which started the team on the run down Mill street, and up front street, where they ran against the corner of the block in which is McGee's harness shop. One of the horses just grazed the corner, and escaped uninjured; the other came with full force against the building, and fell back completely stunned and severely injured, so much so that it will likely not recover. The horse's head also broke a large pane of glass in Mr. McGee's window, and thereby inflicted severe cuts on its head. The handling of firearms in so careless a manner is severely commented upon, and cannot be too strongly condemned.

A fair audience greeted Mrs. Massey in the lecture room of the Methodist Church last Wednesday evening. The pastor, Rev. O. R. Lambly, presided and conducted the opening exercises, after which he introduced Mrs. Massey to the audience, who after reading the 67th Psalm delivered an address on woman's rights. She contrasted the exalted position which woman occupies in Christian lands with her debased and wretched state in all pagan countries. From the records of the past as portrayed in sacred and secular history she maintained it to be the right of woman to occupy any and every position in the church where her efforts and her influence might be a blessing to the world. Mrs. Massey is a clear and forcible speaker and completely carried her audience with her throughout her address. At the close she gave a short account of the origin and growth of the Woman's Missionary Society and organized an Auxiliary of the Bay of Quinte Conference in the Methodist Church of this village with the following officers.

President.—Mrs. O. R. Lambly
Vice-President.—Mrs. R. M. Pope.
Recording Sec.—Miss C. Martin.
Corresponding Sec.—Miss I. Wilson.
Treasurer.—Miss M. Glass.

Committee of Management.—Mrs. G. Wilson, Mrs. A Glass and Mrs. J. Loucks, together with the officers. Meetings will be held once a month. A cordial invitation is given to the lady members of the congregation to join this band of missionary workers.

Auction Sales.

On Saturday, March 13th, at the premises of Mr. Jacob Loucks, Stirling, a lot of farm stock and implements. Sale at 1 o'clock, p.m. C. Butler, auctioneer.

On Thursday, March 18th, on lot 10, con. 4, Rawdon, a quantity of farm stock, implements, etc., the property of Mrs. R. Helmer. Sale at 1 p.m. C. Butler, auctioneer.

On Friday, March 19th, on south half of lot 21, 5th con. of Rawdon, a large quantity of farm stock, the property of Mr. F. W. Taylor. Sale at 1 p. m. C. Butler, auctioneer.

On Wednesday, March 24th, on lot No. 3, in the 5th con. of Huntingdon, a lot of farm stock, implements, etc., the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Archibald. Sale at 12.30. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Two boys from Madoc were recently arrested for theft, and have been sentenced to one and two months in jail.

The Late Robert J. Craige.

After a long illness Robert J. Craige, of the firm of Chas. Craige & Bro., of this village, passed away on Saturday morning last. Having been for a long time a resident of the village, and known as one of its leading business men, he was highly respected and very popular with all classes, and his death, while still a comparatively young man, is deeply regretted. His relatives and friends have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

Mr. Craige had been for years prominently identified with the Orangemen, and was for several years County Secretary for North Hastings. In accordance with a request of the deceased the funeral, which took place on Monday last, was conducted by the Orange brethren. There was a very large attendance of villagers and friends, and the Orange association manifested their deep sympathy by turning out in large numbers from all parts of the county, and some from the adjoining county of Northumberland. The pall-bearers were six past County Masters: Geo. D. Dickson, Q. C., F. M. Clarke, P. P. Pettit, of South Hastings, and Jas. Haggerty, S. S. Tummon and A. Thompson, of North Hastings.

The body was first conveyed to St. John's church, where the service was conducted by the incumbent, Rev. T. Godden, then to the cemetery, where, after the church service was read, the burial service of the Orange association was conducted by Mr. Wm. Johnson, Grand Master of Ontario East, who was assisted by Bro. W. S. Martin, who acted as Grand Chaplain. During the service Mr. Johnson referred to the esteem entertained for Mr. Craige by his Orange brethren in all parts of the province, and the loss the association has sustained by his death.

The Stirling brass band led the large procession and played appropriate music.

Springbrook.

Considerable quantities of grain still coming to the elevator.

The revival services are well attended, the church being crowded every night to its utmost capacity, regardless of the weather, and large numbers are professing conversion.

A disastrous fire occurred in the 13th con. of Rawdon last week, Mr. John Neil's barn and contents being totally destroyed. Fortunately the loss is covered by insurance.

Rural Mites.

Mr. G. F. Fralick, a former resident of this place, called on a few of his friends last Saturday. At present he is living in a small village near Grand Rapids, Michigan, and reports business with him as being good. He expects in a little time to come back to live on his place again. His many friends will be much pleased to have him back.

Dr. M. W. Sine, of Kingston, was in this locality on Monday. While here he was called to examine a horse which was suffering from a punctured foot and had been so for nearly two months, and a certain quack had been treating it without first removing the cause, which was a piece of wood.

Mr. D. Nerrie had a bee drawing lumber to-day from Stirling to Springbrook.

The new shingle mill on Rawdon creek seems to be doing a rushing business.

Good sleighing, fine weather, and everybody happy.

Sine, March 10, 1886.

Chatterton Chips.

Our new merchant, Mr. Mott, has been fitting up his place some, he has put a bell on the store door and built a hen house. Hens are pretty numerous around here now. I wonder how it will be about the gardens this summer.

Mr. John Hamilton is moving to his new new place and expects to get domiciled there this week.

The Holstein stock of this neighborhood is increasing pretty rapidly at present, but they seem to be mostly of the male persuasion. How is that?

There will probably be a new tenant on the Johnson farm this spring as Mr. Keirl has moved to Belleville and Mr. Johnson talks of fitting it up some.

We had a minister from the N. W. T. to preach to us last Sunday. He formerly lived in Ontario.

The driver of the accomodation stage from Stirling to Belleville is a very obliging gentleman and we wish him success in his venture.

Chatterton, March 8th.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, March 9th, 1886.

Since last week we have learned that Rev. G. D. Cleworth is not going to return to Marmora.

We noticed the smiling face of our friend, Mr. John Mills, sr., in the village last Saturday.

Mitchell Bros. have again opened up the factory, and are prepared to fill orders promptly and efficiently.

Now the small boy in the country is in high glee as he comes in with the joyful exclamation, "Sap's a runnin'!" Those who are not supplied with the requisite utensils for sugar-making will find all they want at Hipperson's.

Yesterday Maurice Foley, jr., and Miss Sarah Shannon, both of this place and well known here, went to Madoc to be made *one*. Accept congratulations.

A large stock of farming implements arriving at J. & J. Green's. Now is the time to purchase.

Posters are issued for another skating carnival to be held on Green's Roller Rink on Tuesday evening next, the 16th inst.

G. E. M.

Tuftsville.

From our own Correspondent.

Though you have not heard from us for several weeks things have not been quite at a stand-still, for we think under certain circumstances silence is golden, especially when others are showing their vindictiveness by insulting their neighbors while at the same time they vaunt their own goodness and loudly deny actions of which they are and may well be justly ashamed. I said we were not at a stand-still since writing to you. An express office has has been opened at the North Hastings Junction, with Mr. George LeRoy as express agent, which will no doubt be a great convenience and a benefit to the neighborhood. Mr. LeRoy is a very obliging and courteous gentleman and will cheerfully give information to anyone as to the working of the office.

Our local store appears to be doing a fair trade considering the hard times, if we may judge from outward appearance, Mr. Tufts having engaged Mr. John Juby, carpenter, to make considerable additions to his place. Mr. Juby is not a professor, but nevertheless can do a good job and is a man that knows enough to mind his own business, which is saying a good deal, for this is a virtue in which some people are sadly deficient. Your correspondent had an interview with the Welch Brothers, masons and contractors, and of course wanted to know something of the work for the coming season. They have already secured several contracts but were still looking for more, were of the opinion that material would be got cheap for the coming season and would advise anyone who contemplated building to do so this summer. Edward told me how many thousand bricks they laid last year, but I am not long-headed enough to think of the figures, and added (with pardonable pride), "I believe we built the best house in Rawdon for Mr. Raney."

We regret to say that Mr. John Prest cut his leg with the axe while chopping wood in McMullen's woods. The wound though severe is not considered dangerous and is progressing favorably.

James Harrigan passed through here on his way home, Shannonville, suffering from a severe contusion of the leg, caused by a log rolling on him while working in the shanty. He stopped at Tufts' over night and appeared to be suffering great pain. On leaving he said he would soon be home and his mother would straighten him up. That mother.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH—A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures affected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street, west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—Montreal Star, Nov. 17, 1882

Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the healthy tone and vigor of the whole physical mechanism.

Chief Constable Cooper, of Peterboro', says he is bound to root out street loafing in that town.

The extraordinary popularity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the natural result of its use by intelligent people for over forty years. It has proven itself the very best specific for colds, coughs and pulmonary complaints.

Newcastle has passed a by-law prohibiting the use of drums in the S. A. parades on Sundays.

NATIONAL PILLS purify the Blood, regulate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

FOR NETTLE RASH, Itching, Piles, Ringworm Eruptions, and all skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

DESTROY THE WORMS or they may destroy the children. Use Freeman's Worm Powders, they expel all kinds of worms.

Little Willie Buchanan, a drummer boy of the 90th, gets $500 from the government. Willie was at Batoche.

"What is good for a cold?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. We can answer to the satisfaction of all, if they follow our advice and try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

Poundmaker and his fellow prisoners left Winnipeg in charge of Father Lacombe for their homes on Thursday last.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER.

The schooner Virginia Dare, with a crew of fourteen men, is supposed to have foundered with all hands on the Newfoundland coast.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP will remove Worms and Cause, quicker than any other Medicine.

HANDY TO HAVE.

Every household should keep some ready remedy at hand for painful diseases, sudden attacks of inflammation and accidental injuries. Such remedy is best found in Hagyard's Yellow Oil for internal and external use. It cures rheumatism, sore throat, croup, neuralgia, lame back, sprains, bruises and burns.

A GREAT AWAKENING.

There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Bitters are taken. It arouses the torpid liver to action, regulates the bowels and the kidneys, purifies the blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.

IN GOOD REPUTE.

James McMurdoch, writing from Kinsale, says—"B. B. B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S.

A SOURCE OF GREAT TROUBLE.

Probably the most prolific source of chronic ills is indigestion or dyspepsia, causing unhealthy blood. Yet taken in time it is positively curable. Burdock Blood Bitters has cured some of the worst cases known, even of 15 years' duration. If troubled with indigestion try it.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance, but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial, I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—Wm. Evers Leemington. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 9, in 9th Con. of SIDNEY.

No reasonable offer refused. If not sold at once will rent.

Apply to the Executors of the estate of

JOHN STEVENSON, Deceased,
NAPANEE, ONT.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT.

There is no one remedy offered to suffering humanity whose use is so universally and frequently required as Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for rheumatism, neuralgia, colds, sore throat, deafness, croup, lumbago, and aches, pains, lameness and soreness of all kinds, when internally and externally used.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

FOSTER vs. FOSTER.

PURSUANT TO THE JUDGMENT OR partition order made herein, and dated the 17th day of February, 1886, and the directions of the local Master of this Court at Belleville, there will be sold, with the approbation of John Parker Thomas, Esq., local Master aforesaid, the following lands and premises, consisting of 4 parcels of land, and the same will be so offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the office of said local Master, in the Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 27th day of March, '86

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon. The lands are as follows:—

PARCEL NO. 1.—Being city lot No. 73, on the north side of Dundas Street, adjoining the Foster store upon the west side.

PARCEL NO. 2.—City lot No. 98, on the east side of Foster Avenue.

PARCEL NO. 3.—City Lot No. 80, on the west side of Foster Avenue, which lots are shown on a plan duly registered, made by John Emerson, P. L. S., of part of the City of Belleville, for Mr. Shubael Foster.

PARCEL NO. 4.—That very valuable farm known as "the Foster Homestead," being the north half of lot 11, in the 2nd concession of the Township of Huntingdon, 100 acres more or less, reserving and excepting thereout about 1 acre, used for the Town Hall site, and cheese factory at Moira. This farm is about 15 miles from Belleville, 9 from Stirling and 4 from Roslin or Thomasburg, with fine roads to these places, 2 orchards upon the place, with about 175 apple trees bearing. 2 story brick dwelling, fine out buildings, consisting of 3 barns, respectively 60x30, 45x30, 30x30, 16 foot posts. Spring Water runs into the buildings on the premises. The Moira Post Office, store, churches and cheese factory are close by or on this property. The properties above named will be sold free from encumbrances.

The several parcels will be sold subject to a reserve bid on each parcel, to be fixed by the Master.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The purchaser will pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money at the time of sale to plaintiff's solicitor, and the balance in a month thereafter, or sooner if buyer chooses. Possession of parcel 4 given when $1,000 of the purchase money is paid. Parcels 1, 2, 3, one quarter the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, remainder in a month. All other conditions to be the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, except as varied by aforesaid conditions.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Belleville, and to the plaintiff's solicitor.

J. PARKER THOMAS,
Local Master,
Belleville,

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor,
McAnanny's Block,

Dated Belleville, Feb. 19, 1886.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnanny's Block, Belleville.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS

SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

Undertaking!

Coffins and Shrouds in large Variety

Two Hearses, Funerals Attended on Short Notice

Have just completed arrangements for embalming, and by this process the dead can be perfectly preserved for a length of time. Have also an improved cooling board, arranged in the best possible manner.

All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

WILL MARTIN.

AT DREWRY'S

BON MARCHE,

TRENTON?

GREY COTTONS—Nearly always called Factory Cottons. This week good, useful, heavy Cottons, 30 inches wide, 3½c. Nice clean Cottons, one inch over yard wide, 4½c. Very heavy Sheetings, just yard wide, 6c. You cannot buy any heavier Cotton than the 6 cent for it isn't made yet. Very fine, very heavy Cotton, best we can buy, only 8c.

WHITE COTTONS—Steamlooms we call them, without any dressing, 32 inches wide, nice and fine, only 5c. Heavy Steamlooms usually sold at 12½c., Drewry's price 8c. It is over a yard wide. Very fine heavy Steamlooms we got 14c. last year for same goods, sale price 10c.

SHEETINGS—Two yards wide, very heavy, at 20c. Two yards wide, twilled and bleached, pure white, only 25c. 2¼ yards wide. Pepperill Mills make, only 39c. Very heavy twill, 2¼ yards wide, 28c.

COTTONS never were manufactured for the prices quoted above. All these cheap goods represent a loss to somebody, either the mill, or the wholesale man, or the merchant who sells them. These are

"On the Counter" Prices, at Drewrys'.

160,000 FEET OF STOCK LUMBER

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT

J. BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD,

STIRLING, CONSISTING OF

Dry Flooring, 1x6, Red and White Pine.
Ditto, 1¼x7 & 8, Red and White Pine.
Sound Dry Plank, 2x10; 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18 feet.
Stock Boards, 1x10.
Scantling, 2x4, Dry or Green.

Good Terms will be made with builders for their full requirements of Lumber for the season of 1886.

NEW

SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.
New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.
New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.
New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.
New Scotch Tweed Suitings.
New English & French Worsteds
New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS

CAN BE SOLD.

THE UBCRI BER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS

AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

Special Notice!

We want all notes and accounts that are past due settled at once, as we need the money.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Peace, Tranquility, Happiness!

and at least a moderate competence, come to those who follow the teachings of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. This world-renowned periodical, in addition to its other great features, has now employed the LEADING AMERICAN WRITERS to describe THE RURAL LIVES OF OUR AMERICAN PRESIDENTS, nearly all of whom were reared on farms, or retired to them from active life. DONALD G. MITCHELL, IK MARVEL, R. H. STODDARD, JAMES PARTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, DR. LYMAN ABBOT, and others equally eminent, are now preparing these supplemental HISTORICAL PAPERS. They are to be accompanied with ENGRAVINGS, 12x18 inches in size, executed at large expense by our first artists, illustrating the Rural Homes and Surroundings of our Farmer Presidents, comprising a MAGNIFICENT PORTFOLIO collection for every house, rich and poor alike. These SPECIAL ENGRAVINGS, will be of absorbing interest to all interested in country life, and likewise constitute an important ACQUISITION to the historical knowledge of the country.

R. H. Stoddard writes: "I am sure they will be popular in a literary sense, and equally sure they will be of great value to the boys of this country, who have a right to look forward to becoming our future rulers."—Donald G. Mitchell: "I write about Washington's farming, in respect of which I have some copies of unpublished letters."—Lyman Abbott: "It is an admirable design, showing the close connection of our Farmer Presidents with the soil."—Julian Hawthorne: "An attractive scheme. I shall be glad to have a hand in it."—James Parton: "One of my articles will be ready in three weeks.

Every subscriber to the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST for 1886 is entitled to these descriptions and Engravings of the Rural Lives of our Presidents, forwarded without additional cost with the numbers of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, as they appear; or specially executed on heavy, highly finished paper, and forwarded with the additional trifling cost for packing and postage.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50; TEN SUBSCRIPTIONS, $1 EACH.

For further information, if desired, send six cents for Specimen American Agriculturist, Description of Engravings, Special Terms to Clubs and Canvassers. Address

PUBLISHERS AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST,
DAVID W. JUDD, Pres. SAM'L BURNHAM, Sec.
751 Broadway, New York.

HARDWARE.

SEE OUR STOCK OF

AXES, COW CHAINS,
ROPE SCOOPS,
SHOVELS, WHIPS,
MANURE FORKS,
SLEIGH BELLS,
BUCKSKIN MITTS

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS, OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS, NAILS,
IRON & STEEL.

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Grain Cracking!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at SPRINGBROOK, On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.35 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 27.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for

	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,
[illegible] &c. - - Stirling
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. 6
MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve., March 25, '86
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON,** is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling. - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.55 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.27 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.08 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	10.25 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	10.39 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	10.55 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.07 "	
Peterboro'	6.42 "	11.48 "	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.18 p.m.	7.56 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.45 p.m.	2.50 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.28 "
Ottawa	6.82 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.
For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM FOR SALE IN SIDNEY.

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE IN STIRLING

Timber and Lumber for Sale

Sixty acres land in the 8th Con. Sidney. Good House and Barn. Well fenced, and in good state of cultivation. Possession immediately, if required.

Brick House and Lot on Front Street, Stirling.

Grout House and about 2 acres Land on Marmora Road, Stirling.

A Lot of Timber and Lumber of an old Frame House and Barn for sale.
For Terms see
CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

STOP!
Paying two prices for old goods, and go to
M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,
Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

THE ARCADE!
Marmora Cash Store.
I would announce to the Public that I have commenced Business in the
VILLAGE OF MARMORA
WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
AND
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Which I am determined to sell at as close prices as any house in the County.
THE BALANCE OF THE
BANKRUPT STOCK,
Of James Strutt, of Tyrone, to be cleared out at
SEVENTY FIVE CENTS on the Dollar.
J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1886.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.
After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.
GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

Undertaking!
Coffins and Shrouds in large Variety
Two Hearses, Funerals Attended on Short Notice
Have just completed arrangements for embalming, and by this process the dead can be perfectly preserved for a length of time. Have also an improved cooling board, arranged in the best possible manner.
All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.
WILL MARTIN.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.
All our remaining Stock of
FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.
P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.
PARKER & BUTLER.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

Indigestion is a most productive source of suffering to humanity, but it may be cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. "Words fail to express the misery I suffered, from dyspepsia, until I commenced using

Headache, whether arising from foul stomach, biliousness, or from any other cause, may be cured by the use of Ayer's Pills. "I have been a great sufferer from Sick Headache, and found complete relief in Ayer's Ca-

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

thartic Pills, five boxes of which restored me to perfect health."—D. L. Benson, Tamaroa, Ill.

I have not had the headache since I began to take them.—John P. Lyman, Portsmouth, N. H.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Hospitals of Ontario.

The last yearly report on the state of the hospitals in this Province gives a very flattering account of the way in which these institutions are generally managed.

The numbers taking advantage of them are steadily increasing. In 1875 the number treated in them all was 3,893. In 1885 this had risen to 6,617. What is also remarkable is that, though as the Inspector remarks, 1885 was an especially cheap year for supplies, so much so as to have a very appreciable influence on the expenditure on the Asylums for the Insane, etc., the outlay *per capita* in the Hospitals continues generally to increase. The daily cost *per* patient in the General Hospital in Toronto was, in 1882, $0.64 71 and in 1885 it had risen to $0.85,71, with the exception of the newly opened John H. Stratford Hospital in Brantford, this is the highest average. Of course there is a difference in the price of articles in various places, but one might have imagined that purchases could be made to as good advantage in Toronto as anywhere else.

The Government grants to these hospitals amounted in 1885 to $58,225.73. An increase of $3 608.24 over those of 1884.

The number of patients treated in the Toronto Hospital was 2,252, and the total expenditure was $57,839.97. The total expenditure on all the hospitals of the Province was $141,382.16.

The Libel Law.

There was a brief discussion on the present state of the libel laws in the Provincial legislature on Monday. Mr. Ermatinger, who has been displaying a great deal of activity this session, drew attention to the anomalous condition of the libel laws, and introduced a motion to the effect that a change was desirable. Had the resolution been somewhat more specific, or had a bill embracing the alterations considered advisable been brought down, it would have stood a better chance of consideration. As it was, Mr. Mowat promptly sat upon the proposition, contending that the existing law was sufficient. The premier's legal training unfortunately influences his entire course, and almost any time-honored abuse that has been sufficiently long embodied in our legal or constitutional system finds in Mr. Mowat a warm defender.

The attorney-general does not think that there is any wrong or hardship in newspapers being exposed to harassing and vexatious libel suits by blackmailers and other irresponsible parties, contending that everybody else is liable to such annoyances. He does not reflect that newspapers, owing to their positions, and the fact that their duty to the public frequently makes it necessary for them to give such persons a colorable pretext for a suit, are a hundred times more subject to such vexatious suits than any other class.

Premier Mowat is absolutely incapable of looking at this or any other question involving a change in antiquated legal principles and methods as a statesman—or even as a politician. He regards all such matters from the standpoint of the chancery lawyer so devoted to precedents and formulas, so narrowed down to old-time prejudices in favor of things as they are and have been, that he cannot take a broad view of present requirements, unbiased by past traditions. He is an excellent administrator, but as an active, progressive legislator he shows himself to be an utter failure. It is a pity that he should conceive it to be his mission to block the way of all really reform legislation; but certainly that has been his principal occupation this session.

Mr. Mowat's decision that the anomalies of the libel law must not be interfered with of course applies only to civil suits. The law of criminal libel is under Ottawa jurisdiction, and it is to be hoped that the members of the press in the commons will not be unmindful of their duty to push the requisite amendments.—*News.*

Loss of the "Oregon."

The steamship "Oregon," one of the most magnificent vessels of the Cunard line, was run into by an unknown schooner, just off the entrance to New York harbor, on Sunday morning last, and so badly injured that she sank in about eight hours. She had on board nearly nine hundred persons, including passengers and crew, but these were all taken off in safety, though they lost all their baggage. Nearly all the mail matter was also lost.

The loss of the "Oregon" has a peculiar historical interest, being the first serious disaster ever experienced by a Cunarder as, although the Cunard Company is the oldest trans-Atlantic steamship company in existence, it boasts of never having lost a ship, and that no life has ever been lost owing to any accident on one of its vessels. The disaster removes from the shipping register one of the fastest, if not actually the fastest, of the steel monsters which have so keenly competed within the last few years for the championship of the Atlantic as regards speed. Up to the end of 1884 the "Oregon" held the championship undisputed, but last summer the "America" beat this record on a single trip, but the "Oregon" held the record for a round passage, made from August 17th to September 10th, 1884, from Queenston to Sandy Hook and back. On the return trip the "Oregon" maintained the marvellous speed of 18 4 knots an hour, or 21 6 statute miles per hour throughout. The distance of 2,847 miles outward was made in 6 days, 9 hours 51 minutes, and homeward in 6 days, 11 hours, and 43 minutes. The best day's record was 454 miles. The "Oregon" was built on the Clyde by the Thompsons, and made her trial trip in the spring of 1884. She made a couple of trips in the Guion line between Liverpool and New York after this, and in July of that year was sold to the Cunards, in whose service she has been ever since.

It is said that two brilliant comets will be plainly visible about May 1st.

The proposed flying column to the North west is not to go, and orders have been issued for the discontinuance of all preparations. It has been ascertained that there is no necessity for such a display of force, and that it would only tend to irritate the Indians. Many who were counting on a holiday trip at the country's expense will be disappointed.

A great deficit was the result of our national book-keeping last year and there will be a much greater one this year. The Government organs estimate it at three millions and the Opposition organs at seven or eight millions of dollars. The difference arises out of the fact that the Government organs do not add to the year's expenditure any part of the cost of the Northwest campaign, while the Opposition organs add a large part of it. It must be provided for all the same, and the general opinion was that the Government would re-impose the duties on tea and coffee and increase those on spirits and tobacco. Accordingly a great deal of tea has been imported and a great deal of liquor and tobacco taken out of bond in anticipation of these extra duties. Now the Government organs, in foreshadowing the Budget, which is ready to be brought down, declare that additional taxation or the imposition of new duties is not contemplated in it. The Government will spread the expenditure upon the campaign over a term of years, and will hope for an increase of revenue, which will enable them by economy to meet it. The general elections are probably not far off, and the Government naturally dislikes to face the necessity for new taxation.

Tobacco for Minors.

The following is from Rev. Joseph Cook, and was given at one of his recent Boston Monday lectures:—

"Can a good man with a cigar in his mouth talk effectively to a boy with a cigarette in his mouth?"

A hundred times No? As to the tobacco nuisance public opinion is rising in both intelligence and sternness. It is doing this under the progress of scientific investigation, and especially under the impulse of notice which has been turned lately upon diseases caused by tobacco. It is now very well ascertained that delirium tremens may be produced by excessive indulgence in narcotics. The facts known to the medical profession as to lip and tongue cancers caused by tobacco are too horrible to be recited before a public assembly, especially over the grave of that great soldier whose death has made Mt. McGregor a sacred height.

I have no patience with *the low white's mouth disease*, which is the name I give to the habit of chewing or expectorating tobacco. I must say that if I had a dog that had the habit of chewing and expectorating tobacco, or even of smoking it here, there and everywhere, I should shoot him. As this audience does not seem to be in perishing need of instruction or exhortation on the tobacco habit, I refrain from going further, except to commend a volume which has just dropped from the press in this city on "The Tobacco Problem," by Meta Lander, and published by Cupples, Upham & Co., a worthy and popular book-firm, in which I have no financial interest. I wish this excellent volume might be scattered wherever the tobacco nuisance prevails, that is almost everywhere, in the highways and by-ways of travel and trade, and in many legislative halls, not excepting one at Washington.

In the Massachusetts legislature a bill for the prevention of the sale of tobacco to minors has just passed the lower house by a vote of three to one.

A gentleman long in a public position of honor and responsibility sends me in writing a very suggestive illustration. A lady from the country came to Boston to do shopping. On her way to Boston a gentleman occupied half the seat with her on the cars. Half his time was spent in the smoking car and the rest with the lady. When he arrived in Boston she was sick, and was obliged to send for a physician. He examined her case, and informed her that she had been made ill by tobacco. She paid the doctor's bill, and went home without doing her business, and wondering whether non-smokers have any rights which smokers are bound to respect. Another lady says she cannot come to Boston to do business on account of the ever-present fumes of tobacco in the street and shops.

No doubt tobacco blunts the sense of propriety. The narcotic nosegay is as unconscious of the odors he exhales as is the eater of onions and garlic. "Indifference or apathy with regard to the comfort of others," says the London *Times*, "is one of the most remarkable effects of tobacco. No other drug will produce anything like it. The opium-eater does not compel you to eat opium with him. The drunkard does not compel you to drink. The smoker compels you to smoke; nay, more, to breathe the smoke he has just discharged from his own mouth."

A lady coming from the South for her health was kept in the state-room of the steamer during all the voyage on account of tobacco smoke on every part of the vessel, and lost the whole effect of the voyage because she could have no fresh air. Her husband, a lawyer, thinks that in equity she could bring a suit for damages against the steamboat company.

The new State House in Desmoines, Ia., will not allow smokers to enter its portals. An edict has just gone forth that tobacco must not be used in the halls and corridors of the White House in Washington. Our military and naval academies do not allow their pupils to use tobacco. Several colleges in the west prohibit the use of tobacco by students. Germany has excellent laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to minors. Eighteen states in the American Union are now teaching children to abstain from alcoholics and narcotics, and my proposition is that the churches, both preachers and members, should rise at least to the secular level of the state legislatures on both these subjects.

A Word in Behalf of Little Girls.

"Mamma, can't I do this?"

"Oh, no, dear," in horrified accents.

"But, mamma, Tom does, and I want to. Why can't I, mamma?"

"Why, my dear, Tom is a boy. Little boys can do lots of things that it isn't nice for little girls to do, you know."

And this system, often begun in very infancy, is followed out till the girl grows up into womanhood, either accepting her trammels as a matter of course, or chafing vainly all the way along, envying her brothers cherishing a deep-seated grudge against old Dame Nature and having the thought which one girl at least expressed when she said:—"I fairly hate myself for having been born a girl!" Girls in heathen lands may well feel this, but when girls in enlightened Christian countries feel so something in their training is awry.

Now, while it is true that a large girl in many respects cannot do as a large boy does, and usually has no desire to, it is also equally true (with the exceptions admitted to all rules) that a little girl can do almost exactly what a little boy can and she usually wants to; and, further, if allowed to, she generally will do it. If mothers will guide instead of thwart this tendency, it will be vastly to the benefit of their girls and not at all to the injury of their boys. There would seem to be no good reason why the training and education of girls and of boys should not be essentially identical up to a certain age. Be not in too great a hurry to impose upon your little girl the burden of her sex. She comes into the world a little, happy, free human being, caring not at all whether she is a boy or girl so long as her divine and inalienable rights of food, love, and a good time generally are not denied to her. God gives her life; do not you, because she is a girl, curtail her liberty or forbid her the pursuit of happiness in her own and Nature's way. Things that are "nice" for a boy are "nice" for his sister while both are little children. Things that are "proper" for a healthy, active girl are usually just as proper for a healthy, active boy. It is a mistaken notion that certain roughnesses, a certain disregard of the proprieties, a certain boisterous liberty, may be allowed to our boys because they are boys, when they are not permissable to our girls.

Would we have our girls rough and boisterous, then? By no means. And just as little should we have our boys do so. But we would have our boys strong, athletic, fond of exercise; we would let them run and climb, and even shout, if the exuberance of their spirits demanded it—all in the proper time and place. We should not deny the same privileges to our girls, so far as their strength allows them to take them. Some forms of exercise, to be sure, such as jumping rope, running up and down stairs, and the like, are to be deprecated for girls. Many mothers and physicians think them not desirable for boys. But if a girl goes fishing with her brother, if she can walk as unweariedly, if she can climb a tree with as monkey-like facility, if she can drive a nail straight without detriment to her fingers, and has a Yankee dexterity with a jack-knife, if in shooting she does not have to aim behind her to hit something in front of her, then she is both a useful and a happy girl. She is laying up strength against the evil days to come, when so many women helplessly capitulate to their "nerves." She is keeping her brother in a purer and more refining companionship than any afforded by the rough village boys.

The Dairyman's Ten Commandments.

S B. Harris, formerly cheese instructor for the Dairy Associations of Eastern and Western Ontario, gives the following as the dairyman's ten commandments in his Cheese and Butter Maker's Handbook:

1. Thou shalt not abuse or worry thy cow—thou, nor thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy dog, nor the mischievous boy who driveth her up, but thou shalt at all times treat her with gentleness and allow no one to molest or make her afraid; for in the day that thou vexest her or sufferest her to be vexed there shall come a pestilence upon her, and it shall enter into her milk, and taint thy butter and thy cheese, so that it shall become a stench in the nostrils of the buyer and he shall turn away from thee with contempt.

2. Thou shalt not starve nor stint thy cow for food, nor give her poor, innutritious, or unwholesome food of any kind whatsoever, but an abundance of that which is palatable and good for her system, that she may keep in good flesh, have a smooth coat and a clear eye; for I have given her unto thee as an inheritance and a blessing and woe shall come upon him who offendeth against her, for his bank account shall wither away and become as nought, and he shall be a bankrupt in the land.

3. The water that thy cow drinketh shall be pure water—water that bubbleth up in crystal fountain or runneth in the brook or the swift river, or that which is drawn from the deep well, for if thou by sloth doth compel her to quench her thirst at mud holes and stagnant pools, there shall be a day overtake thee when thy goods shall be refused at the hands of the market man, and he shall set his mark upon thee, and will have no further dealings with thee.

4. Thou shalt give thy cows ample shade in summer and a warm shelter in winter; and the latter shall be kept clean and sweet, and be withal well ventilated; and thy cow shall have room for freedom of motion, a clean bed to lie on and opportunity for such out door exercise as she may desire, to the end that her blood shall freely circulate, that her muscles shall not deteriorate and become weak or stiffened, and that her digestion and appetite shall remain good.

5. When thou milkest her thou shalt lead her apart into a cool, quiet place, where there is nought to disturb her or make her afraid; and while she cheweth her cud thou shalt milk her after a fashion of cleanliness; thou shalt not sell or offer to sell as food for man her milk if she hath a calf of an age less than four days, or if she be struck with any plague like unto the horn distemper, or fever, or gorget, or any other disease, lest the magistrate summon thee to appear and answer before him.

6. Thou shalt be clean, for lo! it standeth as an everlasting truth that cleanliness is next to godliness; and if thou keep thy byres clean and thy milking vessels thoroughly washed and scalded and everything about thee neat and clean it shall become a mark of distinction unto thee, and thou shalt be favored before thy brethren, and shalt increase in possessions and honour.

7. Thou shalt cool and air thy milk as soon as drawn from the cow by using the best appliances at their command—not by putting cold water or ice into it, for that would be a violation of both the law and the commandments—but by bringing thy milk in contact with a cool surface above the freezing point, and exposing thy milk in thin sheets to a clean atmosphere, that it may become charged with oxygen, which has a wonderful virtue to prevent souring and tainting. It is shrewdly suspected by some of the prophets that airing milk is of more value than cooling it, and that experience showeth that stirring with a dipper has a preservative effect. Thou shalt confine thy milk in a covered can as short a time as possible, and protect it from the rays of the sun and the hot atmosphere.

8. Thou shalt not water thy milk by mixing with it the contents of the spring, the well, the cistern, the brook, the watering trough, or other source of water supply; nor by feeding thy cow villainous slops, whey, or extremely succulent food, whereby the contents of thy milk-can shall be increased in quantity at the expense of the quality, with the view of cheating thy neighbor, for thou wilt thereby be cheating thine own soul and stand in constant danger of the penalty of the law.

9. Thou shalt not skim thy milk by taking off the cream that riseth in the can over night, that thou mayest have a little cream for coffee; nor by setting it in pans or other utensils over night; nor by saving strippings, nor by any other process—for if thine own sense of honesty does not restrain thee, thou shouldst constantly have the fear of the law and of the watchful eyes of thy neighbors before thee. It is better to save out a small mess of milk for thine own use.

10. Thou shalt not commit adultery by adulterating thy milk with burnt sugar, chalk, salt, soda, or any ingredient or compound whatsoever; nor by giving vile stuffs to thy cow; nor by any means, trick, device or process, known or unknown to be naturally depraved. The laws of the country, the health of the community, and the lives of the people, especially of the hosts of little ones who are likened unto the kingdom of heaven, cry out against this unpardonable sin.

Under the new dispensation I add the eleventh commandment:

11. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself and keep thy Sunday's milk at home for the purpose of making sweet butter for the use of thy family and that the cheese-maker and all who labor with him in the factory may rest, and worship according to the dictates of conscience, on every Sunday. Thereby shalt thou meet the requirements of the Scriptures and of the laws of the country, and prolong the lives and improve the morals of a large and constantly increasing class of useful citizens.

By faithfully observing these commandments, the dairyman shall keep a clear conscience, avoid annoying and expensive prosecutions, retain the respect of his neighbors, secure a competency of this world's goods, live a peaceful life and in his old age "approach the bed of death like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Looking for his Wife.

Some years ago one William Dickson and his wife were forced to quit their happy home in Harvey, York county, through want of means to obtain their daily bread. Dickson moved to Western Ontario, and his wife with her three children, George, Catharine and Isabella, fixed her abode at Lachine. At the time the canal was being widened, and Mrs. Dickson believed that by keeping a boarding-house where the many laborers at work for the government could obtain good bed and board she and her children would gain an honorable livelihood. This was consequently done, and business soon became prosperous. On the other hand affairs with her husband prospered very nicely, and now he finds himself the possessor of a neat little fortune. His happiness is only marred by the fact that he is unable to find any trace of his wife and children. He has written to the Chief of Police here who is making inquiries as to their whereabouts. She has left Lachine, and any information in connection with her present abode will be thankfully received.
—*Montreal Star.*

Which Way Will You Have Your Boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Two well-marked roads beyond do part, you know—
The mountain path—the straight and narrow way;
And the decline, where fogs and mists do play.
That fair young form, your boy, will tread but one;
He cannot travel both, nor travel none;
Just over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Your boy may travel fast or travel slow;
Yet travel must the way of peace and life,
Or else the way of sin and shame and strife.
The way where God is loved—where heart is pure,
Or path of lust that leads to ruin sure;
Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
You know he'll run for weal, or run for woe;
He'll find the path that leads to yon bright home,
Or find the road to death—the sinner's doom;
He'll find the fount where sin is washed away,
Or find his vileness grow more vile each day.
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
That fair and tender child you cherish so;
O, will you launch his bark on waters bright,
And bid him watch for heaven's beacon light?
Or have him guide his boat with wayward hand,
And eat and drink and sport with drunken band?
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Dear mother, say; 'Tis God who wants to know.
Our country opes a way that she should close,
Lets demons crush our boys with mortal blows,
For by a license law strong drink is sold
To fill our homes with death—her vaults with gold;
Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
The drunkard's swift descent far down below,
Where vile debauch deforms the fairest life,
Where man dishonors sister, mother, wife?
Or royal road where all who walk are blest?
Dear father, say, which way do you think best?
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Shall Jesus cleanse from sin—make white as snow?
Will you instruct his lips to temp'rance mild?
Or have his passions fired, his soul defiled?
He'll drink his wine, and quaff his demon bowl,
And run with speed unto his dreadful goal;
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go?
Beyond the clouds where crystal waters flow?
To sparkling seas—to thrones of glory bright—
To mansions where the Saviour is the light?
Or far down the slope of endless death—
To drunkard's grave—to prison house beneath?
For over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

Ex-Mayor Dunnett, of Belleville, has entered action for libel against Rev. E. W. Sibbald, of Christ Church, and three members of the Vestry, placing damages at $2,000.

Masked robbers murdered Express Messenger H. S. Nichols and robbed the express car of the Chicago & Rock Island west bound express train of between $20,000 and $30,000 early on Saturday morning near Joliet, Ill.

Donald Smith, of the Canada Pacific railroad, has just purchased a noted picture entitled "Communicants," by Jules Breton, at a sale in New York, for the sum of $45,000. This is said to be the largest sum ever paid for any modern painting.

The available coal of Alabama, collected into one lump, would be forty-five miles long by twenty-five miles wide by ten feet thick. A breaking off of 5,000 tons daily from the lump would leave a large part of it untouched at the expiration of 6,000 years.

Most of the late British Cabinet were smokers, and some, like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Richard Cross, strong smokers. Lord Carnarvon, too, was as good a judge of a prime cigar as even Lord Derby, who blows a dollar into thin air every time he lights a weed. The present Ministers, including the Premier, are mostly non-smokers.

It is surely refreshing to hear of a man who does not care for money, and wants only very little of it. Sam Jones, the southern revivalist, who is now trying to convert the Chicago people, claims to be that kind of a man. Committees are importuning him on every hand to make lecture engagements, but he is positively not in the lecture field. He is very earnest on this point. He is not working for money. "I have no use whatever for money; I have all the money I want. My needs are supplied bountifully. I get plenty to eat and plenty to wear. My family is comfortable and happy, and I can't see what on earth I would do with money if I had it. Why, money is a detestable nuisance; it is always in the way and I don't want it. A couple of hundred dollars in the bank is an abundance and is all I have. As long as a man has plenty for his wife and children and himself he ought to be contented. As far as money is concerned I wouldn't be bothered with it. I don't think the Lord sent me out into the world to make money, but he did send me out into the world to do good, and I am going to work for Him until I die. As far as my wife is concerned, my life is insured for $12,000, the interest on which, when I am gone, will be enough to keep her; and as for my children, I don't want to leave them $1. If they are of any account they won't need it; if they are no good money would be a curse to them. That is my doctrine."

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, etc.

The island of Arran, off the west coast of Scotland, is said to be so mild that palms and camellias thrive in the open air without injury in winter, although the latitude is that of the northern part of Labrador, on the continent.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

NATIONAL PILLS act promptly upon the Liver, regulate the Bowels, and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HORSE FOR SALE.
A LARGE BROWN HORSE. WILL BE sold cheap.
MILNE & CLUTE.

NOTICE.
APPLICATIONS for LICENSES
—FOR—
NORTH HASTINGS License District
FOR THE LICENSE YEAR 1886-87, BEGINNING 1st May, must be filed with the Inspector on or before the
1ST OF APRIL, 1886
Blank forms of Applications may be had of the Inspector at his Office, Madoc Village. For the Village of Stirling at Dr. Sprague's Office.
JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M. D.,
Chairman of the Board.
E. MOUNCEY,
Inspector, North Hastings.
Madoc, March 15th, 1886.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their only child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me from the bottom of their morning glass.

One Sunday, at our church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purpose, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance and the use of all alcoholic liquors. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what would be done. He had been to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious earnestness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing, clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all earnestness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was a scheme to unite the Church and State.

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed the green to the church. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off. In the corner was the tavern-keeper and around him a number of friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in till there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door and apparently wondering what would appear next. The parson stole in and took his seat behind the pillar in the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Twenmen finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general silness prevailed throughout the church. The men were unlike in appearance, one short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall, and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, pleasant smile, as he leisurely looked around upon his audience. But my childish interest was in the old man. His broad, deep chest, an unusual height, looked giant like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white; his brow deeply furrowed, and around his handsome mouth were lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless; his lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek, and there was a wide scar just above the right eye.

The younger man stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to say a prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address, at the conclusion of which upon any one to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery, and attacked the position of the speaker, and he answered him. I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movement as meddlesome fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society and injure business of respectable men.

The conclusion of his remarks the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan. While the pastor was speaking, the old man leaned forward and fixed his dark eyes upon him as if to catch every word. As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his big form towering above his fellows and his chest heaving as he breathed through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his full, dark eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church. He bent his gaze on the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for a moment. His brow flushed, and beneath his heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low, tremulous tone he commenced. There was a depth in that voice; a thrilling sweetness and pathos which riveted every heart in the church before a word had been uttered. My father's attention had become fixed upon the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. It can but briefly convey the substance of what the old man said, though the scene will live before me. He spoke after this fashion:

"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, but I trust I may call you my friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night that hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling voice the speaker continued: "O God, then who looked with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children I think there is a brass-serpent has been lifted up, upon which a drunkard may look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall give him back to honor and heaven—the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew why, a tear dropped on my hand, followed by others like rain-drops. The old man brushed his eye and continued:

"My friends, I have just heard that I am a fanatic. I am not, as God knows my own heart, and with tears in my eyes I have journeyed over a dark and tempestuous ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, kindred or home! I was not so once."

No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed tears in my father's eyes and no longer felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, I was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there are a blessed light of happiness and love. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more."

The old man seemed to look away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic.

"I once had a mother; with her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair an angel as ever smiled in an earthly home, her eyes were as mild as a summer's sky, and her heart as faithful and true as eye guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away the brightness, and her loving heart was wrung until it was broken. I once had a noble, beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he is yet living. I once had a babe, a sweet, mother's blossom, but the blands destroyed it, and it lieth with the One who loveth children. Do not be startled, friends, I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is light in my evening sky. A spirit-mother rejoices over this return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles on him who turns back to virtue and honor. The angel-child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowed touch of a tiny palm upon my cheek. My boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him out in the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God forgive me the ruin which I have brought on me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eyes. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strange emotion. But the old man went on:

"I was once a lunatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I so deeply wronged. I was a drunkard; from respectability and all that life had plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw her drooping form and pale cheek, and weary. I left her alone and the wrecks of her home-idols and rioted at the tavern. Her patience continued, yet she sent her child ren often went hungry. One New Year's night I returned to the hut where charity had given us a home, and I spurned my wife over the cold. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. Hot words followed, and the tears of my wife turned her eyes upon me, and tears fall ing down her pale cheeks; at this moment I had committed a bar-room. I urged some Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down, as I put the wild laugh, I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moan ringing with the blast and the sharp cry of her baby. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my eldest son, and matched him from his slumbers, and against his half awakening struggles opened the door and threw him out. In agony of fear he called me by a name I was not fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side pockets. I could not remove the frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil, as I was, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up; I have never since been able to forget the pictured upon a human face. He continued:

"It was morning when I woke, and the storm had ceased, and the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then I looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the door to the outside a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a full of something across the threshold, scaring the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep out the sight. It was—it—oh! God, how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice! The young mother had been so careful over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her per ish in the cold. She had placed her babe over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to to the white check. The fresh was white in its half open eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and I thought of that wife in the grave with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos, the old man concluded:

"I was arrested, and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke; was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no torture could equal those of my own bosom. O, God, as I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter a path which has been so dark and fearful for me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating.

The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father hesitated a moment and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him as he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink. A tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it! I would write my name 10,000 times in blood, if it would bring back my loved ones!"

My father wrote his name—Mortimer Hudson.

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again. His countenance alternately flushed with red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be; yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but this is the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, then reeled and exclaimed:

"My own injured boy!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other, till it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one.

There was weeping in that church, and many bewildered upon the streaming eyes around me.

"Let us thank God for this great blessing, that he has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and, kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.

The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loth to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught the grandchild on his knee, on an evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.

Service of Song.

If a nation may be made to drift into war by the influence of martial music, why may not the spirit of peace be generated and infused by the influence of sacred music and song?

The poet Lowell says one of His sweetest charities is music.

In our poorhouses there are old men and women, aged, hopeless, weary—long strangers to any gentle ministrations—in our prisons there are dull intellects and hearts hardened against open religious efforts; in our hospitals are suffering souls, worn down with pain, so weak, so near the world for which, alas! they have received no preparation—to all these sight be borne, on the wings of song, the words of life from Him who came "to preach the gospel to the poor and heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

A Christian song has this advantage over a sermon—that it touches the hearts of the hearer unawares, when he is not on the defensive against the gospel.

Specially successful may the hymn be if some helpful thought is repeated over and over as in the refrains of the choruses. The fastens on many a hearer and sings itself in his mind hours and days after it is heard.

Educate the hearts of the people by sacred music, and the heart will readily educate the head.

A New York naturalist has received from Madagascar the first black parrot ever brought to this country. The bird stands nearly fourteen inches in height and its plumage is a dense purple black.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

There was a painful silence as the regular weekly meeting was called to order, and it seemed as if something was about to happen. It was noticed that Elder Foote had a frightened look, while Samuel Shin, Whalebone Hawker and Old Man Davis moved about on their chairs as if to avoid tacks. By and by Brother Gardner said:

"Accordin' to de constitution of dis club, whoever shall remember fetch up an incline in dis demand a vote of de club on de question:—How wo or he we not lost confidence in de President? I now rose to inform you that Major Exclamation Harrison, an active member of our club, has demanded a vote on dat question. Dis club am de first time in de history of dis organisation dat such a vote has been demanded. Do de clerk read de rules."

Amidst the deepest silence the Secretary proceeded with his monotonous call, and of those who had been asked if they had or had not lost confidence in the President. The exception was the Major. When the result had been announced Brother Gardner said:

"My frens, some explanation seems to be demanded by dese proceedings. Three yars ago de Major begun borrowin' my hoe as' spade an' axe an' wheelbarrer. As time went on his family borrered sugar an' butter an' flour. As confidence increased, I was axed to lend de Major my Sunday bukes an' clothes, so dat he might appear well when he went out wooing. Dat wife never laid her head over her shawl an' breast-pin, whenever a funeral was to come off. De odder evenin' I was axed to lend de Major my hand an' de derahirt for himself and Mrs. Gardner's zebra hose for his wife, dey bein' bin invited to a dance somewhar. I did hesitate about to draw a line somewhar's, an' I drawed it dat night on undershirt an' stockings! He went away in a hurry, and he call for de wife which has jist bin taken am de result. I observe dat de Major am fresh in pursuin and prays he would like to state his side of de case.

"I hasn't got nuffin to say, 'cept dat I wish I hadn't done it," replied the Major in a low voice.

"Very well. Dis chair has no feelin's toward you. De meetin' will proceed wid de regular routine of bizzness."

THE HALIFAX BRANCH.

The Secretary announced the following communication from the Halifax branch:

BROTHER GARDNER—The annual meeting of the Amalgamated Whitewash Society took place in Uno Hall last night. The financial committee reported a deficit of eight cents, owing to dullness in the whitewash bustnoss. Uma had gone up two cents per gallon, while there was paid chiefly in old clothes and scraps, thus causing the above void in the exchequer. It was unanimously resolved to ask permission to affiliate with your club and respectfully ask you to bring the matter up at your next meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Spinach Deminss; Vice-President, Phineas Rams; Secretary and Treasurer, Johannes Thomas Bummerease; Orator, Cicero Climax; Guard, Amazing Paff.

A letter was read from Brother Kellum expressing regret that, on his last engagement at Rockhead, he would be absent from the meeting. The museum committee reported that during the past month several valuable acquisitions, among them two anthropolds, a chip taken from the Southern Cross, a copy of a rightous judgement given in the Hubbleery Court (rare) and several other curiosities equally valuable.

After considerable discussion it was decided that "the dude must go," Brothers England and Johnson dissenting. The committee being reported on fire, the meeting adjourned.

Yours in the bonds of color,

JOHANNES T. BUMMEREAUX.

On motion of Old Dabbish Smith the report was accepted and filed.

PASSED AWAY.

A communication from Memphis announced the fact that Sir Arthur Bascon, an honorary member of the club, had passed from earth away. His death was produced by lead poisoning, and he had laid down his life into him by a gentleman in the suburbs, who found Sir Arthur trying to unlock his smokehouse with a knife.

Samuel Shin moved that the usual resolution of sympathy for the family of the deceased be passed forwarded.

Stindig Watkins objected. If a member of the club fooled with other people's smokehouses, he must not only take the consequences, but may not expect of sympathy was a hollow mockery.

"De chair decides dat Brudder Watkins jist am well taken," said the President. "While it might be possible dat de late deceased was walkin' in his sleep, or dat he mistook dat smoke-house for an orfan asylum, de chair am sad he had got tired of chicken an' wanted to change fur bacon. We will hang an emblem of mournin' on de door-knob fur ten days an' let de case rest right dar."

REJECTED.

The chairman of the Committee on Applications reported that the following candidates had been rejected for the causes named.

Fred. J. B. Canterback, of Sacramonto; did not state in his application that he had served two years in State Prison; probably forgot it.

Elder Moses Standforth, of Indianapolis; concealing the fact that he had a wooden leg; might have overlooked the trifle, but appearances are against him.

January Outcome, of Findlay, O., did not mention his connection with a span of horses which resulted in withdrawing him from public life for five years; considerably troubled with loss of memory.

DISCHARGED.

The Chairman of the Committee on Misfortune Power announced that his committee had wrestled with the following charges, preferred against Cracker Gray Waite, an honorary member residing at Greenville, S. C.

1 Denying the fact that Christopher Columbus discovered America.

2 Practising as a doctor without having received a diploma.

3 Inquiring whether there was a city named Chicago in the United States.

4. Encouraging the sale of bogus hairdyes.

The committee had given the accused every opportunity to disprove the truth of the charges, but he had failed to do so. He therefore moved, and it was so ordered, "that the accused should not be allowed to vote, would recommend that his name be erased from the rolls.

The motion was carried.

The Chairman of the Committee on Relief reported

PERSONAL.

M. Gounod always writes with a huge goose-quill pen on large ruled sheets of paper.

Mr. Gladstone has reduced by about 25 per centum the rents of the farms on his Hawarden estate.

Prof. Storm Bull, a nephew of Ole Bull, is one of the Faculty of the Wisconsin University.

Sergeant Long, one of the survivors of the Greely Expedition, is now stationed at the Signal Service office in Philadelphia.

Mme. Gerster suffers from persistent insomnia, which has so worn out her system that two or three years will be needed to effect restoration.

Theodore Thomas has used his right arm so much in conducting his orchestra that he is said to be threatened with a new kind of paralysis.

Don Emilio Murnaga, the new Spanish Minister, has had an American training, having been educated at Georgetown College while his father was Secretary of the American Legation. His mother was a Russian.

Representative Mill of Texas is the fastest talker in Congress, delivering 215 words a minute. Evidently he is not one of "the mills of the gods," which are generally understood to grind slow and exceeding small.

A note from Paris announces that M. Pasteur has received from the Comte Lionel de Laubespin, first cousin of Lafayette, a gift of 10,000 francs to assist in founding a hospital for the treatment of persons bitten by mad dogs.

The Paris *Gaulios* publishes, "under reserve," the news that Jenny Lind, the celebrated Swedish singer, now 63 years of age, will shortly reappear in public. At the instance of her friends she has decided to give a series of concerts in London during the coming season.

Philip D. Armour, the Chicago millionaire, is at work in his office from 6:45 a.m. to 6 p.m. six days in the week, and goes to bed at 9 p.m. Asked how he succeeded in business, he said recently, "I always made it a principle when the Almighty wasn't on my side to get on His."

Mr. Walter Besant, a writer of small stories, who attempted two years ago in a small pamphlet entitled "The Art of Fiction" to teach authors how to write novels, now declares that there is no cookery in America, which is in opposition to the opinion of George Augustus Sala, who avers that the best dinners in the world are furnished in New York.

Charles Stewart Parnell may well make and unmake ministries. He is a lineal descendant in the fifteenth generation of Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick, famed in history as "the King-maker." It may also be observed that Mr. Parnell, Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Hartington are blood cousins, Parnell and Spencer being descendants in the seventh and Hartington in the eighth generation of John Mordaunt, Viscount Avalon.

General Lew Wallace tells with great gusto the story of a German who opened a beer saloon in Constantinople. Of course Mahometans do not drink strong liquor. But when they saw the foaming lager they said: "By the Beard of the Prophet! That does not look like wine. But by the way the g'aours drink it, it must be good. Let us try it!" They did try it; numerously; indeed, multitudinously. And General Wallace says the enterprising man from Vienna is making an independent fortune from good Mahometan patronage.

Manitoulin Island.

BY W. L. SMITH.

A good deal has been written of late in the daily papers concerning Northern Ontario; but in all these writings one very important section of the northern portion of this Province has been overlooked. And yet the section I refer to—the Island of Manitoulin—is deserving of more than passing notice, alike on account of its extent, present development, and future possibilities.

This Island is 95 miles long, with an average breadth of 25. It contains numerous streams and lakes, one of which, Lake Manitou, is 20 miles in length; and all these inland waters are plentifully supplied with fish.

There are eight organized municipalities on Manitoulin, thirty-five schools, some twenty churches and about the same number of post offices. The population of the Island is in the neighborhood of 8,000; there are about 10,000 horned cattle, 4,500 sheep, 5,000 hogs, and the assured value of property is about $1,000,000.

During the last season of navigation there was shipped from Manitowaning alone nearly 1,000 head of live stock (chiefly cattle), seven and a half tons hides, one ton of sheep-skins, one and three quarter tons mutton, seven and a half tons dressed beef, ten tons of butter, eleven tons pork, ninety tons of flour and feed, 3,000 dozen eggs, a large quantity of fish and other products.

Notwithstanding the present development which these facts indicate this is but a promise of what our Island home is capable of. Wheat has been grown here which compares favorably both in quantity and quality with any raised in Ontario. Our soil, however, is more particularly adapted to coarse grains and roots, Manitoulin potatoes being ahead of anything in this line I have ever seen.

As a field for stock raising, this Island can not be excelled. The rock is all limestone, and the grass, which grows abundantly on this formation, is unsurpassed for richness. This is shown by the fact that Manitoulin butter, when properly made and packed, always commands the highest market price; and by the further fact that grass-fed cattle are ready for the butcher a month earlier here than elsewhere.

A creamery or cheese factory established at Manitowaning would have the most promising future before it of any similar institution in Canada.

Young farmers with a capital of from one to three thousand dollars can start here under more favorable auspices than anywhere else in Ontario. Improved farms, with large clearance, and fair buildings, can be had for $10 to $15 per acre.

The Island is within twenty four hours' run of Toronto by rail and steamer in summer; and on the completion of the Algoma Mills branch of the C. P. R., which it is expected will be an accomplished fact next summer, we will have equally favorable connection with the outside world in winter.

Manitoulin offers an excellent opportunity to young farmers of moderate means, who wish to establish a home for themselves; it affords excellent openings for parties wishing to establish creameries or cheese factories; it guarantees excellent fishing, an unusually bracing atmosphere, and magnificent scenery for numerous visitors.

In conclusion, I have only to add that I will be most happy to furnish all possible information and assistance to any of these classes who wish it.

MANITOWANING, ONT.

The most forward women look the most backward on the street.

"Buffaloes are bred in Kansas," it is said. They are meat elsewhere.

Right and duty are like two palm-trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

A new fashionable dance is called the "button dance." Yes, we've seen it. The wife neglects to do the buttons, and the husband does the dancing.

A skeleton was unearthed the other day with a small copper coin under one hand. The remains of an editor, most likely, who tried to take his wealth along with him.

Every man at some period of his life is an egregious fool; but by a wise dispensation of Providence no man knows exactly when that time is.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

He gussed that the populace, having by this time accompanied the Khedival cortege as far as the gates of the Ras-el-Tin palace, or in other words, as far as they could go, would now be returning into the town, ripe for any species of mischief, and he knew that a considerable portion would come streaming back through the Place.

Acquainted with every in and out of the city, and consequently with narrow lanes that constituted short cuts by which he would be able to reach the Grand Square in half the time that the caleche would take to do so, no matter how fast it was driven, he rushed along as quickly as his bronzed naked legs (they were very swift ones) could carry him, and directly he gained the square began calling out at the top of a most powerful voice such disjointed sentences as:

"The English fleet is steaming in to take off the Khedive." "He has come to Alexandria to cast himself on the protection of his friends, the Feringhees and unbelievers." "The filthy swine eaters are coming to carry away our tyrant, and when they have got him their ironclads will shell the city and destroy the faithful and the mosques wherein we worship Allah and the one true prophet."

Such utterances as these were calculated to attract immediate attention, as well as to stir up the fiercest passions of the mob, by whom the Grand Square was by now at least a quarter filled.

The wily eunuch had not, however, yet had his full say. He had secured a hearing and surrounded himself with listeners, and this end being gained he at once came out with the pith of that which he had to communicate.

"What think you?' he went on, in accents of fiery scorn. "The Christian dogs are hastening to escape the fate that they have brought down upon the Faithful, who are to be fired at with shot and shell only because they want to govern themselves instead of being ruled and robbed by foreigners. They are running as rats run from a falling tower; but they would rob us still, even in their flight, and one will come along here presently, aye, and I see his carriage in the distance even now, who is running away with a beautiful Circassian damsel who is destined for the harem of the chosen of the people, the light of a darkened nation, the regenerator of the faith of Islam, the Khedive that is to be, the war minister, whose aga I am."

He told this lie every bit as coolly as though it had been the truth, and at mention of the audacious insult that had been offered by a Kappi and an unbeleiver to their idol of an hour (the greatest insult that can by any possibility be offered to a Mohammedan), his listeners grew as furious as fanatics could grow.

"We will take her from him. We will recover her for you to take back to your master. We will kill the Kaffir who has cast this dirt on our beards." These and many similar speeches broke from the lips of those whom the eunuch had stirred up to be his catspaws, and whilst they thus expressed themselves they grasped their clubs and knives ominously.

At this juncture an event occurred that was well calculated to increase their fury, an event which, though trivial in itself, has gone to make contemporary history, and is erroneously thought by many to have been the circumstance that previously led to the Arab uprising and the terrible massacres that followed.

Close to the spot where the eunuch was awakening the vilest passions of a small handful of natives for his own and his mistress's selfish and evil purposes, a drunken Maltese sailor, belonging to one of the ships in harbor, had taken upon himself to soundly trounce a native donkey boy for having cheated him in giving him his change.

In times of peace and quietude he might have lashed the youngster to his heart's content, and whether he had deserved it or not no notice would have been taken of the matter. Now, however, that the populace were so exasperated against Europeans, and were about in force, some of them very naturally rushed to their countryman's assistance, whereat the Maltese began to lay about him with his stick, calling loudly for help the while, and soon his cries brought (most unfortunately) a lot of his fellow countrymen to his assistance, who had also been drinking somewhat heavily in a neighboring cafe.

Finding that they could not bring their countrymen off without having recourse to something more than fists or sticks, these fellows had instant recourse to knives and pistols.

Half a dozen shots were fired by them, perhaps more to frighten than to hurt, but be that as it may, one, at least, of the natives fell dead, and the first blood being shed by a "tyrant and oppressor," as all Europeans were deemed, the fact had as quick and as deadly an effect as the applying of a lighted match to a train of gunpowder.

You might have imagined that in a single moment all those Arabs who until then had been crossing the square from one direction or the other, or standing in sullen or excited groups therein, had been changed into furious and malignant fiends.

The native whom the Maltese had killed was held up aloft as a rallying point by six bearers, who continued to yell out what had been done with him by "the dogs of Kaffirs" in such shrill accents that every word could be heard from one end of the immense square to the other, and the answering shout was "Down! Down!" as every Egyptian brandished his knife or bludgeon, determined to stab or brain all Europeans who came in their way.

Well would it have been for the Frankish shop keepers if, once having put up their shutters that morning, they had not taken them down again, under the false impression that the presence of the sovereign of Egypt and some thousands of additional soldiers in the place would frighten the mob into good behavior.

Into the glittering cafes, the tobacco shops, the hotels, the plate glass windowed emporiums of fashion, the banks, and in short, into every European establishment of this, the very heart of the European quarter, rushed the wild and infuriated fanatics, and their shrieks and groans and piteous cries for help might have been heard from within most of them, and whenever the murderous enthusiasts issued forth again, the clubs of at all events the great majority were bespattered with blood and brains, and in some instances their big sharp knives were blood dripping as well.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TORN ASUNDER—THE PRISONER OF THE EUNUCH.

Matters were at this pass when the caleche containing Frank Donelly and his wife, with Pat Monaghan stuck up as stiff as a ramrod on the box behind the driver, entered the square, but they were more than a third of the way through it ere either of them discovered the cause of the confusion and tumult which until then they had imagined to be occasioned by a boisterous rejoicing at the arrival in the town of the popular war minister.

It was Nellie who first exclaimed in terrified accents:

"Oh, Frank, it is murder that is being perpetrated. Those are screams of agony that are mingled with the shouts and cheers. Look! look! on further, over there by the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, they are running after and braining every European whom they can overtake. There, too, are some people being torn out of a carriage to be butchered. Oh, let us turn back or in another minute their fate will be ours."

Frank Donelly was about to issue the order, but it was already too late, for as he rose in the carriage the myrmidons of Osman Oglon, the Princess Zeeneh's aga, swarmed around it, prompted thereto by such whispered sentences as "That is the Feringhee, though he is disguised as an Egyptain." "A Kaffir ass attempting to escape in the skin of an Egyptian lion." "Have at him in the name of the prophet, and when he and his servant have been dragged out of the carriage, I will get into it and take the girl straight away to the harem of my lord and master, the saviour of Egypt and the chosen of the nation."

Thus up to the very moment of the attack had the wily eunuch worked both upon their anger and their gratitude, so that they surrounded and attacked the carriage with an excess of fury that convinced the young British officer that any attempt to parley with them would be worse than useless, and driven to desperation he tried to get at his revolver, bidding Pat to do the same and the driver to force his way along.

Instead of doing so, however, the Arab Jehu, all his sympathies being with his countrymen, made a clutch at Pat Monaghan's arm in order to prevent his getting at his shooting irons, and though the athletic Irishman would have shaken off his grasp in almost next to no time, he could not do so ere a bludgeon blow over his head knocked him off the box down under the wheels of the carriage, whilst his master, almost at the same instant firing his revolver at his foremost assailants, heard a faint snap, snap snap, without any report, which recalled the fact to his mind (with a thrill of horror at the conviction) that in his hurry he had forgotten to reload his weapon ere leaving the hotel.

It was too late to remedy the omission by drawing his sword, for ere it was half out of its scabbard a dozen swarthy hands had seized upon his arms, and their owners, by sheer force dragging him out of the carriage, would then and there have dispatched him had not a young Egyptian cavalry officer at that instant galloped up to the spot, exclaiming in Arabic:

"Hold, my brother. In killing the Feringhees you are dooming your beautiful city and perhaps your wives and little ones to destruction. His excellency the war minister requires all such for his prisoners, in order that by threatening to hang them in case a hostile shot is fired against the town he may deter the British ironclads from bombarding it. Perhaps in the end he will hang them all the same. We shall see."

Neither Nellie nor Orman Oglon heard half this speech, for the eunuch jumped into the carriage by one door as quickly as Frank Donelly was hauled out of it by the other, and grasping hold of the veiled bride, so that she could not spring from the vehicle to her husband's fate, as it was evidently her half-formed intention to do, he leant forward and said to the driver:

"To the Ras-el-Tin Palace as fast as your horses can tear along, and you shall be paid with much gold—aye, with a purse half full of gold."

Away they then went at a terrific pace, past the circular panel of the fountain, past the flowering carol trees on the one side and the shattered and rifled shops and magazines on the other, where groups of Arabs sat squatted on the broad pavement coolly dividing their spoils, whilst those whom they had butchered lay mangled corpses within the half open doors, and a few young girls even inside the plate glass windows, which they had been redressing (in honor of the court having arrived back) at the moment when the rioters had rushed in, and catching them unawares, beaten out their brains with their clubs.

Such and many another dreadful sight met her gaze, but she saw them all with her outward eye only, and without any terror whatever, for with the eye of the brain she still only beheld poor Pat Monaghan felled from off the box under the wheels and her husband of three hours dragged out of the carriage by a mob of seeming demons, who perhaps ere this had dispatched them both with a score of cruel blows and stabs, for she had been too excited and hysterical to take any comprehending heed of the arrival of the Egyptian cavalry officer upon the scene, or of what he said or did in the matter and even now she was more like a mad girl than a sane one, as well she might be.

Often she attempted to throw herself out of the carriage, not only because she anxiously courted the same fate which she imagined had befallen her husband, but also by reason that even in her present condition she recognized the hideous, insulting countenance of the eunuch plainly enough, and felt vaguely convinced in her heart of hearts that he was conducting her to a fate that to her refined mind and Western prejudices would be infinitely worse than a sudden and agonizing death.

But alas, there were none to help her. Osman Oglon sat grinning maliciously by her side, with one arm thrown around her waist, and a drawn stiletto grasped in his other hand with which he kept vowing he would kill her if she attempted to uncover her face or otherwise attract attention.

There were certainly plenty of Egyptian police about, but when upon passing the open door of a station house she beheld a few Europeans, who had apparently rushed there for safety and protection, being massacred by these men, and their bloody and disfigured corpses flung forth into the street for the wandering dogs to prey upon, she shrank with horror and loathing from such wretches, and felt even in her present condition thankful that she had not ventured to call to them for aid, whilst Osman Oglon seemed to read her thoughts.

But soon the once gay Place Mohemet Ali is left far behind, and then the governor's palace is flashed past on the right, and a momentary glance is caught of the blue Mediterranean and of Fort Pharos, with the tall, white lighthouse, all at the extremity of a narrow point of land that stretched far out into the sea like a tongue.

But it was soon lost sight of again, and then the caleche turning sharply to the left and presently passing the hospital on the one hand and the high walls and huge iron gates of the arsenal on the other, reached those of the Ras-el-Tin Palace.

The well-known form of the gigantic eunuch clad in the gorgeous livery of his agaship (uniform he would doubtless have called it) was so well known to the sentries at the gates that they did not even trouble to challenge the vehicle, but let it pass in without any seeming notice, though doubtless they wondered what female was being brought to the palace in a common hack caleche.

The stolid indifference that was written in the countenances of the soldiery appalled poor Nellie almost as much as the barbarities which she had previously witnessed, it looked to her so much as though they were accustomed to see helpless European girls pounced upon and brought to the palace in this manner, and she did not reflect that (as under momentary fear of Osman Oglon's dagger point) she was sitting quite still and also closely veiled, there was nothing about her to show them whether she was Christian or Moslem, or even whether she was yielding to force and threats or coming there of her own free will.

Neither did she know that ninety-nine out of every hundred Moslem girls would have thought it a great honor to be brought prisoners to the Khedival seraglio by the aga of eunuchs, and as great a disgrace to be taken away therefrom, even to become the one wife of an honest man.

The caleche containing our lovely heroine and newly made bride has now been driven through the winding pathways of a garden wherein the flowers and fruits of every tropical country under the sun bloom luxuriantly, and are interspersed with a hundred different varieties of blossoming trees, which joyously flourish with their roots in the water, their heads to the sun and myriads of singing birds nestling in their branches, until at last pink walls and golden, or at least gilded roofs, in company with windows innumerable, flashed upon her vision from between the green waving boughs of sycamores, acacias, fig, olive, palm, plum and carol trees, and she recognizes at a glance the famous palace of Ras-el-Tin.

But there are many winding and serpentine paths to be traversed still, bordered by beds of moss and pastures of flowers, and everywhere, in and out, about and around them are the little terra cotta channels of murmuring water, without which all their greenness and freshness would soon be scorched and withered; so that at last when the palace is really reached it is neither the front nor one of the side wings thereof that they are opposite to, but a portion thereof where the windows are few and far between, and defended with strong iron cross bars, as though they were those of a prison, whilst deep sunk in the thick wall Nellie observes a low arched door, painted in brilliant colors, and covered all over with deep cut and gilded Arabic characters.

Then, as her eyes rest on windows and on door by turns, she seems to see an imaginary fountain, throwing high into the air amber-hued waters, and the gleaming whiteness of bare necks and shoulders within the darkness of one of the deep-set windows, and Frank Donelly standing beside her in his bright court uniform, with the baleful opal ring glittering on his finger, and lastly her mother coming toward them to tear them asunder, and as this phantasmagoric vision vanished like a dissolving view, the painted door is opened and she sees standing in the aperture an unveiled woman with her face painted like a clown's.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN THE POWER OF THE PRINCESS ZEENEH.

The reader will have already recognized in the female who stood awaiting Nellie at the outer door of the Khedival seraglio Elmarr, the buffoon.

Osman Oglon got down out of the caleche, but never let go of Nellie whilst he did so.

No sooner were both his feet planted on the ground than he lifted his capitve out of the carriage as easily as though she had been a child, and then flinging to the Arab driver a purse, which from its clink seemed to be tolerably full, he grasped Nellie by an arm again and with gentle force led her in through the open door.

As it closed behind her the legend over the gates of a certain famous prison occurred to the poor girl's mind and she kept murmuring them again and again:

Abandon hope all ye who enter here!

And well might she at all events abandon hope, for the hideous looking female jester locked the door in their rear with one of the bunch of huge keys that dangled at her girdle, and then seizing her other arm, helped Osman Oglon to lead her along several almost pitch dark passages, and then up a staircase, at the top of which they came into the light again, and our lovely heroine found herself in a kind of spacious vestibule that was illumined by three windows and thinly scattered with mats and squares of Turkish carpets and piles of cushions.

On some of the mats Nellie saw half-naked black girls lying like nymphs carved out of ebony, for the negresses of the Soudan are of most perfect form in their early youth, though they get gross, sometimes elephantine, with increasing years.

But Nellie only cast a passing glance on these girls, for her attention was almost immediately attracted by the vast and heavy cloth of gold bullion fringed curtain that screened the whole of one side of the seeming vestibule, and by the two gigantic eunuchs with large and brawny limbs, and scarlet and white turbans and body cloths, who stood one on each side thereof, with pistols and daggers in their belts and great broad-bladed and naked scimitars grasped in their monstrous hands.

There was no more expression on their faces than if they had been carved from wood, nor would there have been, even if the most lovely girl in the seraglio had been stripped naked and lashed to death in their presence.

Osman Oglon made to these seeming statues a rapid sign, which remained unanswered. Perhaps, however, in this case as in others, silence and stillness gave consent, for without more ado the aga raised the centre of the curtain and passed thereunder, dragging Nellie after him, and she being closely followed in turn by Elmarr.

They now passed along corridor after corridor, having curtains on brass rods here and there at regular intervals, and which seemed to be the entrances to different chambers, in lieu of doors.

Sometimes a pretty little pair of yellow satin slippers or of red heeled shoes would be lying just outside one of these curtains, and Nellie remembered to have read that this was a sign that the lady within was engaged, and that even the Khedive himself did not dare to intrude upon her privacy in the face of such an intimation.

Behind some of the curtains music and singing could be heard, and in the rear of others voices raised in merriment or anger, but no weeping or other sound of sorrow came from any direction, and Elmarr, the buffoon, drew Nellie's attention to the fact and bluntly told her to make herself happy.

But our heroine made no answer, for she knew that all replies would be equally vain.

At length she reached a curtain of much richer material than the others, and above which were two or three Arabic words engraved in gold, and now Elmarr took the fair captive by a hand and Osman Oglon relinquished his grasp on her arm and raised the curtain for the two to pass under, which doing our unfortunate heroine found herself the next moment in a room that was furnished as usual with carpets and heaps of cushions only, and in the presence of a most beautiful but fierce-eyed woman, who was reclining in an attitude full of unstudied grace upon a divan, whilst a little negress, naked to the hips, stood behind her wielding a punkah and a fly flap in one, so that she cooled the air and dispersed the little buzzing tormentors at the same time.

The lady had evidently been smoking, for the little snakelike stem of her chibouque was still coiled around one of her shapely arms, but the pipe was out, or at all events seemed to be.

She threw down the flexible stem as she gazed upon her trembling visitor (prisoner would be the better word, perhaps), and said with lips that quivered with rage the while:

"So you are come. The last time that we met was, I think, in the Cairo theatre when I sent you a note which up to this moment has been unacknowledged, whilst the first time that we ever encountered each other was upon the Choubrah road, one evening after sunset, when you were too intently admiring a ring upon a gentleman's hand, or maybe the gentleman himself, to take much heed of me. Was it not so?"

The taunting speech and the sneer wherewith it was accompanied effected two things, for they aroused the English girl's indignation while they dispelled her fears.

"The gentleman whom I was with was an old friend, a fellow-countryman and my affianced husband. At present he is my husband, for we were married this morning."

The princess's magnificent and starlike eyes actually blazed with wrath at this announcement, but the baleful light seemed somewhat to die out of them as she replied in the French tongue, which she knew that neither Elmarr nor the negress could understand, but which she herself spoke even better than did her prisoner:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Imprint the beauties of authors upon your imagination, and their morals upon your hearts.

An exchange says: "Last week a stranger came to our town with a turned up nose and run down boots." A town with a turned up nose and run down boots cannot hope to become a great commercial centre.

HOUSEHOLD.

Table Linen.

There is a sort of fascination among most women for fine table linen, and its satiny lustre and graceful patterns are like pictures to the housewifely eyes. If it is beyond the housekeepers' means to possess fine, heavy damask, she can console herself by thinking of the havoc which the laundry men would make in it with his chemicals, soda and lime. If nice table linen can be carefully laundered at home, the possession of it is an enjoyment, and it may even pass through several stages of usefulness, before being put away for bandages, lint, etc.

Small patterned table linen wears best and shows darning less than that having showy designs, therefore it is more economical for every day use. When well worn such linen may be cut up for children's napkins, and portions too much worn for napkins may be made into cloths for wrapping round bread and cake; but be sure to hem them nicely or they will soon be spirited away among the rags, especially if within reach of "help."

Do not buy cheap thin table linen; it will wrinkle and soil easily and it would be wiser to economize in something else.

An under cover for the dining table of canton flannel or an old blanket will make table cloths last longer and appear of a better quality. Hand made hems should finish all table linen because they look more neat and iron better. Select pure white damask and seven eights napkins for dinner use; color is admissible in breakfast and tea cloths with five-eights napkins. Lunch cloths and napkins are fringed.

In repairing linen use ravellings of the same or a linen thread and here is an opportunity to display your skill as a needlewoman, for it is considered quite a fashionable accomplishment to be able to do such work well.

When rearranging the linen closet, wash the shelves and drawers with soap and water, then with alum water and lastly blow a little insect powder into all the crevices. Among the reserve stock of linen place little bags of dried rose leaves or sweet geranium leaves as your grandmothers used to place bunches of lavender and sweet clover among the home-made linen they stored away in the great chests with ponderous lids which served them in place of the modern linen closet.

Good Recipes.

POVERTY DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Do not mix hard, roll thin and cut in squares. To be eaten while warm.

GOLD CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Fruit may be added if liked.

SILVER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, the whites of three eggs, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with extract of lemon.

COOKIES.—One egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, one-third cup of butter, two thirds cup of sweet milk; use flour in which baking powder has been sifted (in the proportion of three teaspoonfuls to a quart of flour) until stiff enough to roll out. Caraway seed may be added if liked.

EMILY'S ROLL CAKE.—Two eggs, one-half cup of powdered sugar, two-thirds cup of flour in which a teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Watch closely while baking. Turn out on to a cloth spread with jelly what was the under side of the cake when in the pan and roll up at once.

INDIAN TOAST.—Make a toast gravy of one quart of milk thickened with a spoonful of flour or corn starch, adding a small lump of butter, a table spoonful of sugar and a little salt. Have ready in a deep dish several slices of light corn bread or brown bread toasted. Pour the gravy over them and serve hot.

Household Hints.

The best way to buy lamp-wicks is uncut at 3 cents per yard.

To ventilate and dry a damp cellar run a four-inch tin pipe from near the cellar floor into the pipe of the kitchen stove through a hole cut in the floor.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor, or cedar shavings.

Rub your black-walnut sewing machine, your tables, your cabinet organ, or any other piece of solid furniture you may have with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil, and you will quickly see an improvement; but keep it away from varnish.

To use stocking feet after they are past mending cut off within an inch or two of ankle and slip over your shoes when the walks about the yard are icy or the floor is cold. Saves putting on and fastening overshoes a great many times.

Sleeping with the head to the north, and physical and mental advantages to be derived therefrom, is a subject in which interest is being revived. A German physician of note was quoted many years ago as saying that he believed he had added at least a decade to his life, besides keeping his health perfect, by this practice.

Best way to prepare clothes for washing easily is to put a pailful of warm soft water into your tub, set in your washboard and soap clothes, one garment at a time, all over, giving extra soaping to extra dirty places; roll up each piece as fast as soaped, like damp clothes for ironing, and put into the warm water behind your board; let lie an hour, if done on washing-day morning, otherwise do it the evening before. Saves two-thirds the rubbing.

The Magazine Gun.

Twenty years have passed since Prussia, arming herself with the needle gun, marched against Austria, and overthrew her on the battlefield. Now, all the nations of Europe, as it by a common instinct, are seeking to supply themselves with a more formidable weapon than the single breech-loader, namely, the magazine or repeating rifle. Switzerland and Sweden some time ago furnished their troops with magazine guns. Within the last few weeks the British Admiralty has decided to distribute 3,000 Spencer-Lee magazine arms to the navy for experiment. France has gone still further in ordering the issue of a hundred Robin rifles to each infantry battalion. These rifles are a modification of the Gras pattern, and contain in a cylinder eight cartridges, which are moved into the barrel by a spring as needed. The Kropatschek repeater is already used in the French marine, as well as elsewhere. The Austro-Hungarian infantry is to be armed, at least in part, it is said, with the Mannlicher magazine rifle, unless some other shall be found more effective. On all sides the tendency is toward magazine guns; and while various practical objections to particular rifles come up, the ultimate triumph of the magazine arms seems clear.

A grocer calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in weight.

A photographer should always take the negative side of the question in a debate.

Advertising is a good deal like making love to a widow. It can't be overdone.

Lord Fife has deserted Gladstone, but it doesn't matter. The g. o. m. doesn't need a tooter.

The only new thing under the sun that we know of, is the blue patch on the seat of his pantaloons.

The selfish may have much wealth; but like the water of the sea, it quenches the thirst of none.

CAUGHT IN SNOW SLIDES.

The Wild Experiences of Letter Carriers in Western Mountains.

Mail carrying in the mountains is an occupation which men are not struggling very hard to obtain these days, and the postal authorities care little what politics a man is so long as he manifests a willingness to brave the terrors of the season. The avalanches of last few days have been more destructive than any known in recent years, and mail carriers, as well as freighters, miners, and prospectors, have become so thoroughly alarmed that it is with difficulty that they can be induced to take the risks of travel at all. Almost all of the mail carriers arriving here within the past week have had slides down the mountain sides that might rejoice the heart of a tobogganer, but which will answer for a life time so far as the actual victims are concerned.

A new man named Cherry was put on one of the routes lately in place of a carrier who had been injured by falling about 3,000 feet, with 200 or 400 tons of snow and ice, and as nothing was seen or heard of him it was supposed he had gone through. The other day a party of men who went out in search of some miners who were supposed to be in danger, saw an object up the mountain side, and after deciding that it was a man they undertook to get near him. As they came within hailing distance they saw that it was the mail carrier. He had secured a lodgment in the branches of a tree and was hanging on for dear life, although at that time he was nearly exhausted. One of the party asked:

"Are you hurt?"

"No," was the response.

"Then what's the matter?"

"Nothing, only I've got an almighty big scare on."

"What for?"

"Because I can't move without starting an avalanche. I've tried it forty times, and she begins to slip every time I move."

The men laughed a little at the comical features of the fellow's situation, but knowing too well the dangers of the snow, they tried to coax him down from the tree.

"It's no use," he said; "the moment I move I start a slide. More'n twenty of them have gone whooping by here in the last forty-eight hours. I never saw things hung on a hair trigger like this before. Don't you go to shaking anything now, or we'll all go down."

In reference to a question as to what he intended to do the carrier said he didn't know, but he knew that he was not going to try to crawl out of that. "I ain't no cat," he continued, "and I tell you that a butterfly could do more mischief here now than a train of cars could anywhere else."

After a short consultation the men determined to get him, and one of them volunteered to creep down to him and give him a rope which was to be held by the others. Picking his way slowly over the snow, all the time warned by the mail carrier that he was bound to get the whole party murdered, the rescuer finally reached the trees, and after a good deal of persuasion induced the man to come down and make an effort to escape. The journey back was safely accomplished, and the postman, overjoyed at his good fortune, set out for Silverton with the determination of throwing up his job.

The mail carrier between Silverton and Ouray, Lum Patterson, arrived the other night, looking as though he had been used as a snow plough on a locomotive. He had been out in the whole of the last storm, during which more than five feet of snow fell in three days. He lost one of his shoes in a slide which came very near being his last, and would have been unable to proceed at all if he had not found a board from a wrecked shanty, with which he had improvised a very respectable snow shoe.

"I never saw the snow so touchy," he said, after he had been thawed out and had realized that the assembled crowd were anxious to hear some particulars of his trip. "I started half a dozen slides myself, and that's something that I don't often do. Besides these I saw and heard plenty of others. I'll bet a man who could yell loud could have brought down half the snow on the mountains. It seemed to hang just right, and the least movement would set it going. I got out of the way of a slide one afternoon in a pretty slick way. I heard it coming, and my first thought was that I was a goner, but just then it occurred to me that if I skipped straight ahead at right angles with the coming sweep I'd have a chance of getting out of its reach. It was all done in a minute. I gave a jump and another and another, and almost before I could breathe she came crashing by me. I believe it took the buttons off my coat tails, but if it didn't it was a great oversight. Nothing of that kind had ever happened to me before, and as soon as I could get my nerves settled I jumped up to take my bearings, when blamed if I didn't start another one which tangled me up in great shape, but which didn't last long or amount to much, as it soon run into the course of the other and let me out without doing much damage. It was in that one, though, that I lost my shoe."

Speaking about the miners who are passing the winter in their cabins along his trail Patterson said; "A good many of them are down at the bottom, I'm afraid, but I found one outfit who thought they had themselves insured against slides. They are in a very exposed place, and if they ever get agoing they'll think there's no end to it. When I came along the other day I stopped in awhile to rest and ask the boys if they wan't afraid of the slides. They just got up and took me up the mountain a ways, and pointed out a barricade that they had made. It consisted of logs well anchored, and about six feet high, joined in the shape of a V with the point up, and it's a pretty sharp point, too. 'Now,' says one of the boys, 'if a slide ever starts up above she's bound to go to pieces the minute she strikes this fortification and pass by on both sides of us.' I asked them if they had ever run foul of a snow slide, and they said no, and then I said I thought so, too. I guess I worried them a little, but they are satisfied, and I can't help it. But let me tell you, if a slide ever strikes that heap of timber it'll go end for end as quick as a wink, and the miners wont be a second behind the logs in getting to the bottom."

One of the mail carriers in the San Miguel district, George Winders, had a remarkable experience last week. He had been out in the great storm, and as nothing had been heard of him he was given up as lost. He got to Telluside the other night in a sadly disabled condition, made his report and said:

"I've got another mail carrier out here."

"Out where?" asked the Postmaster.

"Out in the sleigh that I came in with from Haskett's. Come and see him. Perhaps you know him."

Going out to the sleigh, the mail carrier threw off a blanket that covered the box, and there lay the skelton of a man with a mail sack strapped to it, the bones and the sack being covered with ice and snow. A large crowd assembled, and in response to their inquiries, Winders said:

"Just the other side of Haskett's I was struck by the edge of a tremendous avalanche and carried down with it. As soon as I could realize what had happened to me I found myself covered with snow, but, as luck would have it, I was able to fight my way out. When I had freed myself I saw what I supposed was my sack lying near me, and started to pick it up, when I found that it was frozen hard, and that something was attached to it. Just then I saw my own sack, and for a moment I was more dumfounded than I had been when the avalanche struck me. I got my own bag, and then I examined the other. As I pulled it out I found this skeleton, and that's all I know about it. It must have come down from above."

Nobody in the vicinity could recall the disappearance of a mail carrier, but it was decided that the remains were those of some poor fellow who must have met death in the line of duty during the great storms of two years ago. The sack, still intact, was sent to Denver.

A performance on the slack wire—Counting a billiard game.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"Called Back" has been translated into Spanish, and the edition is said to have had a large circulation.

Diphtheria is shown by official reports to have increased almost double in fatality during the past four or five years in England.

Two hundred and two lions have been killed in Algeria during the last twelve years. Also 1,214 panthers, 1,882 hyenas, 27,185 jackals.

The consumption of tea per capita in Great Britain for the year 1885 will be over five pounds, while that for this country is only 1.18 pounds.

A letter from Kimberley, South Africa, represents that no less than $5 000,000 is annually paid in that town alone in wages for diamond digging.

President Grevy only draws $5 000 each month of his monthly salary of $10,000, and lets the remainder draw interest in the Bank of France.

What with temples for cremation and burial urns for the ashes, French architects and designers are looking forward to fresh pastures for their decorative instincts.

There is an association in Paris whose object is to help drunkards home at night. If the patient is too far gone to give his address, the club cares for him till he can.

It has been found that under the vast tracts of sage brush in Nevada there is a rich, deep, loamy soil, which can be made wonderfully productive with a little irrigation.

Charles J. Santer of Dwyer, Ind., claims that there are but five madstones in the United States and that he owns one of them. He makes a profit of $1,500 a year off it.

A pound of bananas, it is said, contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is, in every sense, superior to the best wheaten bread.

Trappers in the towns of Western Massachusetts have been unusually busy this winter. Muskrat skins are worth from 25 to 35 cents in Springfield, and good fox skins sell for $1.

In the United States there are eighty-two factories engaged in the manufacture of glue, and they employ altogether about 2 000 hands. The value of the product is about $5,000,000 a year.

The Materia Medica of Chili requires 38 huge volumes, named Pan-Tso, to describe it. It presents 11,896 formulas, and includes over 1,900 substances of supposed medicinal value.

An experienced vocalist has, it is said, during fourteen years, cured any number of cases of obstinate cough by prescribing the free use of raw oysters as a diet. The remedy is easily tried.

A child at Pueblo, Col., died of scarlet fever and her clothes were thrown in a shed. Soon afterward a dog and a cat who had been playing with the clothes were taken with the same disease and died.

Sacramento boasted recently of a car horse which was so well acquainted with some of the regular patrons of the road that, when they were aboard the car, he would stop in front of their residences to let them off.

A tailoring firm in Boston are making a $3,000 overcoat for a well-known wealthy resident of that city. The exterior of the coat is of fine blue castor beaver cloth and the inside of the finest Russian sable fur skins.

The late King Ferdinand of Portugal left a collection, said to be "prodigious and perfectly marvelous," of the forbidden literature of Europe during the last thirty years. It includes books, pamphlets and prints.

German writers complain of a lack of interest among their own people in works of native writers, the consequence being small sales of their books, and the suggestion has been made that foreign literature be boycotted.

Connecticut has less than 1,000 miles of railway, but these carried last year seventeen and a half millions of passengers, of whom only twelve were injured. The passenger traffic of 1885 was almost 50 per cent. greater than that of 1884.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has received from the sales of his "History of Our Own Times" about $30,000. Had he been able to copyright the work in America it is estimated that he might have increased this sum to $80,000.

Progressive dinner parties are among the latest inventions for mixing people up. After each course everybody changes place in a sort of puss-in-the-corner fashion, so that a fellow may have half a dozen different partners during the dinner.

The Massachusetts courts have decided that $20 is the measure of damage for the bite of a dog. A Salem woman who was bitten twice got a verdict for $40, while her son, who was only bitten once, got half that amount.

A full third of the territory of the United States is a sheep pasture of the most favorable character. Texas represents the highest money value in sheep, and the most extensive ranches are there.

Nearly 80,000 copies of Miss Green's "Leavenworth Case" have been sold. The total sale of her writings is said to have been about 200 000 copies. For the greater number of these copies she received only two cents each. They were published in cheap form.

Mr. Froude says Mr. Ormsby's translation of "Don Quixote" "surpasses all previous translations." He predicts that it will pass through many editions. Not only is it to his mind the best English translation he has examined, but to ordinary readers it is the first that has made the book intelligible.

How Many Hours for Sleep?

There is an old saying that has frightened a great many people from taking the rest that nature demanded for them. "Nine hours are enough for a fool." They may be, and not too many for a wise man who feels that he needs them. Goethe, when performing his most prodigious literary feats, felt that he needed nine hours; what is better he took them. We presume it is conceded by all thoughtful persons that the brain in very young children, say 3 or 4 years of age, requires all of twelve hours in rest or sleep. This period is shortened gradually until at 14 years of age the boy is found to need only ten hours. When full grown and in a healthy condition the man may find a night of eight hours sufficient to repair the exhaustion of the day and new create him for the morrow. But if he discover that he needs more sleep he should take it. There is surely something wrong about him; perhaps a forgotten waste must be repaired. His sleep, evidently, has not been made up, and until it has and he can spring to his work with an exhilaration for it he should sensibly conclude to let his instinct control him and stay in bed.

The Criminality of a License.

The wonder of our age is that in this civilized community we can find men so stupefied with their selfishness as to assume and believe that crime can be regulated by being sanctioned by law as right, provided a money consideration is paid by the criminal.

If crime is sanctioned by selling a permission, what is to prevent anarchy except that the price be put so high that no permission can be obtained by the criminal? So long as he finds it pays a profit to buy the permission, the criminal will continue and make the business profitable to himself by doing all the damage he can for his own benefit; this is a logical conclusion, and the parties who take the criminal's money are certainly as inevitably responsible for the consequences of his crime as a matter of course.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. John Black, a Sophiasburg farmer, was thrown from his sleigh and killed in Picton on Saturday.

The roads are getting bare in many places, and very little, if any, more sleighing can be looked for this season.

Several young men in Belleville were fined under the new clause of the Ontario License Act for drinking liquor on Sunday.

A son of John Holgate, Sidney, took in mistake for medicine a heavy dose of carbolic acid with almost fatal results.

The warm, sunshiny days of this week indicate good maple sugar weather, and we expect to hear of large quantities being made.

A number of Menthol points placed in Parker & Butler's store windows the other day were reduced to a pointless mass by the heat of the sun.

The special services in the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Fish, are being largely attended, and great interest is taken in the work.

A number of persons from Hastings and Prince Edward counties are leaving this spring for Dakota, where they intend to make their future home.

A committee of Deseronto business men have been appointed to consider the advisability of agitating for the erection of a bridge across Bay Quinte at that point.

The large deputation from along the route of the Trent Valley Canal which waited on the Dominion Government last week succeeded in getting the promise that $350,000 would be placed in the estimates to continue the work of building the canal.

A deputation from the city of Belleville visited Ottawa last week to solicit aid for harbor improvements. They state that Sir Hector Langevin promised $15,000 or $20,000 this year towards permanent harbor improvements to prevent further damage from floods.

The Grand Trunk is now running special settlers' trains for the accommodation of parties wishing to go to Dakota, Minnesota and the northwestern states, also to Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest. The next trains are on the 23rd and 30th of March.

The case of Mrs. Priscilla Sharp against her husband, Mr. Wm. M. Sharp, for support was amicably settled last week by the parties consenting to live together again as man and wife. Both parties belong in the township of Rawdon, and had been separated for seven years.

Last week an eight-year-old daughter of Mr. A. R. Dougall, of Belleville, while playing with other children, had a sleigh jerked away from her, causing her to fall upon the back of her head. The concussion caused neuralgia of the brain, from which she died a few days after.

Horatio F. Hoskins, the bigamist committed for trial at Welland recently on a charge of bigamy, who formerly lived in Fredericksburg, is a nephew of the late Senator Benjamin Seymour, from whom he received as a gift the farm he occupied in Fredericksburg.—*Intelligencer*.

An illustrated lecture will be delivered by Rev. J. Robinson in the Baptist church, Stirling, on Tuesday evening next, March 23rd. Subject, "Sermons in Candles." To commence at 7:30. Tickets, 10 cents. The above lecture was first given by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and has been very popular in England.

Some time ago we sent out a lot of accounts to subscribers in arrears. A number promptly remitted what was due, but others have so far paid no attention to them. To such we would say that we must have the money *at once*, or we shall have to take other means to collect it. Kindly attend to this matter and save further trouble.

A correspondent sends us some further account of a certain dead beat referred to in these columns some time ago. He says that lately while on his way to Trenton he stopped a short time at Frankford, and victimized two particular friends to the tune of $1.50 each. We should think that by this time the d. b. was so well known as not to find more victims.

The *Trip Hammer*, a monthly magazine published by the employees of the Massey Manufacturing Co., has ceased to exist. The publishers issued thirteen numbers, and find their net loss $3.23, provided all accounts yet to be collected are good. From the above it will be seen there is lots of money in the newspaper business, and fortunes are made rapidly.

Madoc is making a move to get water works for the village from Bunker's Lake, three miles north west of the village. A survey has been made which shows the lake to have an elevation of 190 feet. A bountiful supply can be secured at a moderate cost. It is also said that an effort will be made to supply power for the grist mill during the dry season.

Mr. Harrison Stickle, of this village, is agent for a very useful little machine, a "Beefsteak Tenderer." They are just the things for making tough beef eatable, and there has been plenty of that on the market here for a good while past. We learn that Mr. Stickle has made a large number of sales. Those who have tried them highly recommend them.

A Canadian association has been formed at Denver, Colorado. It has been called into existence from the fact that every year hundreds of Canadians visit Colorado for their health. Most of these invalids feel like "strangers in a strange land," and some have died *alone* with no one to minister to their wants, or to see that their remains were decently cared for. The association has secured rooms at 294, 15th street, where a reading room has been fitted up and where all Canadians will be welcome.

PERSONAL.

Miss Minnie Donald, of Burn Brae, is visiting friends in Stirling.

Dr. Youker, of Belleville, was in the village on Wednesday last.

Master Willie McQuillin, of Wilson, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Conley.

Mr. Wilbert Mott, of Toronto, was in the village this week on a visit to his father, Mr. James Mott.

D. D. G. M. Longmore visited Stirling Masonic Lodge in his official capacity on Tuesday evening last.

Mr. and Mr. Thos. Weese have gone to Michigan on a visit. If they like the country they may possibly remove there.

Miss Henry, teacher of the second department in our public school, is ill, and consequently there was no school in her department for the past two days.

The Campbellford *Herald* of last week says:—"A case of more than ordinary interest to farmers and patrons of cheese factories was tried before Judge Benson at the Division Court here, on Thursday last, the plaintiff being Mr. James Irwin, of Seymour, and the defendants the Crow Bay Cheese Manufacturing Co., with Mr. Alex. Anderson as its President. The plaintiff is a shareholder of the Company, and some time ago he desired to leave the Crow Bay factory and become a patron of a new factory which had been built on his own farm. He offered to sell his stock to several parties, and had no difficulty in finding purchasers at $2.50 per share. Soon after the transaction he applied to the Secretary and to the President of the factory to register the transfer of the stock he had sold, but they objected on the ground that it was not in their power to do so. The parties who purchased the stock from Irwin also applied to these officials to have the transfer registered, but they both refused to allow the sale. At a subsequent meeting of the directors of the Company a By-law was passed forbidding the sale, and sustaining the decision of the President and Secretary; and the plaintiff affirms that his stock was said to have been forfeited. The plaintiff brought an action against the Company for damages, and judgment was given in his favour, the Court allowing him $10.00, as it was proved that the stock had depreciated in value since he made the sale, $1.00 per share. He had ten shares. He also retains his stock in the company. The Court held that though the Company might pass a by-law to regulate the sale of stock they could not prohibit its sale. There was a large number of dairymen present, who will no doubt be better instructed by the decision given in this case. A. L. Colville for the plaintiff and D. J. Lynch for the defendants."

Rural Mites.

And still the wood goes south and the lumber north, but if the snow continues to go, as it has this week, they will soon have to change the sleighs for wagons, for the ground is beginning to show through in a good many places on the gravel road.

The people of Bethel church are talking of buying more land and putting up an addition to the church. I do not know what the new part is to be used for, unless it is for those who come late, so they can have a service of their own and not come in and disturb the preacher and those who get out to church in time.

Mr. Daly, the well known tea peddler, passed through here this week, supplying his many customers.

Rev. Alex. Green, of Port Hope, preached in Bethel church last Sunday night.

Rev. Mr. Robinson is holding special services in the Baptist church this week.

Some of the farmers are getting ready to make sugar.

Rawdon Council.

TOWN HALL, March 1st, 1886.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Reeve handed in a petition signed by Philo White and twelve others asking a grant to build a bridge or repair the old one on the 2nd concession line, between Joseph B. Green's and Philo White's. Mr. Wilson moved, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that the Road Surveyor examine and report on the same. Carried.

Mr. Kingston introduced a By-law to raise by way of loan the sum of thirteen hundred dollars to enable the trustees of school section number eight to pay for a new school house they have erected. On motion it was referred to the Committee on By laws.

Mr. James Fox applied for a grant to repair a small bridge between lots number 12 and 13 in the fourth concession. On motion the Road Surveyor was ordered to examine the same and report.

Mr. Philo White made application to have the following parties united in one road beat, viz:—John W. Huffman, William Mills, W. H. Hubble, Thomas Carlisle, John Linn, Albert Linn, Oscar Merrick, Samuel A. Davis, Philo White, Henry Wescott, Joseph B. Green, Alexander Fox, Edward Scott, Daniel Wright and Neal McGilvary.

The application was laid over.

Council then adjourned for one hour.

On resuming the Council went into Committee on By-laws, Mr. Wilson in the chair.

The road masters, pound keepers and fence viewers were then appointed and names inserted in the by-law and also the by-law for the loan for S. S. No. 8 was read in Committee.

The By-laws were read in open Council, passed, signed, sealed and numbered.

Mr. Daniel Wootton (President of the Agricultural Society) made application for permission and authority to remove the fence enclosing the Town Hall property on the north and west sides and to otherwise improve said lot for show purposes.

Mr. Wilson moved, sec by Mr. Bateman, that the application be granted provided they leave the fence as good as they get it. Carried.

The auditors presented their report, which, on motion, was received.

Mr. Cook moved, sec. by Mr. Wilson, that the collectors time for returning his Roll, be extended until the first of May next. Carried.

On motion the following accounts were ordered to be paid.

Samuel McGee, for Seeley bridge	$35 00
Wm. Hurst, road work	10 00
Agricultural Society	25 00
Thomas Webb, for cedar	1 50
Auditors	24 00

Mr. Kingston moved, sec. by Mr. Wilson, that the Council adjourn until the first Monday in April. Carried.

G. D. WIGGINS, Clerk.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

Tuftsville Items.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

For some time there has been trouble at Tuftsville about selling liquor. The postmaster was fined in December last $40 and costs, and afterwards applied for a license, but the church people at Eggleton's opposed it and by petition not over one hundred names of ratepayers against it. Hence Mr. Tufts' spite at the church people. In January a number of charges were laid against him, but the inspector refused to act; hence silence is golden. The correspondent of last week spoke of people minding their business; and as we find there are some people who peep in windows and open letters, and peep in every place they can get a chance to, we think such as these are the ones that do not mind their business. And he speaks of the express agent as being a fine man; but he must keep away from his windows after dark, or he will be obliged to do as the station agent did. It was but a short time ago that the Eggleton church people had a tea meeting, and our good postmaster thought it would be a good time for an oyster supper, so he had it on the same night of the tea-meeting. That shows the goodness of a professor, one who runs an opposition to a church; and he said after the supper that there were thirty people and they had a lovely time, but we have been informed by good authority that he had four ladies and six men, so it is very plain to be seen that he can over-reach the mark.

I am sorry to ask you for so much space in your paper, but it would be a good thing to hear both sides.

OLD SOONER.

To Prevent Smut in Seed Wheat.

The Northwestern railroad has issued, through General Freight Agent McCullough, a little pamphlet of great interest to farmers, dealing with the question of smut in wheat, which has caused losses of thousands of dollars. Hitherto the smut was confined to the soft varieties of spring wheat, but it is now making its appearance in the Dakota or Fyfe wheat. It is stated that the smut can be stamped out by using a solution of blue vitriol, commonly known as bluestone. From one to two pounds of the vitriol are to be dissolved in a gallon of water. The seed wheat is placed in coarse bags holding from fifty to sixty pounds, tied loosely and placed in the pickle from five to ten minutes turned over often enough to allow every grain to be thoroughly soaked, and then lifted out and allowed to dry. It is stated that this treatment will infallibly dispose of smut and cause the wheat to grade much higher. Six pounds of vitriol will be sufficient for a ton of seed.

The Train Robbers Sentenced

The four young men implicated in the Grand Trunk train robbery were before the magistrate on Monday for sentence. Thos. McDonald and Stephen Cummins were the first to be called for sentence. Mr. Flint said there were two charges against them, both for stealing from the Grand Trunk railway. There was no distinction between their offence and burglary, but as they had not been before him at any previous time their sentence would be lighter than though they were old offenders, yet the sentence must be such as to prove a warning to others who might be tempted to like deeds. They were each given one year in the Central Prison, Toronto, for the first charge. Sentence in the second charge was suspended.

Wm. Haslip, the oldest one of the let and the man who concocted the plot to secure provisions with which to entertain his associates, was next arraigned. The magistrate said Haslip knew best why he refused to be a party to the execution of the robbery after he had planned it. Yet he did not hesitate to receive the stolen goods, and kept the largest portion. As there was but one charge against him and he was a married man, he would sentence him to the Central Prison for nine months.

Quite a commotion was caused in the female portion of the large audience at this juncture. They had crowded together in a corner to the right of the magistrate's bench, and were much affected at the passionate sobbings of Haslip's grey-haired mother, his wife and sister.

Upon order being somewhat restored, Eleazar Penny, charged with receiving stolen goods, was called up and sentenced to 90 days in the county gaol. His mother stood near and was much affected. Penny thanked the magistrate upon receiving his sentence. He evidently got a lighter penalty than he anticipated.

The opinion seemed to prevail that the sentences of all were light, but just, with the exception of that passed upon Haslip. He seemed equally as guilty as Cummins and McDonald.—*Intelligencer.*

Auction Sales.

On Wednesday, March 24th, on lot No. 3, in the 5th con. of Huntingdon, a lot of farm stock, implements etc., the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Archibald. Sale at 12.30. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Births.

In Sidney, on 16th inst., the wife of Henry Eggleton, of a son.

Stirling Markets.

Wheat, Fall, per bushel	$0 72	to	$0 75
Wheat, Spring, "	0 72	to	0 75
Barley, "	0 53	to	0 82
Rye, "	0 00	to	0 52
Oats, "	0 00	to	0 30
Peas, "	0 00	to	0 55
Potatoes, per bag	0 40	to	0 50
Apples, per bag	0 40	to	0 60
Butter, per lb.	0 17	to	0 20
Eggs per doz.	0 00	to	0 18
Beans, per bush	0 00	to	1 25
Hay, per ton	8 00	to	8 50

The Toledo (Ohio) House of Refuge, valued at $40,000, was destroyed by fire on Saturday.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worm.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

AT DREWRY'S

GINGHAMS, In all the New Patterns, both Scotch and Canadian, sold all over at 12½c. and 15c. Drewry's price 8c.

SHIRTINGS. We sell at 8c worth 12½c., at 10c. worth 15c., at 12½c. you get the heaviest, best quality shirtings made.

COTTON TWEEDS, for overalls and working pants 16c. worth 25c. At 18c. you get 8-oz. cotton tweeds. The wholesale price is a good bit more. At 23c. we sell you the heaviest cotton tweed made. It weighs 10 oz. every yard.

TICKINGS, Just opened, worth 20c., Drewry's price 10c. Good Feather Ticking at 10c. is not too dear. At 15c. we give you the heaviest quality of 25c. ticking. We bought them at 48c. on the dollar.

5c. At 5c. we sell you all Linen roller Towelling, usually sold at 10c. You can also get nice steam looms, without any starch, at 5c., and we are still selling nice clean Cottons at 3½c. and 4½c. yard wide

AT DREWRY'S BON MARCHE, TRENTON.

N. B.---Watch for the Dress Goods Price List next week.

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant; keeps the scalp free from dandruff, and makes the hair flexible and glossy.

There are in Philadelphia eight female physicians who have an annual practice of about $20,000 each. There are twelve whose incomes average above $10,000 each, and there are twenty who earn over $5,000 each a year.

When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alternative is needed. This condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood, and impart energy to the system.

Seeds kept too long lose a portion of their vitality. Melons, however, when grown from fresh seed, are said to run to vine, while old seed gives more productive plants.

RAPID WORK.

"For two years I was troubled with dyspepsia—could neither labor nor find relief. Less than one bottle of B. B. B. relieved me—3 bottles cured me." So says John A. Rappell, of Farmerville. Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and all impurities of the system.

Some Japanese military officers have invented hemp boats, each of which is capable of carrying eight men, and can be folded up for transportation so as to occupy very little space.

AN OLD TIME FAVORITE.

There is no other remedy that has stood the test of time so long as has Hagyard's Yellow Oil for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, pains in the chest, colds, croup, sore throat, deafness and most painful affections.

George Jones, of the New York Times, who has been in the newspaper business for thirty-five years, says he has had from four to sixteen libel suits on hand at a time, and has never yet paid one cent damages.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.

"For ten years," says Jennie M. Harrett, of Wallaceburg, Ont., "I did not see a well day—was all broken down with dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh and debility. Three doctors abandoned hope for me, when Burdock Blood Bitters came to my rescue. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. I say this for the benefit of all suffering as I did."

"Everybody," remarks the Macon Telegraph, "is glad that Mr. Edison is married again. They want him to invent a method whereby the baby's midnight shrieks will be carried off on a wire to frighten away the cats on the roof."

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

If the system is properly cleansed by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Burdock Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will use Hagyard's Yellow Oil according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

WILL TAKE OATH TO THE FACT.

Edward Cousins, of Ranson, declares he was at one time nearly dead from the effects of a terrible cold and cough. He tried many remedies, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam was what cured him. He speaks in highest praise of it in other cases, and adds that he is willing to take oath to his statements.

AN OBSTINATE CASE.

"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Gorrie, Ont.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance, but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS LEEMINGTON. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

HOUSE AND LOT TO LET,

ON FRONT STREET WEST, STIRLING, a good new brick house, with barn and stable, and half an acre of ground. Will be let cheap. Apply to

DELBERT UTMAN.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTINGS

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.

T. G. GILLESPIE, Campbellford, Ont.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

FOSTER vs. FOSTER.

PURSUANT TO THE JUDGMENT OR partition order made herein, and dated the 17th day of February, 1886, and the directions of the local Master of this Court at Belleville, there will be sold, with the approbation of John Parker Thomas, Esq., local Master aforesaid, the following lands and premises, consisting of 4 parcels of land, and the same will be so offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the office of said local Master, in the Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 27th day of March, '86

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon. The lands are as follows:—

PARCEL NO. 1.—Being city lot No. 73, on the north side of Dundas Street, adjoining the Foster store upon the west side.

PARCEL NO. 2.—City lot No. 98, on the east side of Foster Avenue.

PARCEL NO. 3.—City Lot No. 80, on the west side of Foster Avenue, which lots are shown on a plan duly registered, made by John Emerson, P. L. S., of part of the City of Belleville, for Mr. Shubael Foster.

PARCEL NO. 4.—That very valuable farm known as "the Foster Homestead," being the north half of lot 11, in the 2nd concession of the Township of Huntingdon, 100 acres more or less, reserving and excepting thereout about 1 acre, used for the Town Hall site, and cheese factory at Moira. This farm is about 15 miles from Belleville, 9 from Stirling and 4 from Roslin or Thomasburg, with fine roads to these places, 2 orchards upon the place, with about 175 apple trees bearing. 2 story brick dwelling, fine out buildings, consisting of 3 barns, respectively 60x30, 45x30, 30x30, 16 foot posts. Spring Water runs into the buildings on the premises. The Moira Post Office, store, churches and cheese factory are close by or on this property. The properties above named will be sold free from encumbrances.

The several parcels will be sold subject to a reserve bid on each parcel, to be fixed by the Master.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The purchaser will pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money at the time of sale to plaintiff's solicitor, and the balance in a month thereafter, or sooner if buyer chooses. Possession of parcel 4 given when $1,000 of the purchase money is paid. Parcels 1, 2, 3, one quarter the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, remainder in a month. All other conditions to be the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, except as varied by aforesaid conditions.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Belleville, and to the plaintiff's solicitor.

J. PARKER THOMAS, Local Master, Belleville.

GEO. A. SKINNER, Plaintiff's Solicitor, McAnanny's Block,

Dated Belleville, Feb. 19, 1886.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 9, in 9th Con of SIDNEY.

No reasonable offer refused
If not sold at once will rent.

Apply to the Executors of the estate of

JOHN STEVENSON, Deceased,
NAPANEE, ONT.

160,000 FEET OF STOCK LUMBER

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT

J. BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD,

STIRLING, CONSISTING OF

Dry Flooring, 1x6, Red and White Pine.
Ditto, 1¼x7 & 8, Red and White Pine.
Sound Dry Plank, 2x10; 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18 feet.
Stock Boards, 1x10.
Scantling, 2x4, Dry or Green.

Good Terms will be made with builders for their full requirements of Lumber for the season of 1886.

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.
New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.
New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.
New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.
New Scotch Tweed Suitings.
New English & French Worsteds
New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

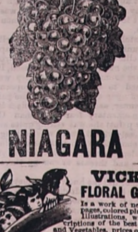
Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.



NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

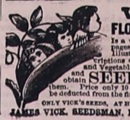
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.



VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

HARDWARE.

SEE OUR STOCK OF

AXES, COW CHAINS,
ROPE SCOOPS,
SHOVELS, WHIPS,
MANURE FORKS,
SLEIGH BELLS,
BUCKSKIN MITTS

HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS, OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS, NAILS,
IRON & STEEL.

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Grain Cracking!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at SPRINGBROOK, On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

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Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office, Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1886. | Vol. VII, No. 28.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE. 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

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ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - - Stirling
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.

6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD. 6

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve., March 25, '86
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room. P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of **TRENTON,** is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	......
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	......
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4.55 "
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn.	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	......
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	......
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM FOR SALE IN SIDNEY.

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE IN STIRLING

Timber and Lumber for Sale

Sixty acres land in the 8th Con. Sidney. Good House and Barn. Well fenced, and in good state of cultivation. Possession immediately, if required.

Brick House and Lot on Front Street, Stirling.

Grout House and about 2 acres Land on Marmora Road, Stirling.

A Lot of Timber and Lumber of an old Frame House and Barn for sale.

For Terms see

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,

AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

THE ARCADE!

Marmora Cash Store.

I would announce to the Public that I have commenced Business in the

VILLAGE OF MARMORA

WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,

AND

READY MADE CLOTHING,

Which I am determined to sell at as close prices as any house in the County.

THE BALANCE OF THE

BANKRUPT STOCK,

Of James Strutt, of Tyrone, to be cleared out at

SEVENTY FIVE CENTS on the Dollar.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1886.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

Undertaking!

Coffins and Shrouds in large Variety
Two Hearses,
Funerals Attended on Short Notice

Have just completed arrangements for embalming, and by this process the dead can be perfectly preserved for a length of time. Have also an improved cooling board, arranged in the best possible manner.

All orders left with me will receive prompt attention.

WILL MARTIN.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

"THOSE HORRID BLOTCHES,"

Pimples" are sure to disappear if you will purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled with pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin. External treatment afforded only temporary relief. Ayer's Sarsaparilla effected a complete cure."—Thos. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass.

Boils, and humors are the result of an impure and vitiated condition of the blood. They may be eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Robert Swain, Houston st., New York, says: "No alterative we possess equals Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for the cure of cutaneous affections, and for the treatment of scrofulous sores."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Sale by all Druggists.

The New Ontario License Law

The temperance workers of the Province of Ontario will be disappointed at the meagre result of all the agitation that has recently taken place on the subject of license law improvement, and the feeble response of the Ontario Government to the many earnest appeals that have been made in reference to this important matter.

Amendments have been made, it is true, but not on the lines which were most strongly urged by the many deputations that waited upon the Government. Outsiders will not be permitted into bar-rooms from seven o'clock on Saturday night to six o'clock on Monday morning; internal communication is forbidden between licensed premises and shops where other goods are sold; some provision is made against the indiscriminate sale by wholesalers of liquor to unlicensed retailers; and the penalties for unlicensed selling are made much heavier than before. Even in the matters named, however, the advance has been so small, and some of these improvements have been so limited by qualifying provisions, that they will really be of comparatively little effect, and, excepting the last, they are more than counter-balanced by the retrogressive legislation embodied in the same bill.

From the standpoint of the true temperance reformer the increase of license fees must be looked upon with regret. Any line of action that makes the liquor traffic more profitable to the community must necessarily increase the difficulty that the community will ultimately have in getting rid of that traffic. Some people believe in the nonsense talked about vested rights in licenses, and to such people there will be more vested right in a $300 license than in one that only costs one-half of that sum. The fact of his license being more expensive will impel the dealer to extra efforts in the line of making it more remunerative—that is, taxing the business heavily will make the men in the business push it more vigorously. Beyond all these considerations, there lies the fact that the licensing system is in itself a public wrong, a national disgrace, a political sin; the toleration of it for the sake of a license fee intensifies the sinfulness of the whole transaction, and the more money we make out of the sin, the more searing and degrading is the effect on the national conscience.

We would not be doing our duty if we did not call special attention to the fact that, while the Ontario Legislature has provided more severe penalties for the unlicensed liquor sellers, it has not increased the penalties for sale in prohibited hours, etc., by licensed dealers. Hereafter, by a license fee, men will not only buy the privilege of carrying on the liquor trade, but also the privilege of special exemption from punishment for violation of the liquor law.

The law also actually provides for the issue of more licenses than before. It puts these licenses at a higher price, and all its severity is expended upon the men who sell without licenses; that is, upon the trade which brings in no public revenue; and the Act is, as a whole, an Act for the raising of revenue and the promotion and protection of revenue-producing liquor-selling.

It is only a few years since the Provincial Secretary stated in the Local Legislature that the attitude of the Ontario Government towards the temperance question was a progressive attitude. We regret to have to call attention to the fact that a distinct departure has been made from the policy then enunciated. There has been a feeling in the community favorable to the Ontario Government, on account of its attitude towards temperance reform, and we deeply regret that the legislation referred to will tend more than anything that has yet occurred to weaken that confidence, and to impress the public with the idea that the Ontario Government cares a great deal more for revenue than it does for temperance reform.

The Scott Act will come into operation on the 1st of May, in a great many Ontario counties. In consequence, there will be a large falling off in the aggregate amount of the Provincial revenue from licenses, and, no doubt, the Ontario Government feels the necessity for some means of supplying the deficiency, but it must be remembered that when the Ontario electors voted for the Scott Act, they voted for the abolition of that revenue, thereby declaring their desire to have any needful revenue raised by some other system, and the strengthening of the license system, in so far as it still exists, and the making it more revenue-productive, is in defiance of, and antagonistic to, public opinion as emphatically expressed at the polls.

The Ontario Government did nobly, wisely, well, in coming honestly and honorably forward with avowal of intention to see the Scott Act enforced and to appoint officials with that object in view. It is a pity that one good act should be off-set by another bad one, and that there should be legislation of any kind for the fostering of the abominable licensing system.—*Canada Citizen.*

The Protection of Girls.

A recent libel suit against the *Globe* brings out in strong relief the very unsatisfactory state of the law as regards the protection of girls. As the law now stands girls are amply protected provided always that they are rich, while the working girl who has to leave home to earn her living, or the girl who is orphaned and poor is left by the law an open prey.

One George Tate, feeling aggrieved at some comments made on his case by the *Globe*, after his trial and acquittal on an indictment laid against him for abduction of Eva Kenny, a child of the age of sixteen, brought suit against that paper for $10,000, and the case, which was tried before Mr. Justice Galt and a special jury, at Brampton, last week, resulted in a prompt verdict in favor of the newspaper. It was not denied that Tate had seduced the girl, had communicated to her an infamous disease, had afterwards taken her to a house of ill-fame in Toronto, and left her there. At the trial in Toronto, where these facts were put in evidence, the defence was not entered upon, inasmuch as it was shown that in doing all this the man Tate would have been within his legal rights. The child was not under the age of twelve years, was not an heiress, was not taken out of the possession of her father, was not inveigled by false pretence to a house of ill-fame; and moreover the man Tate (or any one else for that matter) might betray the trust thus reposed in him by the child's parents with perfect impunity. In marked contrast with all this is the careful provision made by the Act 32-33 Vic., cap. 20, sec. 54, for the protection of the rich. Had Tate merely taken away, with evil intent, an heiress from her home in Toronto, with her consent, as he did the child Eva, and did nothing else to her but taken her away, he would have been guilty of felony if she were under twenty-one. In Eva's case, as already stated, it was admitted that he was within his rights. The public would like to know what the new Minister of Justice thinks of all this, and what he means to do about it.

There is another point that is worthy of notice. What can be thought of a law of libel that leaves a newspaper publisher open to libel suits at the instigation of such characters. Tate knew that he had no case; yet hoping to get some money out of the *Globe* by blackmail, he brings suit, and being penniless himself, with nothing to lose, the *Globe*, although getting a verdict in its favor, has all the costs to pay. It is [illegible] change was made and this blackmailing process put a stop to by compelling those who wish to enter libel suits to give security for costs.

The Loss of the Oregon.

Some Incidents of the Disaster.

From the most reliable accounts it is believed the schooner's bow had struck the steamer on the port side, just where the rear of the dining saloon meets the line of staterooms. It made a whole through the iron plates, which the captain says was six feet long by four feet wide. The schooner drew back, and then plunged forward again and bored another smaller hole. It was only a short distance from the first hole, but it was far enough away to pierce a second compartment and thus insure the destruction of the vessel. The first hole was in hold No. 3, and the second in the coal bunkers. No. 3 is the largest compartment in the ship, measuring 127 feet in length. This space will contain fully 3,000 tons of water, which, together with the engines and coal would be weight enough to sink the ship. A similar hole in the side of the Oregon cutting into any other compartment, Capt. Cottier said, would not have sunk the Oregon.

With some hours ahead before they could possibly be drowned, and with the coolness of the officers to reassure them, the passengers went below and dressed. The stewards set out tea, coffee and biscuits in the cabin, and the passengers were told to take what they wanted.

Capt. T. R. Huddleston, a cabin passenger, says that he awoke three hours after the accident, blackened his boots, dressed himself carefully and came out to breakfast. He then first learned of the collision.

The 100 firemen and stokers ran on deck, driven out by the water like rats from their holes. They saw the boat ready, and some made a rush for it, nearly filling it. Some of the passengers tried to follow them, but they pushed the passengers back. They were trying to lower the boat into the sea when Second Officer Hurd jumped in among them, and, seizing the rudder stick, beat them unmercifully over the heads and shoulders until he had driven them out.

An elderly lady showed remarkable presence of mind and some humor as some of the sailors were trying to get her into a lifeboat "Don't hurry me," she said. "There are lots of timid men; let them go first."

One boat was hurriedly leaving the Oregon before the boat was full, when Mr. William Sturges, putting his hand in his pocket, called to the people: "Come back and take a full load, or I'll shoot you." They returned, and the boats were filled, one of them so full that it nearly sank.

Capt. Cottier said that the Oregon would run for two or three ship's lengths before she would be in to answer her helm when running at full speed. As the Oregon was 500 feet long, she might run a quarter of a sea mile before changing her course. She would run that distance in two-thirds of a minute. It is absolutely certain that any object in her way would have to be sighted when at least one mile away in order to insure the safety of the ship. Even then the officer of the deck would have to move and speak quickly, for the ship would cover a mile in three minutes.

The officer in charge of the vessel at the time was a Mr. Matthews, a sailor of 25 years experience. He says:—"The instant I heard the crash I signalled the engineer to stop the engines, which was done at once. Then I turned to look for the schooner. The Oregon was obeying the helm and swinging around. I looked all around the horizon, but could see nothing of the schooner. I heard no noise, no shouts, nor talking among the schooner's men. No words were exchanged at any time between the two boats. Capt. Cottier heard the engine telegraph apparatus when I ordered the engines stopped, and he at once came up on deck and relieved me of the charge of the vessel. Next we heard the word being passed along that our ship was making water."

The following items go to make up the total losses as near as they can be estimated:

On Steamer	$1,250,000
Cargo	700,000
Passengers' baggage and personal property, with outfits of officers and crew	215,000
Coupons and bank bills	1,000,000
Total	$3,166,000

Looking Back.

In a recent sermon to women Sam Small said:—"How many of you can look back to-day to your girlhood home; look back at the face of your mother; that mother long since gone to her home in Heaven; how many of you can recall the saintly life of that mother, with her abiding reverence for her Saviour, and remember how she sought of her Lord every morning and night the directions for her daily life? How you look back over it now; and you seem to say that if ever there was an angel on earth it was your mother; and away down in your heart you feel that if you could only be as good a woman as your mother was you would ask no greater or higher blessing in this world. How many fashionable women in the secrecy of their own chambers, and after laying away their pearls and their diamonds, and have put away all the instrumentalities of their fashionable lives, and weary and heartsick will look back over the vacant hours of frivolity and exclaim, "I would give half of this money if I could just be like my mother was." How that memory of mother will cling to you! How many of the young ladies of the present day are being educated so and having such examples set before them, and in the succeeding decade or in the succeeding twenty years shall say "I wish I was like my mother was" in 1886 when she died and passed away from this earth How many mothers, professing Christianity, are to-day continually setting before their daughters an example of godliness and of true devotion and of devout trust in God that will be more precious than pearls and rubies in the days that are to come? Let us have all these things. Let us do all these things that the good Lord would have us do and let us go about it zealously, assiduously and determinedly for all the coming days of our lives. Let us remember this woman with the alabaster box.

A Sermon to Girls.

SAM JONES DENOUNCES DANCES AND GIVES SOME GOOD ADVICE.

CHICAGO, March 20.—Sam Jones closed his labors for the week with a sermon to girls only. There were over 4,500 present. Among other things Mr. Jones said, "Girls, watch your company. An angel from heaven could not keep some company that girls do in Chicago and not be corrupt. Pure, noble girls stand alone on this earth for beauty and glory. Boys go in bad company, but the hope of this land is in its pure girls." Mr Jones gave a long description and denunciation of the "perfumed young man," and described a class of the young ladies after a "spider-legged dude." "Some mothers," he said, "fix their daughters to be damned They insist on having little parties for their children. The little party is a big party in short clothes; then comes the big party, and then the hugging german. I want to have the grass growing on my grave when my daughters are attending germans. After the germans there is—what? I will not go further, but take the words of a prominent priest who says that at his confessional nineteen out of every twenty young women who have strayed described their fall from purity and virtue to the influence of the ballroom."

N[illegible], N. Y. A few days since an eagle attempted to carry off an eight-year-old boy. The eagle was beaten off by men who happened to be near.

They Don't Know Enough.

Our Provincial legislators have refused to allow women to vote and have done so avowedly with the object of preserving women's modesty, dignity and respect, and of preventing legislation distasteful to the male population; at the same time some anti-women-suffrage orators affirmed that women now have a great deal of political influence. To be consistent, they should certainly legislate to prevent women talking politics, canvassing in favor of the Scott Act, reading political newspapers, and in any way striving to improve our present legislative system. We have known instances in which Canadian politicians have delivered telling orations previously carefully written out by their wives, but of course these wives do not know enough to vote, and would be degraded by contact with politicians. The whole inconsistency of the position is well set out in the following incident recorded by Eli Perkins in one of his letters:—

"A very dirty, debased and ignorant-looking man came in to vote in a township in Michigan. 'I wish you would oblige us by voting this ticket,' said Susan B. Anthony, who was standing at the polls. 'What kind of a ticket is that?' asked the man. 'Why,' said Miss Anthony, 'you can see for yourself.' 'But I can't read,' he answered. 'What! can't you read the ballot that you have there in your hand, which you are about to vote?' exclaimed Miss Anthony. 'No,' said he, 'I can't read at all.' 'Well,' said the gifted lady' 'this ballot means that you are willing to let the women, as well as the men, vote.' 'Is that it?' he replied. 'Then I don't want it; the women don't know enough to vote.'"—*Canada Citizen*

Sam Jones on "The German."

(From Sam Jones' Sermon in Chicago.)

When a mother dresses her daughter up to go to a german to be hugged by every fellow that goes there, that mother is out of relation with God. (Applause.) A german is nothing more or less than hugging set to music (Great laughter) I like that fellow at the german who, when a girl told him to "Come on; let's dance a round dance—the german," said, "I am tired; let's just sit here and hug, and not get up; I'm tired." (Great Laughter.) When a girl was showing another fellow about the "grip" to dance the german, and she got his hands adjusted to the "grip" all right, she said, "Now proceed." And the fellow said, "That's as far as I have ever gone" (Great laughter.) And yet we will dress up our daughters and start them out to a place like that. God forgive us that we will help debauch our own daughters. ("Amen.") A gentleman went to an entertainment the other night, according to one of the papers, and a lady afterwards asked him how the ladies were dressed. He said he never looked under the table to see, but there was no dress above the table. (Laughter.) God pity us that we have gone to such depths as that. And some of you look just as innocent now, like you didn't know what that meant, and yet you fixed up your daughter for that very frolic may be. (Laughter) If you all don't want to hear plain talk you can just rush out whenever you get ready. (Laughter.) I am glad I never had such a mother-in-law as that to raise my wife. (Laughter.) And the pulpit is hushed on this question. No wonder the world is drifting to the Devil. You may call me obscene and vulgar, but I just talk about the actual things that happen every day, and, God helping me, I will build a wall around every pure woman in this country and I will say: "Girls, don't suffer any man on the face of this earth to touch your persons." "Hands off, hands off, sir. I am as pure as an angel." (Applause.) And the only way you can protect the virtue of this country is to let these men know who get up these entertainments: "You can't touch my person. I am as pure as an angel."

There are some places I wouldn't let my children go, and some places I wouldn't go. I heard of an entertainment in this city the other night where they piled a lot of them in a carriage and hauled them home drunk. (Dr. Burrows, "That is done frequently.") Better protect your children, mothers. It is time this country was calling a halt. How are you going to get your children right, when a mother will spend more time in making a masquerade than in prayer? O, my Saviour, wake up the mothers of this country and we will purify society and have it what it ought to be. What we want is some earnest mothers. When we get them we are going to be saved. You do things in this town that if I went home and told my people about they would say, "Sam, you ain't quit lying yet." (Laughter.) Let's quit this entertainment business. You haven't been happy ever since you went into it. Don't you know it is a source of misery to you? I never belonged to society in my life. They never would let me join it. I don't know whether it was because I was poor, or what I would tell them. I am glad of it. I don't want them to let one of my children in. If they do I will say good-bye for I never have known a reformed society woman in my life. I heard one say once she was a society woman and was partially reformed. They gather in bunches and ridicule every means of grace that God can bring to bear upon a soul.

Her Majesty's Jubilee.

LONDON, March 21—Her Majesty is expected to pass the season in London, and it is now definitely decided that the jubilee on the fiftieth anniversary in June, 1887, of her accession to the throne will be conducted on a scale of great magnificence. The corporation of London is arranging for a week of festivity on that occasion, in which to publicly welcome and entertain the hosts of visitors who are expected from the colonies, especially from Canada. There will be a grand exhibition of products and manufactures of all sections of her Majesty's dominions. One of the most impressive features of the jubilee will be a solemn special service of thanksgiving and praise at St. Paul's cathedral, in which all the dignitaries of the church will take part, the Lord Mayor of London being present in his official capacity. This will be followed by a season of gayety, including numerous grand balls at the Mansion House and other festivities. The event is expected to greatly stimulate trade and industry, not alone in the metropolis, but throughout England.

An Irish Landlord in America.

Six weeks ago the *Chicago Tribune* published an article on alien landlordism, showing that an Irishman named Wm. Scully, now residing in London, is proprietor of between 75,000 and 90,000 acres of the best farming land in Illinois. The writer of the article on visiting the Scully estate claimed that the lands were tilled by a wretched class of tenants from whom are exacted enormous rentals. Almost the entire proceeds from the sale of their crops went to pay the rents. Investigation was instituted and a tour of Kansas and Nebraska developed the information that the title to more than 100,000 acres of the choicest prairie lands in those states is vested in the name of Wm. Scully. The lease that binds the tenants is virtually a chattel mortgage, and all other claims against the tenants are shut out until Scully gets his rent.

A British Columbia paper, the *Victoria Colonist*, mentions a plank 9 feet wide and 20 feet long, without a knot or blemish of any kind, as "a fine sample of the timber wealth of the Province." It was sawn at the Moodyville mill, has been sent to the Colonial Exhibition, and another of 12 feet width will soon follow.

The British naval estimates which were passed last week in the House of Commons are the largest since the Crimean war. It is evident Britain still intends to rule the waves.

The volunteers' Northwest medals have arrived at Ottawa. It is said that it will yet be a good while before the presentation takes place, as the name of each recipient with his rank and corps will first have to be engraved on each medal. The engraving will be done at Ottawa.

A physician in Wing's Station writes to the *Medical Record* that a woman of that village, hardly past middle life, and now in good health, has given birth to twenty-five children. The same writer tells of three sisters in Northern Vermont who have respectively borne twenty-five, twenty-two and eighteen children.

The Governor-in-Council has repealed the previously existing law as to pickerel, bass and maskinonge, and substituted the following:—"In the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, no person shall fish for, catch, kill, buy, sell or possess any pickerel between the fifteenth day of May (both days inclusive) in each year, nor any bass or maskinonge between the fifteenth day of April and the fifteenth day of June (both days inclusive) in each year."

A correspondent writing from Smith's Falls says: "Having seen an item representing that there are in the state of Georgia six brothers who measure 38 feet 6 inches, and weigh each over 200 lbs., I submit the following as a production of Ontario, and of the County of Lanark, We have eight brothers here by the name of Coade, who measure in their socks 52 feet 4 inches, and weigh 1720 lbs., or an average of 215 lbs. each. The tallest is 6 feet 7 inches, and the shortest 6 feet 4 inches. The heaviest weighs 277 lbs, and the lightest 195."

Of the one hundred and one theories as to the cause of the loss of the Oregon, not one seems to be a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the disaster. Only the sworn report of an expert diver to the contrary will be accepted by very many as proof that the great holes in the side of the big steamship were not made by an explosion, perhaps of some infernal machine. One of the latest and most plausible theories is that the Oregon ran into the stern of a schooner sailing on nearly the same course as the steamer, hence the absence of lights on the schooner until the moment preceding the collision.

People in the States are already beginning to estimate on the next harvest, though it looks to us a good deal like counting chickens before they are hatched. A Rochester despatch dated March 20 says:—"Special reports from over 5,000 crop correspondents state that in general winter wheat has not had a set-back, and the crop has fairly commenced to grow. The season is a little more forward than 1885. Some spring wheat is sown in Nebraska and Dakota. Ploughing has commenced in Southeastern Kansas and Southern Illinois. With early indications for spring work and putting in crops, a favorable crop is indicated."

A UNIQUE CYCLOPEDIA.

An extremely valuable Cyclopedia, and of very great popular interest is ALDEN'S Cyclopedia of Universal Literature, Volume II. of which is just published. Novel in plan, and novel in form, at once beautiful and convenient, and at a price low even compared with Mr. ALDEN'S always low prices, this volume gives in its nearly 500 pages biographical sketches of one hundred and eleven prominent authors, with characteristic selections from their writings. The following authors, among others, appear in this volume: Audubon, St. Augustine, D'Auvergne, Bacon, Balzac, Bancroft, Banim, Barbauld, Beaumont, Beecher, (several of the name), Bentham, Bion, Bjornson, Black (William), Blackstone, Blessington (Countess of), and Boccaccio; thus representing nearly all ages and all nations even in this volume—American, English, French, German, Italian, Greek, Latin, Swedish, Portugese, Scotch, Dutch, Irish, Norwegian and Danish authors—from the period 280 B. C. to A. D. 1886. The literary and mechanical workmanship are both of a high order. The work is really one that ought to find a place in every home library; it offers a fund of entertainment and instruction that will prove well-nigh inexhaustible. The price, only 60 cents a volume, makes its possession possible even to nearly every school-boy. The work is published also in Parts of 160 pages each (exchangeable at any time for bound volumes), which are sent post-paid for 15 cents each. Every reader of this notice ought to get at least a specimen Part for examination. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

The April issue of THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE, containing its usual variety of current literature of the highest order, announces that with its next issue radical changes will take place. It will thereafter be published weekly instead of monthly. Without increase in price it will give an increased amount of valuable literature, and great gain in freshness and timeliness will be possible. The form of the page will be made somewhat smaller so that the numbers and the bound volumes, particularly, will be more convenient. A fact that is probably without precedent in the history of periodical literature is stated by the publisher, viz.: that it is necessary frequently to reprint large editions of the back volumes, running as far back as 1879. This is certainly a very extraordinary certificate of the high character of the Magazine. A most important addition to the attractions of the Magazine in its new form will be a literary review and news department, which will supply information concerning all that is new and of interest in the world of literature, freed from the vast amount of trivial matter and mere publishers' notices which commonly make up a large portion of the contents of literary journals:—In a word, this department is meant to be conducted distinctly in the interest of the READERS of books, instead of in the interests of the PUBLISHERS of books—which will certainly be a new departure in literary journalism. A specimen copy of the Magazine in its new form will be sent free to any applicant. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York City. P. O. Box 1227.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W. H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.

Also to rent, if not sold,

65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,

Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.

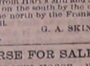
G. A. SKINNER,
Belleville

March 23, '86.

HORSE FOR SALE.

A LARGE BROWN HORSE. WILL BE sold cheap.

MILNE & CLUTE.



NOTICE.

APPLICATIONS for LICENSES

—FOR—

NORTH HASTINGS License District

FOR THE LICENSE YEAR 1886-87, BEGINNING 1st May, must be filed with the Inspector on or before the

1ST OF APRIL, 1886

Blank forms of Applications may be had of the Inspector at his Office, Madoc Village.

For the Village of Stirling at Dr. Sprague's Office.

JAMES S. SPRAGUE, M. D.,
Chairman of the Board.
E. MOUNCEY,
Inspector, North Hastings.

Madoc, March 15th, 1886.

Sealed Orders.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty,
Through evil and good report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the voyage long or short,
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

Our Baby and Temperance.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

In the discussion of great questions it is well to begin at the beginning, at fundamental facts and propositions. Temperance is one of the most important factors in our physical, financial and moral problems. In discussing the temperance question, if we begin at the baby we shall begin pretty well at the beginning. But what has the baby to do with temperance? While the baby is really a baby one can not create in it either temperance principles or prejudices. Let us look at the converse statement: One can create in the baby intemperate tastes and habits. We propose to show that before the baby's mind can receive any impression in regard to temperance, its body can receive a strong bias toward alcoholism. And this bias is often given ignorantly, no doubt, in temperance families. We desire here to make a plain, clear presentation of daily facts. We call in no aid of rhetoric or special pleading to re-enforce our case—the baby vs. alcohol. We are counsel for the plaintiff, and we rest the strength of our case on clear testimony.

Said a young mother to me one day, "I have just been to a lecture on 'The Care of Infants,' and I am frightened, horrified at my own practices."

"What is alarming in your practices?"

"The lecturer warned especially against the use of any alcoholic stimulants about the child, either externally. We were told that by administering alcohol to infants a tendency toward alcoholization could be produced. Now, my baby has always had alcohol in the water in which he was bathed, and every night he had a sling' before I put him to bed."

"And what induced you to begin such practices?"

"I knew nothing about babies. I had no mother to advise me. My monthly nurse began that way with baby. I supposed she knew what was exactly right, and I went on as she began. She is called very skillful. But from this day on, I shall banish all alcohols from the nursery. I suppose if I had mentioned my methods to other mothers, either they would have approved, as doing the same thing themselves, or they would have been silent, as not wishing to interfere with my affairs. In six months I may have seriously injured my child."

Careful investigation proves to me that especially in cities, the monthly nurse makes large use of alcohol in treating the baby. Let me take the case of one whom, *mea culpa*, I engaged for a young relative.

This nurse put a liberal portion of whisky into the water of the child's bath, "to keep the infant from taking cold." She wet the babe's flannel bandage with brandy, "to strengthen its stomach," and if it cried; she prepared a gin sling "to raise the wind." Each night she gave the little one a strong sling "to make it sleep." She did not think that the stipend of twelve dollars weekly paid her for being disturbed at night, and, in plain speech, she put the nursling asleep drunk every night. The consequence was that it was too heavily asleep to be roused to nurse, and the young mother, having a large supply of natural food for her babe, was at first incommoded, and then, after several nights, when her child could not be awakened to take its food, the consequence to the mother was seven weeks in bed with a "milk-leg." During this time the nurse got her eighty-four dollars, and continued to alcoholize the child. The infant became stupid, irritable while awake, and as its food did not digest, was troubled with wind and grew thin. Why did not the food digest? The stomach of the infant is so delicate that undiluted cow's milk is too strong for it, and if cow's milk is given, it must be prepared by water and sugar for the capacity of the sensitive organ which is to receive it. Into this delicate stomach, incapable of using clear milk, the nurse recklessly poured alcohol, if in varied strength and quantity but still alcohol; and as alcohol, poured on an oyster or an egg, will cook that oyster or egg, making it a hard mass, is it to be wondered at that it inflamed the baby's stomach and rendered it incapable of digesting food? This child's life was saved by putting it into the hands of a nurse who abolished the alcohol system in its behalf.

The giving of gin sling or whisky sling to infants for "colic" is very common. The immediate effect may be to dislodge a portion of wind from the stomach, but at the same time it provokes inflammation and indigestion, and creates flatulency. Instead of administering alcoholic remedies, the child should be relieved by rubbing, or by a careful use of mild, warm tea or sage, mint or other herb.

An infant who is dosed with alcohol soon shows a decided taste for the stimulant, relishes it, cries after it; is restless when deprived of its dram. Thus, in children, a fatal thirst for strong drink may be early developed. But not only may the alcohol mania be induced in our baby by feeding it with alcoholic potions, and by using alcohols for baths or compresses, but even much more dangerously by the medium of the mother or wet-nurse. Many women who are nursing an infant imagine that they must "keep up their strength and increase the flow of lacteal fluid by frequent use of beer, porter, ale, wine or toddy." Statistics of reformatories and homes for dipsomaniacs show that as high as half the cases of drunkenness among women arise from this baneful practice of nursing mothers. It is well known that the food and drink of the nurse pass quickly into the milk, so that medicines or unhealthy articles of diet have an effect on the nursling, even before the nurse is affected. When nurses use salt, alcoholic or fermented liquors these enter very quickly into the system of the child. The babe partaking of alcoholized milk falls heavily asleep—in other words, is drunk—and its health, its perspiration, its symptoms, indicate drunkenness. From the constant presence of this destructive, unnatural element in its food, the child of the drinking mother has not over three or four chances out of ten for its life. There is an enormous percentage of infant mortality among babes nursed by persons who use alcohol or malted liquors. Not only this, but, as has been amply proved, the vitiated milk awakes an abnormal craving in the infant. It shows a *horrible preference* for the alcoholic sustenance, receives it with avidity, and rejects with cries the heart that offers unadulterated natural food. Shocking as it appears, it is a plain statement of facts.

When a mother is so unfortunate as to be obliged to seek a wet-nurse for the baby, she should remember that a love of drink, dipsomania, is even more likely to be transmitted to the child by the nurse, than a tendency to scrofula, cancer or other physical diseases. From the drink-loving nurse the fatal inheritance of inebriety can come to the child of temperate parents. Among the most heartrending spectacles I have witnessed were the struggles, remorse, falls, shames, of a gifted young physician, child of a rigidly temperate family, who had unhappily committed his infancy to a drunken wet nurse. The love of liquor grew with his years; it maddened him; he was at war with himself; from his parents he had received temperate principles, and temperate examples and training; he loathed and despised alcoholization; from his nurse he had received a craving for drink and early habituation to alcohol; he longed for it; the alcohol taste was a consuming fire within him, and in the frenzy of this state he was often on the verge of suicide.

The baby should have a Nazarite babyhood. Wine and strong drink should not come near the child, and its mother or nurse should also be Nazarite on the wine and liquor question as Menoah's wife was warned to be. This segregating of the infant Israelite life, from all wine and strong drink in his babyhood, and also the observance of this law by his mother, is pertinent to this theme. The child was mercifully saved inherited tendencies or early habits drawing it to the foresworn strong drink. There was a time when physiologists would have said, "The liquor passes quickly and entirely out of the system; it can be used with impunity by the child before the time when its moral nature can be perverted by drink. The danger to the child is moral, not physical." This can no longer be pleaded. The danger to our baby is physical. True, the alcohol goes out of the system, but it leaves open doors behind it. While it is in the system it makes potent, lasting, disastrous changes. Banish, then, from the nursery every form or use of alcohol. The baby can not protest in its own behalf, but let the prescient heart of the mother protest for her little one, and let her use her instant, earnest endeavors to save herself from the woe of drunken children, by guarding her child from all contact with alcohol, not only while it lies in its cradle, but before she has seen its face.

THE ROGUES' RETREAT.

Judge Yates, the Peoria Absconder, and his Lady Love Stopping in Montreal.

A dispatch from Montreal says: The scandalous behavior of Judge Yates, of Peoria, Ill., who acted as curator to a rich widow of that place, has not been forgotten. A few weeks ago it transpired that he had squandered her fortune of $1,500,000 and absconded with all the cash he could lay his hands on, deserting his wife and family at Peoria. Since his absconding it has been discovered that he has also ruined a young lady of fortune of that place, who since his departure has not been seen and is supposed to have run away with the unrighteous Judge. Both of the runaways have been traced to this city. The young lady, who is described as being a fascinating creature, arrived here on Monday last on the train from the West. She traveled by herself, and informed those who spoke to her that she expected to meet a friend at the St. Lawrence Hall. When she arrived there with her baggage she was nervous and agitated to find that her friend was not there. She, however, took a room and registered as "Miss C——l, Chicago." After remaining there a few days she said she had succeeded in discovering her friend at the Windsor Hotel, to which she immediately removed, and where she has been residing for the last ten days. The Judge, from the description given, was also a guest at the same house until a few days ago, when he suddenly disappeared, probably owing to the presence in the city of several American detectives. The lady is well provided with funds and is richly and tastefully dressed. She knows no one in the city, and does not appear to care about making acquaintances. She says she is waiting the return of a friend.

A Wealthy Chinaman.

Hu-Tow-Tai, a great Chinese speculator, and probably the richest merchant in the empire, died recently at Hong Chow. His progress through life may have been as prosy and uninteresting as that of any other common millionaire, but his funeral was the longest and one of the grandest on record. At the head of the procession a number of coolies trudged along carrying little scraps of paper upon which short sentences full of wisdom and sound advice were traced in pencil. Then followed a crowd of lantern bearers, the lanterns fastened at the end of long bamboo canes. After them came a small army of musicians with gongs, symbols, and trumpets making a noise enough to scare the sulphur and the brimstone out of all the wicked spirits within range. Next came a few hundred little boys, each holding in his hand some weapon of strange form intended for the slaughter of evil-disposed devils. The bearers of the family tablets with the names of the ancestors of the deceased marched after the boys. Next in the procession, altars on wheels appeared loaded with choice fruit, the last one bearing the portrait of the deceased. After these altars, two groups of priests presented themselves, the first dressed in white robes richly embroidered, and the second in scarlet and yellow. Between these two groups there was a crowd bearing lanterns, flags, parasols, and fans, together with all sorts of queer things. The master of ceremonies rode on horseback, and was dressed from head to foot in white, the Chinese mourning. Behind him was a large white tent carried along by strong men, and in this the relatives concealed their woe. At last the coffin came in sight mounted on a magnificent hearse ornamented in the most gorgeous style, and borne along on the shoulders of twenty-five men. A large number of mandarins, dressed in their official robes, and carried in Japanese chairs, closed the procession.

Asphyxia in the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Paris despatch:—The supporters of the St. Gothard Tunnel are now taking advantage of some petty accidents to begin a bitter war against the defenders of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and we meet here, as everywhere, the everlasting struggle between two nations destined to oppose each other in every field. The truth is that the Lyons Railway Company is not bound to pass Mont Cenis. Its engines stop at Modane, and it is Italy which is bound by international treaties to work the railway between Bardonnechia and Modane.

Now, as for some time asphyxia and death under Mont Cenis have been spoken of, I have made careful inquiries. The Italian company has employed, in fact, Beugniot engines and a well-known fuel for the goods trains. Now these remain a long while in the tunnel, and it has twice happened that the railway officials accompanying them have suffered from serious symptoms of asphyxia in consequence of the character of the engines and the fuel used, and also in consequence of the casual state of the atmosphere, but the two sufferers promptly recovered on getting out of the tunnel. Immediate complaints, however, were made by the French company, and the Italian company changed both engine and fuel. Since this was done no inconvenience has been reported.

It should be added that these accidents have not occurred to the passenger trains. I have, during the last few days, spoken to a dozen travellers who had just traversed Mont Cenis, and all of them stated that, except the nervousness a few of them experienced in passing through a tunnel of such length, nothing occurred which could give rise to the slightest discomfort.

"A coat of paint," cried Mr. Dauber jocularly, speaking from the ladder, "is the only coat you can put on without buttons." "Yaas," replied the householder, dubiously, as he examined the work on the side of the house, "but I reckon you'll have to put the buttons on this one if you want it to stay on after it dries."

"Why are the works of a watch like the flowers that bloom in spring?" "Give it up." "Because they've nothing to do with the case."

THE FARM.

The Seed Potato Puzzle.

Of all the various causes which conspire to make the average yield of the potato crop so ridiculously low—eighty five bushels per acre, or thereabout—none has seemed to me more potent than the prevailing practice of light seeding, as advocated by many prominent agricultural writers. For a number of years I have made this matter a subject of often repeated tests, and tried by the publication of their results to persuade farmers to adopt a common-sense method of seeding. It pleases me to see so many coming to the support of the new method, among them also the New York Experiment Station (see "Whole Potatoes Best for Seed" in *Tribune*, January 20.) Doubtless, however, many advocates of heavy seeding may lead their followers into grave mistakes. The advice to plant whole or half potatoes must be hedged in by several "ifs." The would-be teachers either have not detected, or fail to point out, the decided difference, in the behaviour of dwarf (synonymous with early) and tall (synonymous with late) varieties. The all-sweeping claim that whole tubers are the best seed is all wrong.

"With early varieties," to quote from my little work on potatoes, written somewhat over a year ago, "we can hardly conceive of any combination of circumstances which might prevent a corresponding increase of yield from heavier seeding." In all my tests I have never found the yield of single eyes of dwarf potatoes, like Early Rose, Early Ohio, Early Sunrise, etc., to exceed 43 per cent. of the yield from good-sized tubers, except during last season, when a patch of Early Sunrise, planted six inches in the row with rows three feet apart, yielded at the following rate per acre: Single-eye planting, 250 bushels; whole tubers, 540 bushels; and this in spite of the fact that rich and well-tilled soil, a moist season and all other circumstances were particularly favorable to single eye planting. Many farmers, no doubt, will call a yield of 540 bushels of early potatoes per acre a very large yield. I considered it in some sense a failure and attributed it to late planting. Had the patch been planted two weeks earlier, that is, at our usual planting time, the yield would probably have been much larger.

Let me say now, most emphatically, that maximum crops of early patotoes can only be grown from full seeding, a whole large tuber being better than a small one, and this better than a still smaller piece. The heaviest seeding invariably gives the largest yield. With late, that is, tall-growing varieties, the matter assumes an altogether different aspect. An over-dose in seeding here may result in utter failure of crop. The use of whole large tubers for seed is safe only when planted on light, thin soils and in check rows. The richer the soil and the more vigorous (taller) the variety, the less seed must be used. Closer planting also requires smaller seed pieces. To regulate the proper quantity of seed, which will give the best results, is no easy matter and often may puzzle the expert, as the reason itself, which nobody thus far has been able to foretell, has a very decided influence upon the comparative yields from lighter or heavier seeding. For common farm soils, upon which the majority of our growers raise their crops of late potatoes, I should recommend to plant, as a minimum, one piece of fair sized tuber, which has been quartered lenghtwise, by cutting square through the seed end.

The quarters, weighing not more that one and one-half ounces each, are to be planted eighteen inches apart in rows three feet distant. If planted in check rows, three by three, twice that quantity of seed per hill is not too much. When American farmers generally adopt the common-sense system of planting a sufficiency of seed, as suggested by these remarks, the average yield of the crop—even without any other change in many of the antiquated or indifferent methods still so generally in vogue—will largely and certainly increase to the amounts approaching the capabilities of the soil. At present these yields are much less than the soil is able to produce. People who plant single-eye pieces have occasionally grown crops of 300 or 400 bushels to the acre. They report their "remarkable success" to the agricultural papers and speak enthusiastically of the single-eye planting. Had they planted half or whole potatoes instead of single-eyes, they would (as I infer from my experience) have had to report yields of 500 or 600 bushels and upward per acre. All tests should be comparative; if not, they are of no value.—[T. Greener.

Agricultural Items.

One spoonful coal-tar to a peck of seed corn will prevent crows from pulling up the corn.

A crop of mangels yielding forty-two tons of top and roots, thirty-three tons of the latter, has been grown at a cost of $1.60 per ton.

Children leave the farm, says Mr. J. J. Thomas, because it is not *attractive*. He suggests that less money be spent on buildings and more on grounds.

All experience goes to show that the farmer who has smooth land which can be cultivated by horse-power, and neglects to raise a root crop, fails to live up to his privileges.

A "root market" is a feature of many English market towns. Roots are brought in and sold in loads just as hay is brought into our markets. The annual root crop of England is enormous. It is a great help to her cattle interests.

Truck farmers near Savannah say that there will not be any early vegetables this year. Everything is or will be late. The January freeze and the subsequent cold snaps killed all of the vegetables that were growing and set the season back.

The partridges suffered severely in the recent sleet storm in Maine. Lumbermen and wood-choppers frequently come across the feathers of these birds beside the holes in the snow from which the foxes and other animals have dug them out to eat them.

Bisulphide of carbon is, in the opinion of M. Pasteur, the most efficacious of all antiseptics. It is also the cheapest, and, although offensive in point of odor, is capable of complete purification. Large quantities are used to check the ravages of phylloxera.

The chances for success in life are much greater for the boy who has grown up on the farm, and the industrious habits formed and the fact that his evenings were spent at home are what gives him the stamina which enables him to win in the battle of life.

According to a recent discussion, a grass in order to be most valuable for pasture must possess the following characteristics: Be well suited to the locality, both as to soil and climate; nutritious; palatable; capable of growing continuously, so as to constantly renew its foliage when cropped; endure the tramping of animals; be easily propagated.

Then and Now.

"The golden age of great Elizabeth" appears but bare and poor when contrasted with our own. Women servants were paid about three dollars a year, besides one dollar for clothing, and meat and drink. Most of the gentry gave their servants but one substantial meal each day.

The houses of farmers and mechanics were still, for the most part, huts, without chimneys; the smoke escaped by doors and windows, after it had well-nigh blinded the inmates. Even the great palaces, as the French ambassador reported, were without carpets, "the floors being strewed with rushes, which remain for months, receiving mud, bones and grease from the table, and filth of every kind, until the stench and vermin in these great houses are insupportable." The plague which raged in England in those days was due to the uncleanly condition of the houses.

Strada gives an account of the wedding of the son of Archbishop Parker to the daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, which contrasts oddly with the magnificence and cost of a marriage now in wealthy families in this country.

"The bride had with her as dower a gelding; for her apparel, ten pounds; of her own stock, twelve pounds; and of table-linen, one damask cloth and one towel, two pillow-bears, two long cushions, one silver salt and standing cup, and, when they rode to visit her mother, ten pounds in money."

Napkins and table-cloths were seldom used; forks were almost unknown. Even the dainty Lady Jane Gray made her breakfast on "swine-flesh and ale," cutting and tearing the meat by the aid of a knife and her fingers.

When we contrast this bare, life with the luxury of our own days, the countless appliances which science, art and wealth have brought from every quarter of the globe into a Canadian home, we are apt hastily to call ours the age of civilization.

Yet the genius of Shakespeare and the wisdom of Bacon grew out of that poor outward life; the finest flower of English literature blossomed in it; and men and women found in it a faith which sustained them triumphant at the stake.

"A man's life," says Holy Writ, "consisteth not in the abundance of things he possesseth." Boys or girls whose poverty in 1886 makes their life as bare as if they had been born in the age of Elizabeth, must keep in mind that decorated houses, soft clothing and dainty fare were not needed in those days to nurse poets, heroes, or martyrs into life.

Trouble in Shantytown.

"Top av the marnin' to yez, Mrs. O'Tool! An' is this yer day for resavvin', Oi'd know?"

"O-o-o-o! an' is that you, Mrs. Garrity! Sit down an' come in! An' it's glad Oi am to see yez! in lade it is! An' how are yez shtandin' the cloimate this weather?"

"Och! it's doyin' Oi am! Phwat wid puttin' an me Summer muslins en a Monday, an' thryin' to kape warm an top av a red hot shtove an a Chewsday, and thin boyin' oice av a Wednesday, it's kilt Oi am intoirely!"

"An' how's Dinnis, I'd know?"

"Dinnis is foinely; he's shtruck a job av wurrk over to the crematory an the Mount av Olives over forninst Williamsburg."

"An' phwat's he doin' there?"

"Milkin' cows an' makin' butther and chaze, I suppoge."

"An' phwat's ailin' the goat? Niver a wunst did he offer to run at me whin Oi kim in!"

"Och! he's bin atin' some doynimite catridges phwat they're after usin' down at the quarry, an' he's bin low in his moind an' sollum loike iver since."

"An' are yez givin' him anything to aise him loike?"

"It's afeard to mix dhrinks Oi am."

Och! spakin' av dhrinks remoinds me that ti-morrer is Washington's birthday!"

"An' Phwat are yez going to give him for a present?"

"Give who phwat?"

"Him as yez was spakin' av!"

"Oi don't be afther knowin' him! Howly mother! an' how long have yez been in the counthry that yez never heard av him phwat owns the big market down beyant?"

"Phwat markit?"

"Washington markit, to be sure! an nivver a—whooroor! there! Shtop atin' me cloak, ye baste!" And with that Mrs. Garrity gave the marauding goat a sounding kick in the ribs which was immediately followed by a terrific explosion.

* * * * * * *

After being placed in the ambulance, Mrs. O'Tool recovered enough to say, faintly:

"An' is that you there, Mrs. Garrity?"

"There is pieces av me here."

"An' yez will be afther payin' for the goat?"

"Indade an oi will not, an' oi will have yez up for kapin' dangerious wepins! Oi will!"

"Shut up in there!" shouted the ambulance surgeon, and then all was quiet on the Potomac.

So Close Together That They Broke the Vase.

"Who broke this vase?" asked Miss Fussin feather's father, as he entered the parlor one morning and found his daughter gathering up the pieces a of a majolica vase.

"George and I broke it between us last night," was the maiden's innocent reply.

"Broke it between you, did you? Well, next time he calls you better not sit so close."

And he left his daughter to ponder on what he meant.

She Wanted a Signal.

Ethelberta—I want a pair of slippers for pa. Number tens, please, and—squeaky.

Genial Shoemaker—Squeaky miss? I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind.

Ethelberta—I am so sorry. Couldn't you make him a squeaky pair? There is a certain young gentleman who visits me frequently, and—and it would be very convenient for him to know just when pa is coming.

GOOD ADVICE.

Mamma: IT IS VERY WRONG IN YOU, JOHNNY, TO QUARREL IN THIS WAY.

Johnny (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom): WELL, I GOT MAD AND HAD TO DO SOMETHING.

Mamma: BUT YOU SHOULD NOT LET YOUR TEMPER CARRY YOU AWAY IN THAT MANNER. I WILL TELL YOU A GOOD RULE: WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY ALWAYS COUNT TWENTY, BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness): YES, AND HE'D BETTER COUNT FORTY, BEFORE HE STRIKES A FELLOW THAT CAN LICK HIM.

GREAT BRITAIN.

BY H. M. H.

"Fired at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
. . . .
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined:
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great."

Thus wrote Goldsmith in 1764. A wanderer in a foreign land, his thoughts turned longingly toward home. The "sea-girt Isle," whose language had been to him a passport through the countries of the continent, was still the dearest spot on earth. His poetic soul overflowed with patriotic fervor as he sounded forth Britain's praises in the exquisite lines above quoted. But what was the Britain of 1764 compared with that of to-day. A century since the language was spoken by scarcely nine millions of people; at the present time over one hundred millions of the earth's inhabitants speak the English tongue.

Since the world began, and since the first nation was born, there has never existed an organic community so vast, so varied, so complex, so strangely constituted as the British Empire at the present moment. In what portion of the globe may not the ubiquitous Englishman or his equally omnipresent brother from Scotland, Ireland or Wales, be found? How worldwide and diversified are the interests which the government of Victoria guards and controls. In every zone and region of the "round world" her rule extends.

Shall I attempt to enumerate the countries over which her sceptre sways? In Europe —at home—she has her own "right little, tight little isles;" in Asia she owns India, Burmah, and Ceylon, not to mention Aden Hong Kong, and Socotra; in Africa she now holds one foot planted tentatively in Egypt, and the other firmly pressed down at the Cape; in America she starts at the north with our own Dominion—the fairest jewel of the Empire—and ends at the south with the Falkland Islands; in Australasia she rules alone the whole continent; Australia, New Zealand and New Guinea, are already hers, while Borneo is being rapidly subjugated. She has her own Siberia in the North-west Passage; in the tropics she has the West Indies, Southern India, Ceylon, and Singapore: in the temperate zone are Canada, New Zealand, the Cape and Australia. Every sea and ocean is studded with her island gems. They sparkle beneath the shimmering Aurora; they flash forth the rays of the temperate moon, and glow 'neath the "directer rays" of the tropical sun. In the German Ocean she holds the stranded rock of Heligoland; in the Mediterranean invulnerable Gibraltar rears its defiant head; Malta gives her one station on her road to India; Aden secures her the passage of the Red Sea. In the Indian Ocean she keeps Mauritius; In the China seas she retains Hong Kong, and the recently annexed Port Hamilton; crossing the Pacific she rests at Fiji; on the broad Atlantic her ironclads and vessels of trade coal securely at their ease at St. Helena and Ascension, at Bermuda and the Falklands. An empire so widely distributed, so pervasive, so territorial, so maritime, so universal, the world has never yet seen.

But the vastness of the extent of this organization is as nothing compared with its complexity, How infinitely diversified is the British subject in color, tongue and religion. I hope my readers will not be shocked when they are told that the vast majority o Her Majesty's subjects are heathen, and that the number of Mohammedan lieges really outnumbers the Christians. But such is really the fact, a result mainly due to the teeming population of India, among whose two hundred and fifty million inhabitants about one hundred and ninety millions are devout Hindoos, and over fifty millions are fanatical Islams.

The complexity and diversity of color, tongue and creed over which the Briton rules is in many instances almost grotesque, for, after all, the actual numerical force of Englishmen which holds in check and sways the mighty external empire of India, for instance, is something absolutely insignificant. It stands, as a recent writer has put it, to the total of the subject races in something like the same proportion as that which the British Isles bear to the entire area under the Queen's sovereignty. The surface of Britain itself—including Ireland—amounts in round numbers to no more than a hundred and twenty thousand square miles. The area of the entire empire amounts to nearly nine million square miles. In other words Britain rules a territory, roughly speaking, seventy-five times as great as itself. Another writer puts it this way: If you were to take seventy-five Englands, seventy-five Scotlands, seventy-five Waleses, and seventy-five Irelands, and stick them all together side by side, you would have an area just about equal to that of the whole existing British empire. In the same way it is probable that our British race, as a whole, the wide world over, amounts to, as we have said before, about a hundred millions of souls. But of these, more than half, or some fifty millions, live in the United States, and are therefore a distinctly separate political organization. The other portion of the race, which still remains British in name and allegiance, is crowded into the United Kingdom itself, with a population of about thirty-six millions. Between four and five millions inhabit the Dominion of Canada, and three millions live in Australia. Only about two million British altogether are therefore left to keep in check the vast subject population of two hundred and seventy millions in the various dependencies inhabited chiefly by black and colored races. India, in particular, with its two hundred and fifty million people, has a British-born population of only ninety thousand souls. In other words ninety thousand Englishmen form the whole ruling and directing force for a country as big as a eleven Englands, Irelands and Scotlands, and for a population more than six times as great as that of the whole United Kingdom.

Could anything more forcibly impress one with a sense of the greatness, the ubiquity, the all-pervading power of the English people? Go where you will, you meet forever the wonderful picture of a handful of intrusive Britons ruling by sheer force of mental and moral superiority over a countless horde of helpless black dependants.

Of the vast empire over which the beloved Victoria rules, our own fair Canada is at once the fairest and most favored of all the British possessions. Though nominally a portion of the great empire, we are yet practically independent. We have complete and absolute Home Rule, electing our own Parliament, which is responsible only to ourselves. The Governor-General is merely a figure-head, and can in no way effect our legislation. Yet we enjoy all the benefits which come to us as a part of the empire. Should occasion require the powerful navy of the Mother Country is at our command, and her armies would unite with our own to repel any enemy which would have the temerity to invade our shores.

A reflective Englishman, writing upon the responsibilities which must necessarily come to every thoughtful citizen of the nation thus called upon to watch over the varied destinies of so many, so great and, in many cases, so little known portions of the world, thus writes: "It is to be feared, however, that most of us nowadays, especially after dinner, when political subjects are usually broached—accept our private share in this terrible joint burden of government and administration in a very light, not to say frivolous spirit. We have all grown so accustomed to bearing the weight of half a world upon our shoulders that we bear it now almost without feeling it. Still, whether we recognise it or whether we disregard it, the fact of responsibility none the less remains. We are the citizens of no mean city, the arbitors of the destiny of a countless multitude. Our empire is at once the largest and the least consolidated ever known. It behoves all of us, therefore, to do our best to acquire a fair working idea of the component element which go to make it up in all its aspects. Most Englishmen, it is probable, do not adequately realize the comparative smallness of England herself and the comparative vastness of the immense territory over which she is called upon to watch and govern. The very width of our operations—fighting to-day in the Soudan, yesterday in Burmah, to-morrow in Afghanistan, or New Zealand, or Zululand, has so accustomed us to take everything with easy carelessness that we seldom nowadays seriously ask ourselves what land we are next going to invade or where lie the islands we are next to be driven by circumstances to annex. Familiarity has bred contempt; and the addition to our empire of two new countries, each, as large as France, during the last twelve months passes almost unnoticed in a country already provided with enough territory to cut up easily into another Europe."

TORONTO, ONT.

Winter in Canada.

BY JOHN WADDELL.

Many of the inhabitants of Great Britain imagine that the Dominion of Canada resembles the countries which border on the Arctic circle. That as a people our lot, compared with theirs, seems to be much less happy. They believe that Canada, taken as a whole, is almost entirely formed of mountains perpetually capped with snow and ice; that winter reigns during the greater part of the year; that the Canadians live in houses which have neither door nor chimney; that the fire is in the centre, and the smoke escapes through an aperture in front, by which they creep into the house upon their hands and knees; and, confined to their houses, hear nothing around them but the whistling of the wind, the roaring of the tempest, and the fierce howling of the wolves, driven by hunger to prowl for their prey near the habitation of man.

It is to be presumed that old country people are very thankful that they do not live in such a climate, where, as far as the eye can reach, extends one vast chain of icy mountains and immense deserts, covered with snow. Where, as they think, the cold is intense and the habitations miserable. Doubtless they appreciate the value of their own sea-girt isle and climate, where they fancy their condition is so much superior. Unquestionably their definition is not descriptive of either a Canadian home or a Canadian winter; however applicable it may be to countries near the Arctic circle. I think that the press, the nobility, and the commonalty of England may fairly be freed from the imputation of ignorance relative to their knowledge of our salubrious climate and resources, when the heir apparent to the throne of the British Empire is only able to recognize the Prime Minister of a great country like the Dominion of Canada by the appelation of Sir Thomas McDonald.

During the winter days in Canada we experience a continual succession of vicissitudes, flakes of snow, showers of rain, clouds and sunshine, storms and calms, quickly follow each other. Scarcely has the snow enveloped nature, when it vanishes from our view; and scarcely does the sun reveal his splendour, when he becomes obscured by dark clouds. During winter many days are dark, gloomy, and dull; but I presume storms and darkness are necessary, and comfortable to the laws of nature. For even the people of England cannot prevent the day from being darkened by clouds, or their happiness from being the sport of contingencies. When clouds have gathered thick in this Province, when the storm and the tempest have threatened, how rapidly has light been restored to the heavens, and gladness again smiled on the earth.

Though winter in Canada is apparently destitute of charms, we still have something to interest the feelings. How beautiful are the tops of the trees, hoary with frost! The hills and the valleys, reflecting the sunbeams, assume various tints, and delight the traveller with their novel appearance. How beautiful to see the white hills, the forest, and the groves all sparkling! What a delightful combination these objects present! Just look at the lofty trees bending beneath the dazzling burden! The surface of the earth appears one vast plain mantled in glittering white array.

Although we have lost the variety of charms which beautified the earth's surface in the fall of the year; here and there plants are seen to bear the rigours of a Canadian winter, and by their verdure relieve the sterility of the scene. The verdant evergreens form a dark shade; and the creeping ivy still winds round the mouldering battlements of the dilapidated Parliament buildings of Ontario, and defies the whistling wind and the storm's loud roar; it is only when dynamite cartridges are deposited under the pile, or when a supposed infernal machine finds its way into the interior apartments that the antiquated barracks exhibit signs of trepidation. The laurel blooms here as in other climes with verdure undiminished; and the lowly box looks green above the snow.

We often murmur at the rigours of our winters in Ontario, and envy those who know no vicissitude of season, but the keen air of winter, perhaps, renders our climate the most salubrious of any in the world. Contrast the languid appearance of the inhabitants living beneath a cloudless sun; the indolence which they necessarily endure; and how different is our lot from that of the shivering natives near the north pole! Here in winter the rays of the sun enliven our days and incite universal gayety. There the winter day is as dreary as the night, because the sun gives it no light. In this Province there is perfect security in cities, and highly cultivated agricultural districts, or in the backwoods of Canada whether reposing in bed, in shanty, mansion or palace, or indulging over a blazing log fire, or a coal hearth, we defy the rigours of the season; the charms of society also tend to soften its asperities, and the constant succession of day and night cheers and revives; but in the frozen regions the miserable huts form a poor shelter from the pitiless storm, and the wild savages of the woods and deserts keep the starved inhabitants in a state of constant alarm by the frequency of their horrific cries! and with them a perpetual winter reigns. Whilst we, particularly in Ontario, after a few stormy months, are visited by a season whose charms console us for for all that we have suffered, and amid the joy and harmony inspired by a vernal sun we forget the name of winter. Because the varied artificial flowers, portrayed by frost on the glass, has been effaced by the noon-day sun; and the spring becomes rich with flowers, which causes the seeds to expand, the herbs to bud, the trees to look lovely with foliage, beautiful with blossoms, and to pour forth, their riches in fruit of every kind to please the eye and gratify the taste, and clothes Canada in verdure which presents to the eye a beautiful field of attraction.

TORONTO, Ont.

Looking Backward.

BY LURLLA CLARK.

Look not back, but straight ahead;
Seek the living, not the dead;
Yesterday is thine no more,
Give regretful grievings o'er.

Greet to-day with purpose new;
Now—to-day—be good and true;
Linger not in fond delay
O'er the joys of yesterday.

Weep not o'er its follies past,
Only let them be thy last;
Learn the lesson that they teach,
And to tasks more worthy reach.

Let each failure, each mistake
Spur anew thy power to make
Failure victory; no regret
Ever gained a triumph yet.

Forward, hopeful, turn thy face;
Steps which thou canst not retrace
Leave behind, and choose to-day
For thy feet the better way.

Let thy life each moment be
So unselfish, sweet, and free,
That no haunting shade shall lie
On the thoughts of days gone by.

The "wife" was once the "weaver" of the family. She doesn't loom up in that way much nowadays.

HEALTH.

Pneumonia.

"I really cannot sit up any longer, sister. What will you do if I am very ill?" and Nora looked at me solicitously, as she lay shivering under four heavy blankets.

And I, too, thought, what could I do in case of serious illness? Five miles from any one, twelve miles from a physician, our prairie home not even ceiled, a fierce January storm raging, and we two women were the sole members of the household.

A sharp little cough, bright spots upon the cheeks, accompanied by a chill, were the symptoms—too well I knew them—the stifled cough sounded like a knell to me. Pneumonia had often, under favorable circumstances and the best medical treatment, proved fatal.

But Nora was my only sister, and I loved her. Though young, and an unexperienced nurse, I meant to do my utmost to save her from death.

Nora was very ill; in half an hour delirium had set in, and fever had increased.

I had no rubber hot water bag; the best I could do was to make one of new flannel, fill it with hops, and cover it lightly in a steamer over a pot of boiling water.

Over the chest and congested lungs I spread this hop application, covering closely with an oil cloth to protect the night-dress from the damp bag.

These I changed every fifteen minutes, and with much difficulty managed to give her a warm foot bath; then I filled two jugs with boiling water, and placed them in the bed.

Oh, for the face of our old physician, back in the dear old home, to look in at our humble door. Medicine was a scarce article in our house. I could not, dare not, leave Nora alone, lest she do herself a mischief. And then the drifting, blinding snow, made it impossible for me to walk five miles, to the nearest house, for help or counsel.

I had Jamaica ginger, which I gave her, diluted in hot water, in small doses, and frequently.

Another trouble sprang up; it took constant watching to keep Nora in bed.

The fever made her strong, and right lustily she sang:

"Flowers, lovely flowers, I gathered them fresh for you."

Then the fancy to go and gather them, seized her; with wildly tossing arms she endeavored to rid herself of the blankets, and rush out into the storm.

By main strength only could I keep her in bed until the fancy was forgotten.

The bitter, salt tears came into my eyes, in spite of my effort to be brave and smiling. She had the look of our dear, patient mother, who died from the effects of an acute attack of pneumonia.

Nora opened her eyes before I could brush away the tell-tale drops, and a frown rested upon her white forehead, as she reproved me for my ugly looks.

"Dear, dear how homely you look! Why are you so careless about your appearance? And to night is the time for our *fete champetre*."

We had left *fete champetres* and pleasurings behind us in the old home, and Nora was evidently living over, in delirium, those days.

I steeped a quantity of pennyroyal, and gave it frequently; its excellency in breaking up severe cases of cold, I had often tested, and I was fortunate in having a good aperient in the house.

Of course there was no appetite. I had little chance to prepare much. Toast-water, rice soup, oyster soup, made from Cove oysters, the juice of apples—home canned—and juice of cherries, currants, strawberries, and baked milk, were given in small quantities.

"Water—water—cold water! Ice!" was her constant cry.

Cracked ice relieved thirst. I could get it in great plenty—that was one blessing among so many discomforts.

All day, and that night, I watched beside her; so slowly the long hours ticked away that I could not have kept awake if it had not been for suspense and constant attention required.

In pneumonia the disease progresses rapidly—this I knew—in three, five, seven, or nine days, I should know the end. But could I hold out? Would my own strength permit me to keep well long enough to nurse Nora nine days?

Perhaps no one would come—three, yes, four weeks often passed, in the winter, without our seeing a human being.

"Halt!" said a monitor within me. "Save your strength for better things than climbing hills before you meet them!" and I obeyed immediately.

The right lung was congested badly, the left not so much, and I feared the consequences so much more when the right lung was involved.

The second day passed; the short cough was very troublesome, and the delirium was worse.

A violent blow from the fever-strengthened, clenched hand, upon my chest, almost disabled me.

At midnight the snow changed to rain, a fierce wind roared around our thin-walled, tiny, prairie home, and penetrated the many crevices and open places.

All that I could do to prevent a too sudden change in the temperature in the room, and protect Nora from draughts, was to hang comfortables and blankets about the wall.

At daybreak the cough ceased; a symptom I did not like, but I could only work, and hope for the best.

At noon the delirium left Nora, and the cough returned, though not constant or light; at nightfall she certainly was better, though I dared not relax my vigilance, lest she get cold from the draughts.

The third night was a long one to me. I was very, *very* tired and worn, but not for the universe would I have deserted my post at that turn of the disease.

The next morning, pale and weak, Nora smiled at me naturally; the expectorations were tinged with a brick dust color, the pain was all gone, but I feared to discontinue all treatment for at least a few hours.

Again the wind veered about, the rain changed to sleet, then snow, a genuine blizzard set in, again there was danger.

"Do be careful, Nora, I dare not change a blanket until you are stronger, and the weather settles," and she meekly obeyed my command. The fruit juices were very much relished and beneficial. The baked milk, excelled chicken broth, rice gruel, or invalid soups as a strength restorer.

I had no lemons for a lemonade, to make the tart drink she wanted so much. I gave her the juice of home canned strawberries, with lumps of ice in it.

A sunken place over the right lung and the mottled appearance of the flesh, the effects of the hop applications, frightened me, but in a few days the hollow filled out and the flesh assumed its rightful color.

The cough did not leave Nora speedily, not until I prepared for her a simple but effective remedy— one cup of pine tar, steeped in one cup vinegar, one cup pure Orleans molasses, steep in a warm place over night; one tablespoonful a dose.

The tar sank to the bottom and fresh vinegar with molasses was poured over it half a dozen times before the strength was extracted.

Through March Nora needed care, but April found her bright and well, with strength to help improve the claim taken by the "Canadian school ma'ams."

My chances for victory over the dread disease were few, my inexperience was against me, but Nora was worth all the suspense and mental suffering that was mine in that battle.

And to day I have great respect for the "yarbs" and simple remedies of ye olden time nurses, whose watchful eyes and careful hands brought health to "they who were sick."

Proper costumes for an elopement—A cut-away jacket.

There is many a silent, throbbing corn beats beneath a nice dress boot.

A husband should never judge the warmth of his wife's love by the coldness of her feet.

WINTER WRINKLES.

A friend indeed—The real estate agent.

But, Maria, I thought you despised Mr. Simpson. "So I do." "Then what did you marry him for?" "So that he would stay down town evenings and not hang around me all the time."

"Have you heard Miss Simpson sing since she returned from France?" "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She does not sing as much as she used to."

"Do you ever sweep under the bed?" Inquired the head of a family of her young domestic while examining the spare room. "Oh, yes, often. It's so much easier than a dustpan, you know," replied the servant.

"I didn't say, your honor," replied the witness, "that the prisoner was guilty of the law for the murder of his child, Mary Ann Nash, 6 years of age, on the 4th of last December. The prisoner was a widower with two children, but upon marrying for the second time, about eight months ago, he placed his daughter Mary in charge of Mrs. Goodwin, who lived in a suburb of Swansea. As he failed to pay for the child', keep Mrs. Goodwin sent for Nash to take her away, and on the 4th of December he called for his child and subsequently was seen walking down the Swansea extension pier, a stranger to Swansea's fast long running into the sea. Over this the sun was breaking at the time, and no one was on the pier except the prisoner and his daughter. Having reached the end of the structure he was seen by some sailors in a boat a few hundred yards from shore to deliberately throw his child into the water and watch until she was dashed to pieces against the rocks. The sailors gave the alarm and the man was arrested. At his trial on the Welsh circuit, before the Lord Chief Justice, the prisoner said that he put the child upon a rail to carry her to her back to carry her to town, when she slipped and the wind blew her into the sea, but as this explanation was directly contrary to the testimony of the witnesses he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Prior to his execution he confessed his guilt, and said that his second wife had made life with him on condition that she was not to be "bothered" with any stepchildren, and as he could not pay for the child's keep, he determined upon getting rid of her.

Times Have Changed, but Young Men Haven't.

"Now, Mary, I want you to stop keeping company with any young man. Why goodness sakes! just think of the idea of a young girl only sixteen years old a keepin' company! I'll not have it; and ye needn't set up a howlin' about it."

"Well, mother," said Mary, between sobs, "I think that's pretty hard on me, when I heard you telling Mrs. Combs that you ran off and got married when you was sixteen."

"Yes, but times then wasn't like they be nowadays. Then was romantic times, and it was the fashion then days to run off and get married young. People in high society like mo nearly all done that then; but now things is changed altogether, and the young men nowadays hain't a bit better than they was when I was a girl."

A Chinaman walked into the public school at Ellensburg, Oregon, the other day, with books and slate, and wished to be enrolled as a student. The teacher permitted him to stay until noon, and then the directors told him that the Chinese must go.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"We will find you another husband, ma cherie, when your year mourning is over. Feringhee unbelievers have been driven into the sea. Know you not that the conqueror hath undisputed right to all the goods and possessions of the conquered, including his wives, his daughters, his sisters, his mistresses, in short the whole of his mankind? Such is the custom of all Eastern nations, and it has been so throughout all ages. Your countrymen should not have come to us and so have made themselves answerable to our laws. Allah knows that they were unmitigated fools, like all the unhappy Egypt's plagues, but they will be soon got rid of, whilst you will remain behind."

"Rather would I perish then. Aye, a thousand times rather would I perish with them."

"Very probably; but you will not be allowed the option. Fate has decided that we both shall belong to the same man, but on account of my race I shall take precedence of you, and as Valide Khanoum, or head wife, be able to treat you as I please. You have a lovely white skin, I warn it, but though your flesh be as snow it shall feel the sole of my slipper none the less frequently, and sometimes with force you will feel it, only nothing of the kind. Why this one can cut a corsage three inches lower and do entirely without sleeves."

A boy placed a big apple on the front steps, and went across the street to see who would take it. A gentleman who had observed the action, said: "Why do you couldn't do that, my son. Some poor boy may be tempted to steal it." "That's what I'm fishing for, sir. I've hollowed out the inside and filled it with mustard."

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Why, dear child," said the questioner, "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

Angry Land Purchaser (to real estate agent): "You told me that the temperature in this part of the country would never age about 50° the year around, and here the thermometer is down to zero." *Real Estate Agent*: "Yes sir, you told me we would give me a horse who would throw a good Presbyterian minister?" "Well, I dunno, was he reply, "we believe in spreadin' the gospel!"

One day a publisher's errand boy brought up from the cellar a trap containing a large rat, just as a well-known author was wishing to look at one of Lytton's most popular novels, said to the new shopman, "I want to see 'What Will He Do With It?'" "Very well, miss," was the reply: "If you will walk to the back part of the shop and look out of the window you will see him drown it."

A well-known Baptist minister of a Western city relates that some time ago a convert was made of a somewhat ignorant girl, and at a prayer meeting shortly after asked her what she would do if she heard another girl reviling the Lord Jesus. Straightening herself up, she said: "If she was larger nor me I would tell her to shut up; but if she was smaller I would slap her right across the mouth."

Col. Sumptey McBride while in the city on a visit, read the advertisement of a clairvoyant in a morning paper. He went to the female fortune-teller to have his horoscope made. He cast horoscopes with dirty pack of cards, which she spread out on the table. "You will marry an unusually wealthy lady, and be very happy. Everything to your past, present, and future is an open book to me. I suppose you know everything about my future?" said Colonel. "Not only about your future, but about your past and present." "It's wonderful, incomprehensible. Good morning, madame." "Hold on there. A dollar, if you please," said the female, as he was holding out her hand. "Well, that is strange. You know everything about my past, present, and future, and you didn't even tell all my money with the clerk of the hotel before I started out to have my fortune told. It's wonderful, incomprehensible!" remarked the Colonel, as he passed out.

PAID THE LAST PENALTY.

A Laborer Hanged for Deliberately Drowning his Child.

At Cardiff, Thomas Nash, a laborer, 39 years of age, paid the last penalty of the law for the murder of his child, Mary Ann Nash, 6 years of age, on the 4th of last December. The prisoner was a widower with two children, but upon marrying for the second time, about eight months ago, he placed his daughter Mary in charge of Mrs. Goodwin, who lived in a suburb of Swansea sea. As he failed to pay for the child', keep Mrs. Goodwin sent for Nash to take her away, and on the 4th of December he called for his child and subsequently was seen walking down the Swansea extension pier, a stranger to Swansea's fast long running into the sea. Over this the sun was breaking at the time, and no one was on the pier except the prisoner and his daughter. Having reached the end of the structure he was seen by some sailors in a boat a few hundred yards from shore to deliberately throw his child into the water and watch until she was dashed to pieces against the rocks. The sailors gave the alarm and the man was arrested. At his trial on the Welsh circuit, before the Lord Chief Justice, the prisoner said that he put the child upon a rail to carry her to her back to carry her to town, when she slipped and the wind blew her into the sea, but as this explanation was directly contrary to the testimony of the witnesses he was found guilty and sentenced to death. Prior to his execution he confessed his guilt, and said that his second wife had made life with him on condition that she was not to be "bothered" with any stepchildren, and as he could not pay for the child's keep, he determined upon getting rid of her.

CHAPTER XLI.

FRANK DONELLY REARDS THE WAR MINISTER.

Left alone in her chamber, or rather her prison cell, poor Nellie gave way unreservedly to her grief, and for a long while she felt as if she should never recover.

She had come to the very natural conclusion that her young and gallant husband had been butchered by the mob, even as others had been butchered, his faithful servant sharing his fate; thus she felt that she was widowed, indeed—friendless, and in the captive of one who hated her with a fell malignity and gloated over the time when they would be the wife and mistress of one man, and she the concubine of another. Invested, through her higher position, with full power to persecute and torture her.

Nellie knew instinctively who that man was, for his personal attentions to her plainly that she felt that she could guess correctly.

He was Arabi Pasha, the war minister, and then it dawned upon her like a conviction that the wicked princess, failing through marriage to obtain her daring wish of emancipation from Mohammedan thraldom, and of dazzling with her beauty the fashionable circles of Paris and London, had resolved that at all events she would be the foremost woman in her native land; and, in order to become a Khedive's wife, had conspired against her own brother.

Hitherto, Nellie had feared for Frank, that the war minister loved her and only her, but she knew also that he loved his downtrodden country more, and she thought it probable that he would make any sacrifice or concession for its sake, took it even the form of a marriage with the present Khedive's sister, and the installing her as the head of his harem.

But, on the other hand, she could not as she thought that he would relinquish his claim over her, especially that he was now the de facto ruler of Egypt and could defy both Europe and the protest of Turkey.

Yet, if Providence did not especially interfere in his behalf she was convinced that she would sooner or later be the wife and mistress, and that he best his third wife, whilst the princess, who hated her so much, would be his Valide Khanoum, and so obtain the position to tyrannize over, insult and even punish her, from hour to hour and from day to day as long as she lived.

Nellie pondered, mourned and fretted over all these several things whilst seated on a pile of cushions at the little cross-barred window looking out at the blue and white gull sea, whose waves lapped the base of the wall that constituted that side of her prison cell, and upon the three enormous ironclads, flying the bright Union Jack of old England, which lay some little distance off, but with steam up and the yawning mouths of her huge cannon to all appearance pointed directly at the palace.

So near were they that she could even read the great gold letters upon their prows and make them out to be the Alexandra, the Sultan and the Superb, and whilst she pondered upon the sad fate of the ship's crew aboard one of them, and the strains, mellowed by being borne across water, reached her with a solemn distinctness, but with the result of drawing another flood of tears from her eyes, for the air was "Home, Sweet Home," and of all airs, that was the one least adapted to cheer or comfort her on an occasion like the present.

So distressing, indeed, was its effect upon her over-excited nerves that she threw herself down upon the floor, buried her face in the pile of velvet, gold-embroidered cushions and pushed her fingers into her ears as if to make a single note of the well-remembered and beloved strain should reach her, and thus and there we will leave the lonely and unfortunate girl, in the throes of her mental but silent agony, in order to return to the fortunes of her husband and his faithful dependent.

* * * * * * *

The speech of the cavalry officer stayed the murderous hands of the mob, and it likely that its conclusion, which was to the effect that "In the end the two Europeans would in all probability be hanged whether or no," was not wide of the mark with them than either the beginning or the middle of the harangue.

In the meantime, however, Captain Donelly, who had been felled to the ground, was raised to his feet again, whilst Pat Donaghue was being picked up and restored to his senses by a few hearty cuffs, and then the cavalry officer called up a few infantry soldiers who were lounging about with nothing (they had shortly before been amongst the most active of the rioters), and intructing his two prisoners, their captors, ordered them to be marched at once to the arsenal, whither he accompanied them.

Perhaps had he not done so, by some mischance they would never have arrived at their destination.

They were not suffered to speak to each other on the road, and a Fellah who made every attempt to do so. At last, however, after following exactly the same route as Nellie and the eunuch ago had done in the opposite direction, and after witnessing very similar sights on the way (though now cavalry officers were galloping in all directions and sometimes doing their utmost to disperse and restore order), they arrived at the great gates of the arsenal, where artillery soldiers in a moment I am aware, but we Egyptians are warmer blooded than you Franks, and our race are as sudden in their loves as in their hates. I am aware, too, that he never loved me in return, but I could have made him do so in time had not you altogether monopolized his heart, and as his wife I should have power to Europe and Egypt life of its gay cities, and have been able to show my face unveiled and to win homage and admiration, as the Frankish women do, instead of being a prisoner inside the walls of a harem all my life through, which as maid, wife and widow is the Moslem woman's lot. This is how you have wronged me, and this is the reason that I hate you."

Nellie would have made some answer to this speech, but the princess was in no humor to listen to one.

Springing to her feet with the mingled vigor and grace of a tigress, she gave the lovely captive by an arm and dragged her across the room into another, and from thence to yet a third, this final chamber being supplied with an apparently strong door.

Ejma-r had bounded on in front to unlock and throw open the door, so that the enraged princess had only to thrust her prisoner into the room, which she did roughly enough, for she was possessed of great strength. But not content with this she dragged her up to the window (one that, alas, was strongly secured with iron bars) and pointing out a dozen or more heads that had grinned and almost converted into a shriek:

"Behold at your very feet the sea that forms the highway to your distant home, yet a pathway that you are destined never to traverse. Behold, too, lying motionless upon its waves, the English ironclads that are most emblems of the grip that your spectators and your extortioners think that I have fastened upon your land. I say that aches: but nearer still to us are the stone forts whose cannon, worked by patriots, will when the destined hour arrives, sink them one by one at their anchorage. When this has been accomplished another than my imbecile brother will be the supreme lord of Egypt and I shall be his wife and your mistress, for so hath he sworn unto me."

With these words she gave Nellie a shove that sent her reeling into a corner, and then leaving the little chamber she locked and bolted the door thereof in her rear.

CHAPTER XL

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 5c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

The sleighing is done. The stage from the north came down on wheels on Wednesday last.

The water in the creek is not so high as last spring, nor is it likely to be, as the snow has gone off more gradually.

The special services in the Methodist Church are still going on, and are largely attended. The interest in the meetings is increasing and much good is being done.

The Trenton *Advocate* says:—"We are informed that the Coe Hill Mines will close down for a time at the end of this month. There is a large amount of ore now on hand, some 50,000 tons."

Three horses belonging to parties in Rednerville, while going across the ice to Trenton, last week, broke through and were drowned. The owners had a narrow escape from sharing the same fate.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Wm. Henry Lanigan, a former resident of this place, which took place at Denver, Colorado, on Monday last. His death was caused by inflammation of the lungs.

A movement is being made amongst the cheese factory proprietors of Seymour and adjoining districts to fix a date for the opening of cheese factories later than the first of May, so as to secure a better market for cheese.

The lecture at the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening last was not very largely attended, other services in the village no doubt preventing many from attending. The lecture was interesting and instructive and deserving of a larger audience.

Some chap has writ:—

Life insurance men remind us
We can make our wives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Widows worthy of our time,
We will give them such a send off
They can scoop some other man.

A couple of large poplar trees on Mr. McKee's lot, near his shop, were cut down the other day. McKee intends setting out maples in their stead. We hope to see a number of others setting out shade trees as soon as the proper season arrives. It would add greatly to the appearance of the village.

On Saturday last a few of the friends from Rawdon came to Rev. Mr. Pope's, bringing a circular saw and horse power with them, and cut up the whole of their pastor's stock of summer wood. The machine belonged to the Messrs Tucker, and to them and the friends who assisted, Rev. Mr. Pope tenders his heartiest thanks.

The editor's boy.—"Step right into the parlor and make yourself at home," said the 8 year old son of the editor to his sister's best young man. Take the rocking chair and help yourself to the album. Helen Louise is up stairs and won't be down for some time yet—has to make up her form, you know, before going to press."

Mr. Wood's bill to prevent minors from frequenting billiard and pool rooms has been amended some in committee. As revised it provides that the keeper of a billiard room admitting a boy without the consent of his parents shall be subject to a fine not exceeding $10 for the first offence, and not exceeding $20 for each subsequent offence.

The following License Commissioners for the County of Hastings have been appointed by the Ontario Government:—

North Hastings—James S. Sprague, M. D.; John S. Loomis, M. D.; James Tulloch.
East Hastings—George Phillips, Sidney Way, George Anderson.
West Hastings—Albert Rockwell, M. D., James Clark, P. J. O'Rourke.

This County is becoming famous for bigamy cases. The *Intelligencer* of Monday last says:—"A report has reached the city that another bigamy case is about to be developed at Coe Hill. It is stated on good authority that a woman whose husband is confined in Kingston lunatic asylum, has taken unto herself another husband. The case is to be investigated and if found true the woman will be prosecuted."

Stirling is certainly entitled to better station buildings than the present tumble-down barracks that does duty as agent's office, waiting room and freight shed, all combined in one. The whole building is scarcely of sufficient size for a freight shed, let alone doing duty for the whole three. The Company should erect a respectable building for agent's office, waiting room, express and baggage rooms. The amount of traffic at this station, both in the way of passengers and freight, certainly demands better accommodation.

Rev. Mr. Fish, the Bay of Quinte Conference evangelist, now conducting special services in the Methodist Church, will (D.V.) take as his theme for next Sabbath morning, "The Book of Life, and how a man may know with blessed certainty that his name is written there." The evening sermon will be especially addressed to young people, subject: "The youthful traveller, his eventful journey and its solemn termination." The public generally, and especially all young people, are invited to these services.

Upon the statute books of Ontario there is a law providing for the establishment of legal board of arbitration, to settle, as far as possible, all matters in dispute between employees and employers. This law has been inoperative, not as it would seem because of any serious defect in the statute, but because having been passed by the House of Assembly without the preliminary agonies of a constitutional agitation to bring it about, the workmen were unaware of its existence. No trades' union could ask for a fuller recognition of the principle aimed at by their organization than this Act, and, in Ontario at least, the Knights of Labor should not find it necessary to order strikes.

On Friday night last a severe thunderstorm visited parts of this Province. At London the lightning did considerable damage to four buildings, but no lives were lost. Near Bowmanville the lightning struck a house and killed a Mr. Aldworth, who was asleep in bed with his wife ahd child, neither of whom were injured. The house was considerably shattered, and but for the prompt action of Mrs. Aldworth would have taken fire and been destroyed.

Those who talk glibly about the insignificance of the Provincial Legislatures in Canada, or the State Legislatures in the United States, have never given the subject much consideration. In each country the matters of most importance to the people have been entrusted to the local legislature, and it would be absurd to hand them over to a central jurisdiction. In Ontario the Legislature has control over property, civil rights, education, administratian of justice, municipal institutions, family relations, and other matters closely connected with the very constitution of society. No such important trusts have been committed to the Dominion Parliament. Indeed, if the latter body were wiped out of existence and Ontario made a State of the American Union, the individual citizen would find his position very little changed, except that the taxes he pays in the form of custom and excise duties would go to Washington instead of Ottawa. This is no argument for annexation, but it is a perfectly good answer to those who try to depreciate our Provincial Legislatures. To do so is neither wise nor patriotic. The constitution under which we live is in its main features a good one, and we should aim at improving it where it is defective rather than at creating a want of confidence in it amongst the people.

PERSONAL.

Drs. Butler and Sprague took a trip to Toronto the beginning of this week.

Mr. Frank Loucks is home from Montreal where he has been attending McGill Medical School.

Rev. A. Browning, of Campbellford, conducted the services in the Methodist Church on Monday and Tuesday evenings last.

Mr. Wesly Jones and Mr. E. Martin have gone to New York State, and will probably remain there for the summer.

Mr. William J. Dickson, of Toronto, formerly of Belleville, gave us a call on Wednesday last.

Notes from the Country.

The thaw of last week took the greater part of the snow out of the roads, and there is about as many wagons as sleighs to be seen now.

Mr. John Green had a bee last week drawing brick for a new house which he is going to erect in the spring.

Those who have tapped their sugar bush say that the sap ran freely last week.

On Monday evening Mr. Baker, of Murray, and Emma, eldest daughter of Mr. Ashael Dafoe, set sail across the sea of matrimony. May they have a pleasant voyage. Rev. Mr. Pope assisted the happy couple to embark.

Two men went north on Monday with a load of plaster of paris toys on their heads, and I presume they sell them quite fast, judging from the number of times they have gone back with similar loads.

March 24th, 1886.

Chatterton Chips.

And now the buzz of the wood-saw is heard through the land for the farmers and others are getting their annual firewood cut.

The former proprietor of the store at this place has moved to the north instead of the the North-west as he talked of doing. But he is going to be a mossback all the same.

A good many around here are having colds and sore throats lately; some quite seriously, the natural effect (we presume) of the filth that is apt to gather around dwellings in winter. It is a pity that every householder does not form himself into a sanitary committee and look after these things.

John Hamilton, of the eighth con., cut his leg quite badly one day last week. He will have a chance to rest.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Turner talk of starting for Grenfell, N. W. T., this week, one of their children being very sick out there, which is hurrying them off, although they intended going this spring anyway.

Chatterton, March 22nd.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, March 23rd, 1886.

Mr. D. W. Mulloy, of Chicago, made a flying visit here week before last.

Last week Mrs. Devlin and Mrs. Mills were pleasantly surprised by having their daughters, now Mrs. Jno. Mills and Mrs. Ward, come home from California on a visit. We believe they intend staying six months. We presume they will find the weather here somewhat different from what it is in the Pacific State.

The many friends of Mrs. M. Brady will will be glad to learn that she is in very much better health than for some time back and we trust that she will soon be as well as usual.

On account of the bad roads just now business is not so brisk as usual; however in a short time the men will be coming home from the woods and then we may expect better things.

Inspector Mackintosh was in the village two nights last week and spent a half-day in the school.

Judging from the preparations that are being made for building there will be as much done as last summer if not more.

There is so much sickness around just now that no business is so prosperous as that of the medicine man. G. E. M.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

Cheesemakers Ahoy.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

SIR,—Please inform me through the ARGUS why you cannot get more than 10 lbs of cheese from 100 lbs of milk. Prof. Brown, of Guelph, gets 13.

J. C. MORDEN.

Chatterton, March 22nd.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Your Bethel correspondent, who, bye the bye, is not a regular church goer, and consequently not qualified to speak in Church affairs, insinuates in his last communication to you that a portion of our people are in the habit of arriving at the Church after service has commenced. The fact is that, as a general rule, the members of our congregation are on time. No enlargement of our Church is contemplated, but we purpose buying an additional piece of ground upon which we will erect a shed.

Your correspondent had better get posted before again treating your readers to local items. BETHEL.

Rawdon, March 23rd, 1886.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR,—The appointment of a correspondent at "Sine" has filled a want long felt. I trust, through the medium of his pen, (which is "mightier than the sword") that the day is not far distant when we will all know what is going on in every parlor, kitchen and backyard in the township, what is whispered behind every curtain, what is boiling in every pot. There was a time when the people were contented to rest in ignorance. A man might kiss his wife and nobody would make any talk about it. A lady might have two pies for supper and her nearest neighbor would not have thought of trying to find out whether they were mince, custard, squash or dried apple. A man might *come into Church a little late* and it was his affair and nobody's else. A man might follow his avocation in the treatment of the horse and domestic animals and nobody would think of slurring him as a "quack." But these were dark days, lamentable to think of. But we are now emerging from this benighted ignorance and are making a stupendous effort after universal knowledge. Formerly everybody's business was nobody's; but now everybody's business seems to be the business of your worthy correspondent at "Sire". I trust, Mr. Editor, that he will soon get to the bottom of everything, and elevate us all to his own standard of perfection.

Yours,
ONE WHO IS IMPERFECT.

The American Agriculturist

FOR APRIL, 1886,

the Editors claim, presents a greater variety of matter than ever has before appeared in a single issue of this periodical. The list of contributors embraces many of the recognized and leading writers of the country. The articles, long and short, number over two hundred. There are eighty-eight full-page and smaller engravings, presenting Farm Scenes, Cattle, Horses, Farm Conveniences, House and Barn Plans, new Fruits, new Flowers, numerous designs for the Household Department, etc., etc. The first full-page illustration, entitled the "Home Guard Colonel," will attract universal attention. Price, $1.50 per year. Single numbers, 15 cents. 751 Broadway, New York.

The director general of the arms factory at Stye, Austria, has invented a breech loading repeating rifle, said to be vastly superior to any in present use. The mechanism is remarkably simple; it will discharge forty shots a minute easily, and, owing to the simplicity of its construction, it can be manufactured at but little more than the cost of an ordinary single barrel gun. The invention is as yet a secret as to the details of its construction.

Miss Caverly's Benefit.

A FITTING TRIBUTE TO TRUE MERIT.

The following is from the *Intelligencer* of Tuesday last:—

"The benefit concert to Miss Caverly, in the Oddfellows' Hall last night, was all her best friends anticipated. The hall was jammed to the door with a select and cultivated audience, which gave the beneficiary a reception that she will not soon forget. She appreciated the tribute offered by the citizens and, by becoming modesty, won golden opinions on this her greatest local triumph. The audience which greeted her was the best compliment she could receive. The weather was unfavorable, the walks being covered with slush while a damp snow was falling, yet as stated the hall was filled to overflowing by the elite of the city. Many attended at great personal disadvantage that they might show their esteem by the presence. Miss Caverly is one of Belleville's best singers and has risen into prominence and popularity within the past year. Wherever she has appeared her graceful and unaffected manners have carried the audience with her. She was free to aid in any good cause. These qualities have made her a universal favorite. Being young and musically gifted, she will attend the Conservatory of Music, Boston, to secure a thorough musical training. The success of the concert last night will assure Miss Caverly of the interest the people of Belleville take in her welfare.

* * * Miss Esther Caverly, who of course was the "star" of the evening, was in good voice, and fairly captivated the audience with her silvery, bird trill notes. In her vocal solo "Deep in my heart," and also in the trios and duet, her clear, flexible, soprano voice showed to the greatest possible advantage. * * * * * *

At the conclusion of the concert Mr. J. J. B. Flint made some appropriate remarks, and ended by wishing Miss Caverly every success in her new career. We most heartily wish her the same."

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 24th inst., by Rev. R. M Pope, Mr. ALBERT IRVINE and Miss ESTELLA DAFOE, daughter of Mr. Anson Dafoe, both of Sidney.

At the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, on the 22nd inst., by Rev. R. M. Pope, Mr. JOSEPH P. BAKER, of Brighton, and Miss EMMA J. DAFOE, of Rawdon.

At the residence of the bride's mother, near Roslin, on the 18th inst., by Rev. J. C. Seymour, Mr. WILLIAM BRIGDEN and Miss SARAH JANE WOODS, both of Huntingdon.

In Foxboro, on the 16th inst., by Rev. A. C. Maybee, Mr. JOHN FRY, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Miss MAGGIE GLOVER, of Tyendinaga Township.

Deaths.

In Denver, Colorado, on the 22nd inst., WM. HENRY LANIGAN, aged 25 yrs. and 2 months.

In Stirling, on the 20th inst., M. A. CLOTHIER, daughter of L. J. Clothier, aged 4 years, 2 months, and 23 days

In Rawdon, on the 18th inst., JOHN JEFFREY, aged 38 years.

In Huntingdon, on the 20th inst., FRED, son of John Thompson, aged 4 months.

In Seymour, on the 17th inst., JOHN MARTIN, aged 73 years and 2 months.

"Grace, grit and greenbacks" are mentioned by the Rev. Sam Jones as the essentials of worldly success.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worm.

The rumor is again circulated that a line of railway is to be constructed between Picton and Deseronto.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, etc.

A Californian is about to make an attempt to prove that he is the rightful heir to the Tichborne estate.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

AN OBSTINATE CASE.

"In the spring of '83 I was nearly dead, as everybody around my neighborhood knows. My trouble was caused by obstinate constipation. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me entirely." This statement is made by Walter Stinson, of Gorrie, Ont.

DREWRY'S.

Enormous purchase of Dress Goods at 48 cents on the Dollar.

10c. buys Combination Suitings. Tweed effects, Haberton Suitings, fifty colors, thousands of yards. 20 and 25c. Dress Goods to choose from: Sale price, 10c.

17c. Nuns Veiling, ALL WOOL, worth 30c. Drewry's price, 17c. They come in all the new shades. Fawns, Mode, Mastic, Golden Brown Old Gold, Grey, Steel Grey, Grey. Browns. Beautiful goods, beautiful shades, half price.

12½ just now buys Silkettes in twenty-five different shades. Lustres in ten different shades. All new stuff 2,000 yards to choose from. All half price. They are cheap at 20c. Drewry's price, 12½c.

25c. buys ALL WOOL Jersey Cloths in seventeen new shades and black. The regular price would have been 45c.

JERSEY CORDS, In Black and thirteen new shades, ALL WOOL, that are sold here in our own town by other houses at 45 cents. Drewry's price, 28c. a yard.

BLACK CASHMERES, At 39c. ALL WOOL, 1¼ yard wide, worth 60c. 75c. Cashmeres at 45c.; 80c. Cashmeres at 50c.; 90c. Cashmeres at 60c.; $1.00 Cashmeres at 65c.; $1.25 Cashmeres at 75c.

These are startling prices but the dollars jingle on the counters and make merry music as the goods go in stacks, at these prices,

AT DREWRY'S
BON MARCHE,
TRENTON.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, before retiring, will soothe the cough, allay the inflammation, and allow needed repose. It will, moreover, heal the pulmonary organs, and give you health.

It is expected the Imperial general elections will be held in June.

NATIONAL PILLS act promptly upon the Liver, regulate the Bowels, and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

If you are suffering from a sense of extreme weariness, try one bottle of Ayer's Sarsparilla. It will cost you but one dollar, and do you incalculable good. It will do away with that tired feeling, and give you new life and energy.

The license for billiard tables in Peterborough has been fixed at $50 each, and for bagatelle tables at $100 each.

AN OLD TIME FAVORITE.

There is no other remedy that has stood the test of time so long as has Hagyard's Yellow Oil for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, pains in the chest, colds, croup, sore throat, deafness and most painful affections.

The rain of Saturday night caussed a sudden rise of the water at Pickering, completely inundating the village, and carrying away a bridge near the railway, besides doing considerable damage to houses and mill property.

A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN.

"For ten years," says Jennie M. Harrett, of Wallaceburg, Ont., "I did not see a well day—was all broken down with dyspepsia, liver complaint, catarrh and debility. Three doctors abandoned hope for me, when Burdock Blood Bitters came to my rescue. It is the best medicine I have ever taken. I say this for the benefit of all suffering as I did."

R. Smith, clerk at the Oriental Hotel, Peterborough, has fallen heir to $240,000 by the death of a grandmother in New York.

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

If the system is properly cleansed by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Burdock Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will use Hagyard's Yellow Oil according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

WILL TAKE OATH TO THE FACT.

Edward Cousins, of Ranson, declares he was at one time nearly dead from the effects of a terrible cold and cough. He tried many remedies, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam was what cured him. He speaks in highest praise of it in other cases, and adds that he is willing to take oath to his statements.

A scientific paper publishes this bit of information: Lay a piece of charcoal upon burns and the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal upon the wound an hour it will be healed. The remedy is very cheap and simple.

RAPID WORK.

"For two years I was troubled with dyspepsia—could neither labor nor find relief. Less than one bottle of B. B. B. relieved me—3 bottles cured me." So says John A. Rappell, of Farmerville. Burdock Blood Bitters cures dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, and all impurities of the system.

Gabriel Dumont, writing from Montana, denies the allegation that he is organizing a new rebellion. He says he is engaged in providing for his family's wants, and that Big Bear's son paid him a visit regarding the offer of settlement to the Crees, which must have given rise to this rumor, probably by enemies of the halfbreeds, to try and prevent the government from pardoning the prisoners.

Years of experience and successful trial have proved McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate the most complete and satisfactory compound for healing Old Sores, Festerings, Ulcers, Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Frost Bites or Felons, and for keeping out the cold and to cleanse or prevent proud flesh, sloughing or decay. Insist on having McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate, sold at 25c. by PARKER & BUTLER.

Fluid Lightning is simply a marvellous Rheumatic Remedy. I was for two months a cripple, unable to get out of the house from Sciatica. One bottle gave me instant relief, and placed me on my feet again. I have driven fourteen miles to-day (something I could not possibly have done were it not for Fluid Lightning) for the express purpose of procuring another bottle. So says Wm. Dixon, Gananoque. Only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S.

A visitation of young grasshoppers has alarmed the farmers of Northern Iowa.

I had for years been a miserable sufferer from Dyspepsia, and tried all known remedies and the best medical skill of my acquaintance, but still grew worse, until unable to eat anything without great suffering, or do any kind of work. I began to think there was no hope for me, and that I must surely die; when, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I determined to give McGregor's Speedy Cure a trial. I at once began to improve so rapidly that in two months I was as well as I had ever been in my life.—WM. EVERS LEEMINGTON. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists. Free trial bottles.

HOUSE AND LOT TO LET,

ON FRONT STREET WEST, STIRLING, a good new brick house, with barn and stable, and half an acre of ground. Will be let cheap. Apply to

DELBERT UTMAN.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTINGS

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.

T. G. GILLESPIE,
Campbellford, Ont.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

FOSTER vs. FOSTER.

PURSUANT TO THE JUDGMENT OR partition order made herein, and dated the 17th day of February, 1886, and the directions of the local Master of this Court at Belleville, there will be sold, with the approbation of John Parker Thomas, Esq., local Master aforesaid, the following lands and premises, consisting of 4 parcels of land, and the same will be so offered for sale by

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the office of said local Master, in the Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 27th day of March, '86

at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon. The lands are as follows:—

PARCEL NO. 1.—Being city lot No. 73, on the north side of Dundas Street, adjoining the Foster store upon the west side.

PARCEL NO. 2.—City lot No. 98, on the east side of Foster Avenue.

PARCEL NO. 3.—City Lot No. 80, on the west side of Foster Avenue, which lots are shown on a plan duly registered, made by John Emerson, P. L. S., of part of the City of Belleville, for Mr. Shubael Foster.

PARCEL NO. 4.—That very valuable farm known as "the Foster Homestead," being the north half of lot 11, in the 2nd concession of the Township of Huntingdon, 100 acres more or less, reserving and excepting thereout about 1 acre, used for the Town Hall site, and cheese factory at Moira. This farm is about 15 miles from Belleville, 9 from Stirling and 4 from Roslin or Thomasburg, with fine roads to these places, 2 orchards upon the place, with about 175 apple trees bearing. 2 story brick dwelling, fine out buildings, consisting of 3 barns, respectively 60x30, 45x30, 30x30, 16 foot posts. Spring Water runs into the buildings on the premises. The Moira Post Office, store, churches and cheese factory are close by or on this property. The properties above named will be sold free from encumbrances.

The several parcels will be sold subject to a reserve bid on each parcel, to be fixed by the Master.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

The purchaser will pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money at the time of sale to plaintiff's solicitor, and the balance in a month thereafter, or sooner if buyer chooses. Possession of parcel 4 given when $1,000 of the purchase money is paid. Parcels 1, 2, 3, one quarter the purchase money to be paid at time of sale, remainder in a month. All other conditions to be the standing conditions of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, except as varied by aforesaid conditions.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Bell & Biggar, Belleville, and to the plaintiff's solicitor.

J. PARKER THOMAS.
Local Master,
Belleville,

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Plaintiff's Solicitor,
McAnanny's Block,

Dated Belleville, Feb. 19, 1886.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to

E. CANNIFF, Harold.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT 9, in 9th Con of SIDNEY.

No reasonable offer refused.
If not sold at once will rent.
Apply to the Executors of the estate of

JOHN STEVENSON, Deceased,
NAPANEE, ONT.

160,000 FEET OF STOCK LUMBER

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT

J. BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD,

STIRLING, CONSISTING OF

Dry Flooring, 1x6, Red and White Pine.
Ditto, 1¼x7 & 8, Red and White Pine.
Sound Dry Plank, 2x10; 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18 feet.
Stock Boards, 1x10.
Scantling, 2x4, Dry or Green.

Good Terms will be made with builders for their full requirements of Lumber for the season of 1886.

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.
New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.
New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.
New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.
New Scotch Tweed Suitings.
New English & French Worsteds
New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS

CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS

AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

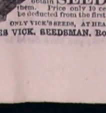
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.



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Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

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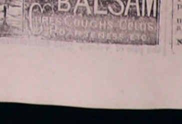

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AXES, COW CHAINS,
ROPE SCOOPS,
SHOVELS, WHIPS,
MANURE FORKS,
SLEIGH BELLS,
BUCKSKIN MITTS
HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS, OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS, NAILS,
IRON & STEEL.

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Grain Cracking!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at SPRINGBROOK, On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART,
JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
ERYSIPELAS, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
SALT RHEUM,
HEARTBURN,
HEADACHE,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.